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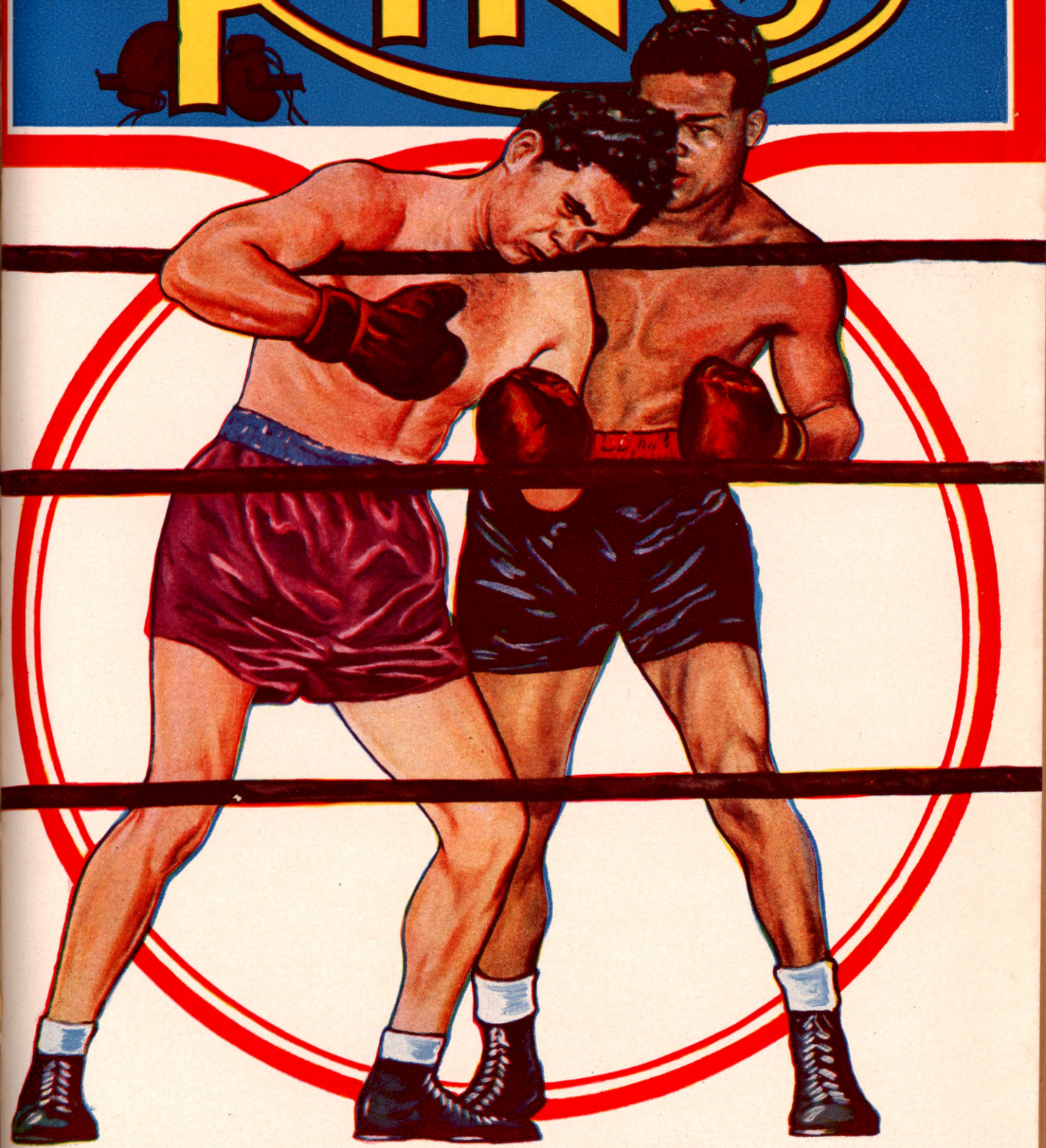

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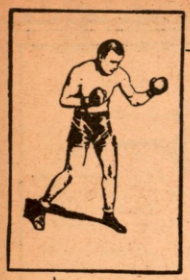

The RING

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

At this time of the year annually, the fight fans of the world await with eagerness the rating of boxers. As has been the custom for many years, THE RING'S Rankings, which started eighteen years ago, will be carried in our February Number. And as usual, this rating of boxers in all classes, from all parts of the world, will be the only complete, authoritative rating of men who make boxing their profession.

Annually, this rating of pugilists, big and small, champion and non-title-holder, compiled by The Ring's experts, has been to the field of boxing what the famous Walter Camp Football Selections were to the gridiron sport for two decades.

The Ring's Annual Ranking of Boxers throughout this long stretch has aroused International interest and has been featured in papers throughout the world. Our choices, with few exceptions, have held up. The astonishing record of accuracy proves that our method of compilation is ideal.

The eyes of the boxing world are focused on these ratings. They are carried world-wide, in every nook and corner of the globe where boxing is followed.

Watch for the ratings. Don't miss this feature.

There is no greater publicity and honor a fighter can get than to have his name appear among the elite in The Ring's "Annual Rating of Boxers."

In addition, there will be many photographs of the leading world fighters.

The issue of the year.

That's what the February number of The Ring will be.

Order it in advance. The February issue won't last long on the newsstands.

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Knockout of Schmeling
LOUIS' MASTERPIECE

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

JOE LOUIS won the world's heavyweight championship by knocking out Jimmy Braddock in Chicago on June 22, 1937, in the eighth round. Here is what Joe has done in defense of the title:—

August 30, 1937, won from Tommy Farr, 15 rounds.
February 23, 1938, knocked out Nathan Mann, 3 rounds.
April 1, 1938, knocked out Harry Thomas, 5 rounds.
June 22, 1938, knocked out Max Schmeling, 1 round.
January 25, 1939, knocked out John Henry Lewis, 1 round.
April 17, 1939, knocked out Jack Roper, 1 round.
June 28, 1939, knocked out Tony Galento, 4 rounds.
September 20, 1939, knocked out Bob Pastor, 11 rounds.
February 9, 1940, won on points from Arturo Godoy, 15 rounds.
March 29, 1940, knocked out Johnny Paychek, 2 rounds.
June 20, 1940, knocked out Arturo Godoy, 8 rounds.
December 16, 1940, knocked out Al McCoy, 6 rounds.
January 31, 1941, knocked out Red Burman, 5 rounds.
February 17, 1941, knocked out Gus Dorazio, 2 rounds.
March 21, 1941, knocked out Abe Simon, 13 rounds.
April 8, 1941, knocked out Tony Musto, 9 rounds.
May 23, 1941, won from Buddy Baer on a disqualification, 7 rounds.
June 18, 1941, knocked out Billy Conn, 13 rounds.
September 29, 1941, knocked out Lou Nova, 6 rounds.

WHAT had been scheduled as an indoor season interlude for Joe Louis now has been broken into with a Navy benefit fight with Buddy Baer in New York on January 9. But with that in the offing, we have a chance to look back at the achievements of the heavyweight champion of the world and determine his best accomplishments, and perhaps his place in the all-time rating.

Since he won the heavyweight title from Jimmy Braddock on June 22, 1937, in Chicago, Louis has defended it no fewer than 19 times—from the August 30, 1937 engagement with Tommy Farr, to the September 29, 1941 knockout triumph over Lou Nova in the sixth round.

Just now, Louis is in a somewhat unsettled state. There is the matter of his possible entry into the army. There have been a lot of reports concerning that, but nothing definite now.

It seems certain that even if Joe goes into the service, he will continue his professional activities in the ring. As a consequence, there is planning for a Louis-Billy Conn return bout in June.

As Jolting Joe rests from his unusual exertions, and either goes on from the fine showing he made against Nova, or goes back to the slide he struck in a series of unpersuasive performances that lingered right into the thirteenth, and last, round of his battle with Conn, it seems a right time to examine the ring achievements of this Negro champion.

In his amazing career, Louis has grossed in earnings, $2,263,884.32. Considerable of that he has put away. Considerable he has sunk into his big farm at Utica, Mich. Here is one champion for whom there will be no benefits. However, to refer to benefits for a heavyweight titleholder is sort of dating yourself. The type that blew the dough while the laurels were in hand and the roar of the crowd was at its loudest, no longer is with us.

Braddock managed to hold on to his money, and so did Max Baer, Max Schmeling, Jack Sharkey, Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey. Jess Willard did not do so well, and neither did poor, dull-witted Primo Carnera.

But of all the heavyweight champions, this man Louis bids fair to achieve the most colossal financial success.

* * *

WHERE is Louis to be placed in the all-time ranking of heavyweight heroes?

This question never will find a satisfactory answer. Your old timers will tell you that a fighter with the wide open Louis stance would have been a sucker for those adroit boxers of

The scene at the New York Boxing Commission offices as Louis and Schmeling, beaming with delight, conclude the signing of articles for their second fight. The Brown Bomber's smile continued after the fight, but not so with Herr Max.

the era of Jim Corbett and Peter Jackson.

Students of highly defensive skill will tell you that a heavyweight analyst like Jack Johnson would have made Joe look silly even with all the Louis power.

Admirers of the terrific punch say Louis is under-rated, and hits harder than anybody ever walloped in the roped square.

But there are other worshippers of the sock soporific who say Jack Dempsey would have laid Louis low in a few rounds.

The fact is that in Louis we have a fighter with so many interesting facets in boxing skill and punching power that he excites comparisons with all the exponents of heavyweight superlatives, and develops debates along all lines.

Louis is not the greatest heavyweight. He is far from disqualification from the ranks of the top ten. Just where he does belong it is virtually impossible to arrive at, because comparisons with the past are not fair.

Boxing styles have changed. The public's wishes have to be met, and the public wants the SOCK. It is not interested in intricate weavings of defensive patterns. It is not crazy about delicate nuances of boxing skill. Very likely because there are virtually no fighters capable of these delicacies.

The boxing public wants what it is getting—punchers, boxers gaited to the 10 and 15 round distance, without too much fancy stuff. It wants fighters in good condition, it expects no dawdling. It won't stand for it. It gets a lot of hot-housed fighters who are tossed into major competition before their time. But that is what John J. Fan of the ring wants.

And so we prefer to leave for another time and occasion the effort to place Louis among his heavyweight fellows. Rather do we want to dig into Joe's accomplishments, and discover his standout achievements.

* * *

SUPPOSE Joe Louis were to retire from the ring today? On what performances would we base his greatest fame, and his position in the all-time ranking?

The writer is convinced that Louis's No. 1 accomplishment was not the eight-round knockout of Braddock which made the Negro the title-holder. It was the first-round triumph over Max Schmeling in New York on June 22, 1938.

Those who saw that classic in mayhem, that swift handling of the German's effort to be the first fallen heavyweight champion to regain the title, never will forget it. That short battle stands out with Jack Dempsey's three-round knockout of Luis Angel Firpo, the Wild Bull of the Pampas, among the modern producers of the super-thrill in heavyweight title struggle.

Louis and Schmeling met for the first time on June 19, 1936, when the German was the champion.

Joe had scored 10 straight knockouts. He had not been held back since his March 29, 1935 fight with Nate Brown in Detroit, which went 10 rounds, with a Louis victory. After that Louis had stopped Roy Lazer, 3; Biff Bennett, 1; Roscoe Toles, 6; Willie Davis, 2; Gene Stanton, 3; Primo Carnera, 6; King Levinsky, 1; Max Baer, 4; Paulino, 4; and Charley Retzlaff, 1.

Then came the New York engagement

Buddy Baer, who gets return engagement with Louis in New York, January 9, for Navy welfare. Here is a world championship contest turned into a benefit—one of the grandest things the sport has seen since the Leonard-Mitchell battle in the old Garden, for Devastated France.

with Schmeling, and the German gave Joe an unmerciful beating, knocking him out in the twelfth round.

That was a sad and painful experience for Louis. He virtually had to start all over again.

In seven more fights, Louis had become the champion, much to the chagrin of Schmeling, who had been assured he would get the first crack at Braddock. However, Braddock ignored the New York Commission's mandate and went out to Chicago, where he lost the title to Louis.

In seven fights after the Schmeling knockout, Louis was champion and after three more engagements, he took on Schmeling again.

Thus, from the first Schmeling fight on June 19, 1936, to the second battle with Max on June 22, 1938, there was for Louis an interval of 10 battles, and exactly two years. Those fights did something to and for Joe. Time refused to heal the wounds of his severe trouncing by the Teuton. Here was something that had to be avenged.

* * *

YOU must recollect what happened in the second Schmeling fight, which lasted only 2 min. 4 sec. before 80,000 in Yankee Stadium—the world's record knockout in a heavyweight title bout.

Schmeling was knocked down three times and went from the arena to Polyclinic Hospital with a serious hip injury. In less than three minutes the German had been subjected to one of the most murderous attacks in the history of the ring.

The knockout by Schmeling was the lone black mark in the Louis record. This had to be wiped out, among other things.

In the short contest which now stands out as the high mark of Joe's career, Schmeling never knew what hit him. The German hollered foul after having volunteered only two punches. But it was no foul. It was mayhem.

At the bell, Louis was unlike the Joe who had been seen in previous fights. He tore into Schmeling with rights and lefts and bore the German to the ropes. Those drives were no long swings. The punches went barely eight inches, and they took all the fight out of Max. They paralyzed him.

Max glared at Joe. Max tried to think of all the things he had done to Louis two years before; of all the schemes he had made for the second triumph over the Negro; of all the ideas he had got from studying motion pictures of Louis's fights.

But Joe drove all notions and plans right out of the Schmeling noggin. Max glared, and tried to send home an overhand right that skidded off Joe's brain pan. Then Max backed into a corner, trying to find out where he was and why a meteor had fallen on him.

* * *

LOUIS did not let him settle himself. He shot a left hook to the head and then a right cross to Schmeling's eye. A left hook to the head was followed by an interesting and devastating collection of wallops.

A murderous right to the jaw staggered Max. He draped himself over the ropes. Max was through. The referee, Arthur Donovan, shoved Joe back.

They came to the center of the ring, and Louis cut loose with a fusillade which sent Max to the canvas.

They resumed and it was the same old story. Joe threw everything but the water bucket at the Teuton, and as he went down, a lot of things happened.

Donovan stopped the fight.

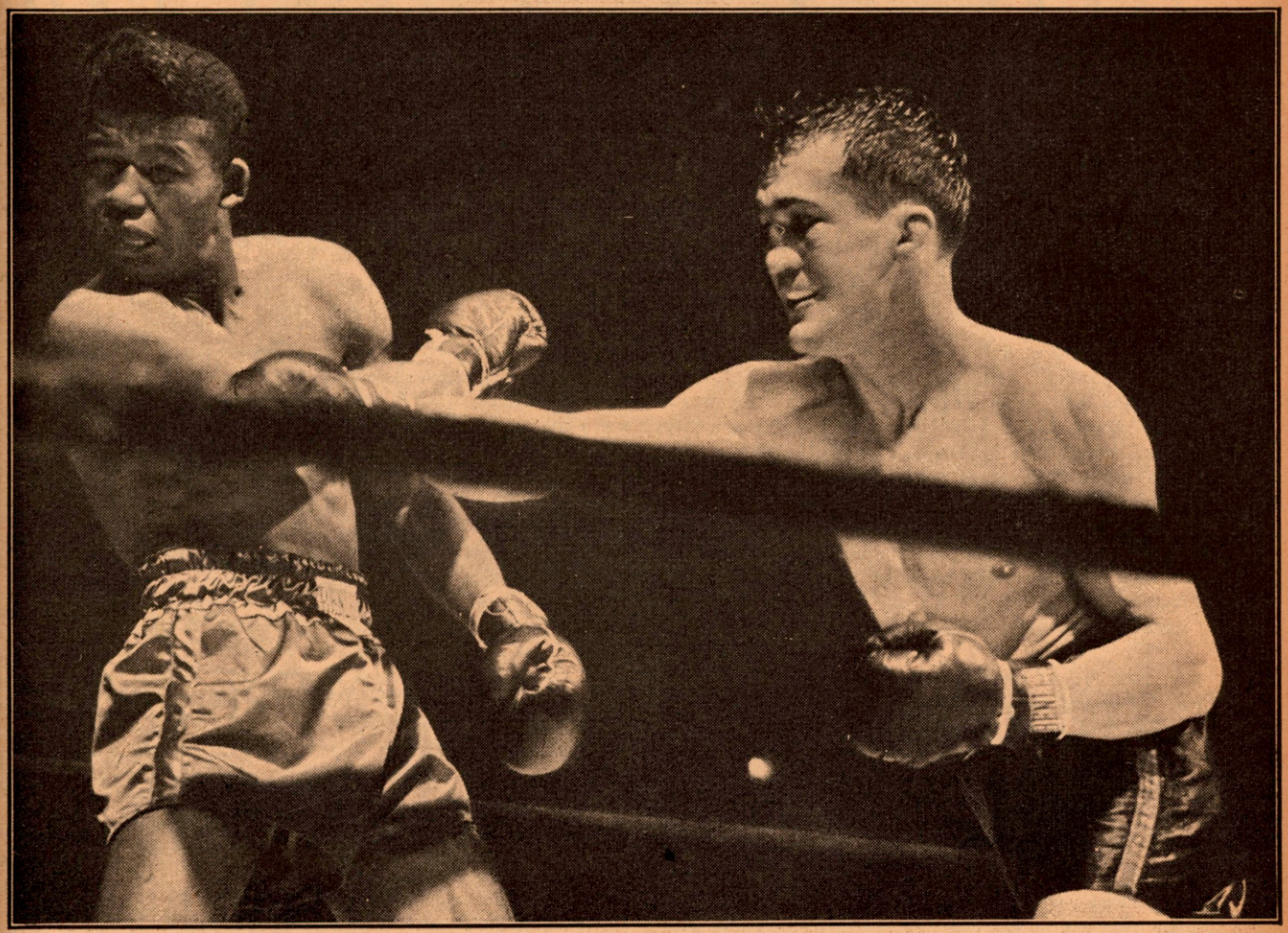
Max Machon, Schmeling's handler, threw in a towel, and followed the rag into the ring. Donovan explained that he had stopped the fight to prevent Max's being killed.

Louis, with no kindly feeling for Max, said he had made Schmeling quit. But Max didn't quit. He was beaten within an inch of his life.

Please consider that Schmeling had knocked out Louis in 12 rounds and had given him a sound thrashing. For Joe to come back two years later and win so quickly and so decisively was a feat un-

(Continued on page 42)

STEPS NEARER TITLE

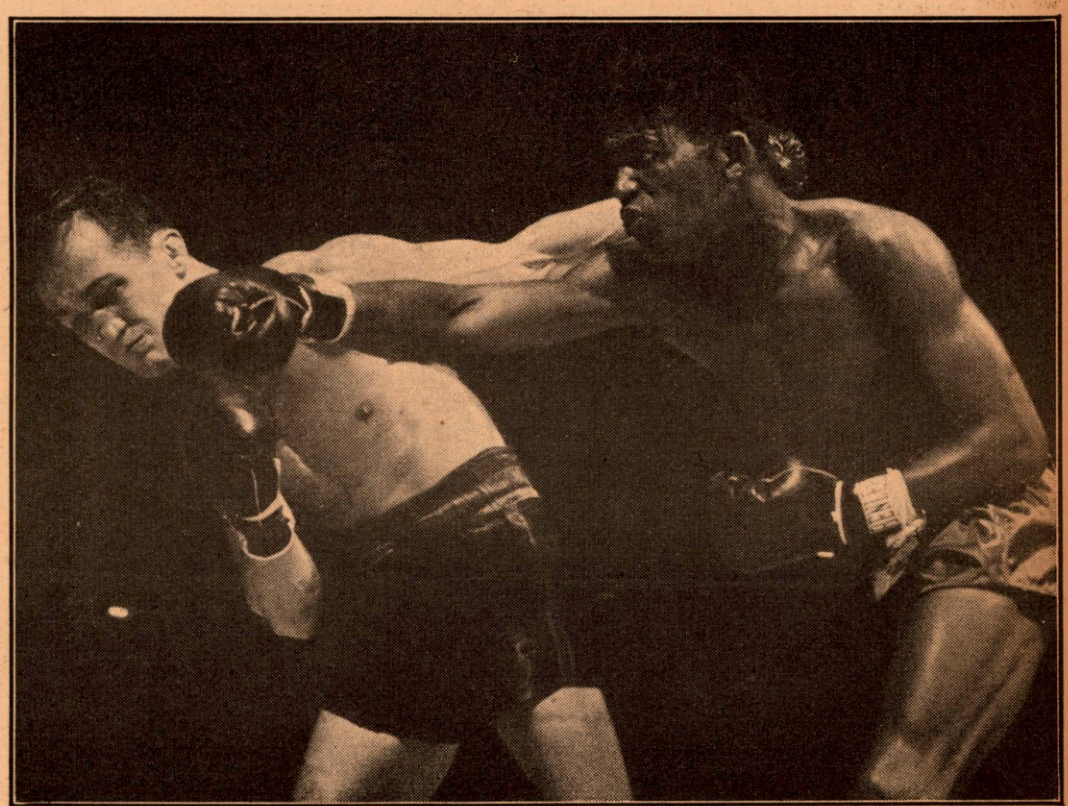


"He who laughs last, laughs best," is an old adage that was brought to mind in the Zivic-Robinson fight. Here it is Zivic who does the laughing, but when the bout ended, Sugar Boy Ray beamed as the decision was rendered in his favor.

ON this page we see two stages of the Zivic-Robinson battle in Madison Square Garden, an affair that came close to playing to a record gathering for the famous arena in which Mike Jacobs stages his bouts. A crowd of 23,190 persons paid $61,651 to see the bout.

In one, we see Ray at the mercy of his smiling, confident opponent, the former welter king, and in the other, we find the Harlem Sugar Baby full of confidence as he sails into Fritzie to win the last three rounds and with the chance to replace Zivic as the opponent for Fred Cochrane when the champion next defends his crown. It was a great fight, a great crowd and a banner attraction.

The victory was the twenty-fifth consecutive one for Ray as a professional. Up to and including that bout, Robinson's fighting record both as a simon-pure and a money chaser remains unblemished.



Blows of this type, landed with effectiveness in the last three rounds, turned the tide in Robinson's favor.

CARNEY *Passes On*

Death at Eighty-Four of Briton Who Fought Seventy-Four Round Draw With the Lightweight Champion Jack McAuliffe in 1887 Recalls Past Activities of Pugilistic Gangsters—Crowd Breaking Into Ring at Crucial Moment Halted Many an Important Battle

By CLARENCE GILLESPIE

JEM CARNEY, last of the British bare knuckle champions, and one-time lightweight king, died recently in a London hospital at the ripe age of eighty-four. Like Charlie Mitchell and many other English ring stars, Carney was a "Brum" which means that he was born in Birmingham, a city noted as a production center for rough, tough fistic talent.

His passing means little to the present generation of fight-fans, but there are still veterans who recall his great battle with Jack McAuliffe for the world's lightweight title, which lasted seventy-four rounds and was declared a draw after the ring had been broken into and a free-for-all fight started. Students of pugilistic history will identify Jem Carney as a prominent figure in many sensational episodes connected with the London Prize Ring.

His name was one to conjure with in those hectic days of sport when men battled to a finish with fists or skintight gloves, slugging on the turf in the open, exposed to weather fair and foul, or within some dark old barn, or ramshackle stable by dim lanterns' light—with the tense expectation of a police raid adding to the thrills of the occasion, for prizefighting was then a crime, and its principals and votaries breakers of the law!

* * *

McAULIFFE, who died some years ago, retired undefeated, but had an extremely close call in the battle with Carney, the latter's adherents always maintaining that Jem was winning when the ropes were cut and the ring invaded by gambling gangsters who had bet against the Briton. The fight, a remarkable contest in more ways than one, took place on November 16, 1887, in a stable at Revere, Massachusetts, for $2,500 a side.

Although the battle was of international importance, with America's champion of the lightweights facing England's best man in that class, the number of spectators did not exceed fifty. Had Carney won he would have been the undisputed lightweight champion of the world. As it fell out, twenty-seven odd years were to elapse before a British boxer attained that proud fistic eminence.

For McAuliffe retired unbeaten in 1896, to be succeeded by Kid Lavigne. On May 25, 1891, Jem Carney had been defeated by Dick Burge in London in eleven rounds, on a foul. An attempt to match Burge with McAuliffe in 1892 came to nothing, but as soon as Lavigne occupied McAuliffe's throne, the Saginaw Kid lost no time in camping on Burge's trail, fought the latter before the National Sporting Club of London on June 1, 1896, and knocked him out in seventeen rounds.

Lavigne lost the world's lightweight title to Frank Erne, who was kayoed by Joe Gans. Battling Nelson defeated Gans, and was beaten by Ad Wolgast, who was whipped by Willy Ritchie in 1912.

Then in 1914, Freddy Welsh successfully accomplished the task wherein his countryman, Jem Carney, had failed, by outpointing Willy Ritchie in 20 rounds. England at last had the much coveted lightweight crown. But in 1917, Benny Leonard stopped Freddy Welsh in nine rounds, and brought back the title to the United States, where it has remained until the present time.

America, since that notable triumph, has developed some of the best lightweights of all time.

THAT seventy-four round combat at Revere, Mass., was long the subject of much bitter argument between American and British newspaper critics, and as time went on its story assumed almost legendary shape, with McAuliffe represented as having had so much the worst of the milling as to appear like a novice in the hands of the English champion. This, of course, was not the case. McAuliffe, one of the really great fighters of all time, appears to have been in luck to have the scrapping halted at a time when he was badly in need of a rest. But Carney was also severely punished, and the battle was the hardest in which he had ever engaged.

There is probably nobody alive now who actually witnessed the McAuliffe-Carney contest. But the late A. D. Phillips, then a prominent New Englander who wrote for THE RING, has left a record of the affair which presents clear evidence as to what really happened. Wrote Mr. Phillips, in part:

"Throughout the fight there was plenty of foul work on both sides. The Carney backers, especially Arthur Chambers, accused McAuliffe of unfair tactics and declared that if the referee had not been afraid, he would have awarded the fight to Carney, and the McAuliffe backers argued the other way. They said the Englishman had repeatedly been guilty of fouling and should have been disqualified.

"Yet the fact remains that neither suffered any penalty, and justly so, because both were guilty of roughing it. It was obvious from the start that both intended to make the fight a long one. Each was out to tire the other, and in this respect I think that Carney succeeded more so than did McAuliffe. There can be no doubt that Carney, after passing the three quarter mark, was coming, while his opponent was going. Carney had gained a distinct advantage as the fight progressed and in my opinion, McAuliffe was fortunate that the bout ended as it did.

"From the standpoint of science Carney was outclassed but he seemed to have it on McAuliffe in punishing power. For the first ten rounds McAuliffe had all the better of the milling. Carney showed aggressiveness and was inclined to mix it with his rival, but McAuliffe was too fast and scientific for him. In those rounds, even in hitting, the American rolled up a margin on his opponent. After the tenth Carney forced McAuliffe on the defensive, and for a time things didn't look any too bright for the American.

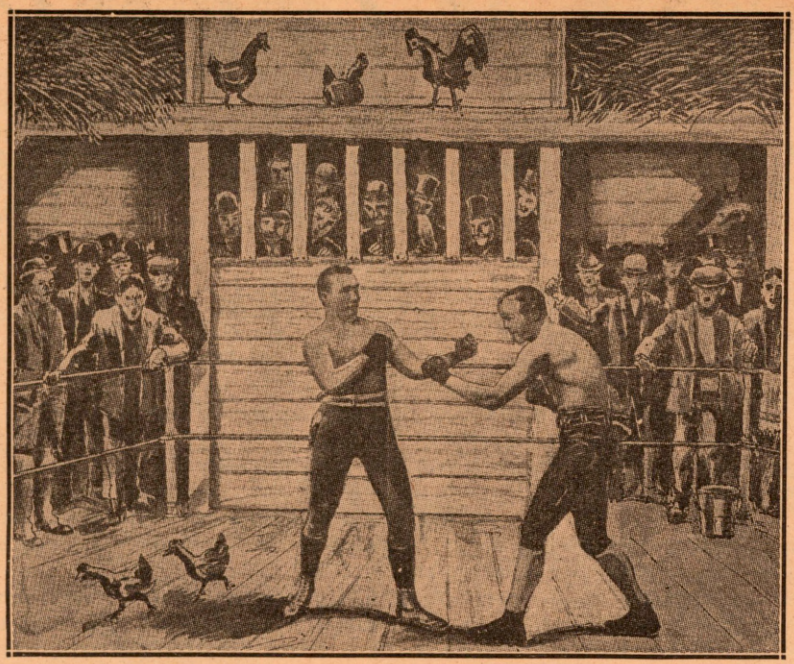
"In the thirty-sixth round Carney fouled his man by rushing into him head-down, and butting him in the stomach. McAuliffe fell to the floor, while his cohorts yelled foul. Charley Johnston and Jim Wakely jumped into the ring to insist on a foul. As they did Tracey, the gunman, came close and made a gesture as though to draw his weapon. That made all hands leave the ring to prevent possible bloodshed.

"Then the fighting was renewed and from that period on, there was plenty of action at times, mingled with some ordinary fighting and stalling. McAuliffe several times accused Carney of biting him while in the clinches, and on other occasions the Englishman had to be warned by the referee for kicking. McAuliffe also accused the Briton of sticking his thumb into his eyes, but the referee, besides warning Carney, took no other action. In those days fighters got away with practices which wouldn't pass muster today.

"In the sixty-second round McAuliffe worked inside of Carney's lead, and quick as a flash he shot across his right to the

jaw and Carney went down. He took the full count and stalled when he arose. Candor compels one to state that Carney had the better of the going at this point, for McAuliffe began to show signs of wear first, so that when the sixtieth round had been reached, Jack was in such shape as to cause alarm among his adherents. Carney, too, was tired, but showed it in less degree than his opponent.

"As McAuliffe gradually sagged, the mob spirit rose to a red heat, so that the long expected outbreak happened in the 70th round, when Carney scored a clean knockdown that looked like a finisher for the American. Members of both gangs invaded the ring, posts and ropes were torn down. When some show of order had been effected after considerable delay the pugilists were ordered to continue. Carney forced the pace until the 74th round, when he again landed so heavily that Jack went down, and it was almost a certainty that he could not get back on his feet before being counted out.



Jack McAuliffe, (left) sparring off with Jem Carney in their famous bout at Revere Beach, Mass.

"Again the ring was invaded and the scenes of the 70th round re-enacted, but in a wilder degree. A noted New York pugilist, armed with a champagne bottle, threatened to use it on the head of one of the officials, a cue for others of his crowd to 'cover' others in authority. At this juncture, Mr. McKay, proprietor of the barn, jumped into the ring and pleaded with Referee Stevenson to call a halt, pointing out that it was daybreak, and a police raid might be expected any minute.

"Stevenson complied. Later on he stated that, although he thought Carney had a shade, he compromised by calling the fight a draw because he felt it unfair to decide otherwise under the circumstances. McAuliffe was anxious to continue, and so was Carney. The Briton's followers were certain he could knock out the American in a few more rounds. On the other hand, the McAuliffe cohorts argued that Jack should have been awarded the verdict long before the finish, on account of Carney's foul tactics. Personally, I felt that Carney had earned the victory, yet I knew that had Stevenson given it to him, there would have been bloodshed in that little stable."

* * *

THE reader's natural reaction to the foregoing candid description of the "cat and dog" style of milling which characterized an important international championship battle is—"how times have changed!"

Both Carney and McAuliffe lived to see professional boxing come into its own as a legalized sport. Each, in due course of time, engaged in contests before athletic clubs attended by throngs of respectable citizens, under the white glare of electric light, where rules were fairly observed, and everything conducted in a spirit of decorum.

These reforms, of course, only came by degrees, so far as elimination of rough work went. All through McAuliffe's reign as lightweight champion, and even during that of his successor, Kid Lavigne, referees stood for the employment of foul tactics to an extent which can scarcely be realized by ring patrons only familiar with the sport as it flourishes under the regal sway of our august boxing commissions.

This does not mean that the third men in the ring of those earlier days allowed kicking, biting, gouging, and butting the stomach with the head, after the genially free-and-easy fashion which prevailed in the tussle between Carney and McAuliffe. But they would often look the other way when a man might be giving his opponent the elbow in a clinch, striking with the forearm instead of the glove, hitting low, or indulging in any of the sly rough-house tricks that seasoned veterans had at their command.

Fighters like Jem Carney, who originated in the London Prize Ring school, were natural adepts at rough milling, and during the transition period which saw the gloves and Queensberry rules substituted for the old style of scrapping, it is not to be wondered at that the gladiators continued to practice much of what they had learned in the way of illegal mauling.

Their immediate successors naturally enough picked up a lot of this rough stuff, hence, when Lavigne was cock of the lightweight roost, the class knew many boxers of the Jack Everhardt type who were holy terrors at the "no holds barred" game, so far as referees would permit them to go in that direction.

* * *

EVERHARDT was a New Orleans chap who never fought with the bare knuckles. But he couldn't have been any tougher if he had been brought up in the London Prize Ring atmosphere. He was a miracle of endurance, a terrific hitter, and in one of his early battles fought eighty-five rounds with Andy Bowen. Lavigne beat him twice, but had his work cut out to do it, and the Saginaw Kid was right in his prime then.

Both East and West, Everhardt whipped some of the best lightweights. He was a great favorite in his native burg of New Orleans, where, it must be confessed, the local referees in that then great fighting center, let him "get away with murder," as the saying is.

Another British lightweight champion, Stanton Abbott by name, came to this country about 1893, and beat some good men around New York. Among others, he stopped Billy Dacey in a round at Miner's Bowery Theatre, where Abbott was meeting all-comers in a week's engagement. He was later matched to meet Jack Everhardt for twenty-five rounds at New Orleans.

Abbott was a fast, scientific boxer, possessed of a beautifully accurate left jab, and excellent defense. He outpointed Everhardt by a mile, but Everhardt wrestled and bulled the luckless Briton around the ring, hurling him through the ropes a couple of times and, generally speaking, giving him a regular longshoreman's dressing-down. Jack should have been disqualified time and again, but he wasn't and the thoroughly exhausted and disgusted Abbott was stopped in the twenty-fifth frame.

This contest took place on August 21, 1894, and was the subject of severe criticism by the well known writer and sports authority, Macon McCormick, in an article published the following day.

"We submit," wrote McCormick, "that it is pretty hard on Mr. Stanton Abbott of England, a fair, clever, honest boxer, to come all the way across the Atlantic and be treated in such vile, unsportsmanlike fashion. Some seven years ago the British press had reason to complain of the treatment accorded Jem Carney, when thugs invaded the ring where he was fighting Jack McAuliffe, with the result that what

(Continued on page 46)

GOLDEN GLOVERS HIT *the* SPOTLIGHT

By TED CARROLL

THE greatest fighter to ever come out of the Golden Gloves, Joe Louis, may find his reign as heavyweight champion of the world, facing its greatest threat in the person of another Golden Gloves product, Lem Franklin of Cleveland. No champion in the history of the ring has so thoroughly demonstrated his superiority over the field of challengers as has the Brown Bomber, but he may be called on to face his greatest test if Franklin continues his devastating march through the ranks of the heavyweights.

The Forest City slugger is a puncher, and a puncher who from all appearances is as deadly a dealer in two fisted dynamite as the lethal Louis. Against common rivals in recent months the edge is all in favor of the man from Ohio, and by no small margin.

Tough Tony Musto stuck around for nine heats against a none-too-interested Louis. The Baby Tank was blasted out of there in just two rounds by Larruping Lem.

Ample Abe Simon made things very tough for the mighty Bomber for 13 stanzas in Detroit last winter. Simon was up and down like a scenic railway before finally being stopped in just five sessions by Franklin last month.

No higher tribute to Franklin can be paid him than the opinion held by one of his K.O. victims, rugged Eddie Blunt. The boulder-like Blunt minces no words in calling Lem the superior of Louis as a hitter.

"That man is a terrible puncher, Ted," rumbles large Eddie, "with either hand. I was on the floor from three to five times every round when I boxed him in Chicago. He's a terrible, terrible, puncher. But he ain't the fighter Louis is all around. No sir, he's a better hitter, but Joe is so much smarter than people think in that ring. Lem isn't ready for Joe yet. You know some folks think Joe's dumb in there, but lemme tell you that boy is thinking all the time, and the first mistake you make, well, it's just too bad."

* * *

FIGHTERS are notoriously stingy as a rule in praising their former conquerors. Blunt, a tested warhorse, went into the Franklin fight on a wave of wins over Simon, Musto, Buddy Baer, and Babe Hunt, and his testimony regarding the potency of the Franklin wallop should carry plenty of weight.

Paul Damski, noted international fistic entrepreneur, and one of the first to tout the Clevelander as a clouting colossus, rates the new knockout artist on a par with Louis as a puncher, but insists that Franklin falls far short of the Bomber as a colorful, magnetic performer. "He is also a little clumsy, and he must do his best work in the early round, not like Louis, who can knock a fellow out in the last minute if he has to," explains Paul, a critic of established reputation.

Acting as a sort of drum major for the Franklin band wagon is that old ballyhooing Professor of Pugilism, Billy M'Carney. Most exuberant by far of all the praise shouters for the Clevelander, "The Professor" professes to see no chance for Louis at all against the newcomer. "A couple of rounds is all I give Joe against this fellow," clarions Mr. M'Carney, "He's the greatest thing I've ever seen," abruptly concludes Uncle Will, apparently at a loss for adjectives to suitably describe Lemuel.

Although the New York Boxing Commission gave Jack Hurley, Franklin's guiding genius, something of a brush-off when he applied for No. 1 rating for his man as a challenger for the heavyweight title, it is obvious that the Mid-Westerner has clearly established himself as the most dangerous figure on the heavyweight horizon. For the very simple reason that all the others have been beaten by Louis, Franklin should be rated first in line for a crack at the title when and if Louis is able to lay that title on the line again.

While the Commission was right in reminding Hurley that Joe has just defended his title and therefore has six months of grace before being obliged to consider any challenge, some assurance should have been given Manager Hurley that his protege won't be given the old run around. The old chestnut that two colored fighters won't draw is strictly the bunk. Those who eagerly advance this premise, usually with ulterior motives in mind, always conveniently forget that Joe Louis and light-hitting John Henry Lewis drew $102,000 in Madison Square Garden in 1939.

In this fight the Bomber was a prohibitive odds-on-choice, and still fans paid more than 100 grand to see the two colored lads, even though they realized that John Henry's chances of beating the highly charged Bomber were practically non-existent. What would the turnout be then, for a match featuring the incomparable Joe, and a man who looks like the greatest hitter since Langford?

The issue of race would be completely obscured by the desire of thousands to witness so titanic a collision between men of such explosive qualities. Held in the Mid-West, such a contest would possibly hit the half million mark. Of course, all this depends upon the ability of Franklin to keep up the pace he has been setting. If he continues to impress upon the public that he is the superior of Louis as a paralyzing puncher, a match between the two can be built into one of the greatest spectacles in recent boxing history.

* * *

NOVA'S disappointing showing with Louis has apparently eliminated him from any serious consideration as a future foe for Louis, regardless of what he may do henceforth. This narrows the field of aspirants for that big June bout down to Billy Conn, Franklin and possibly Buddy Baer, who is entitled to some sort of respect on the strength of his breath-taking embroglio with Louis in Washington last spring.

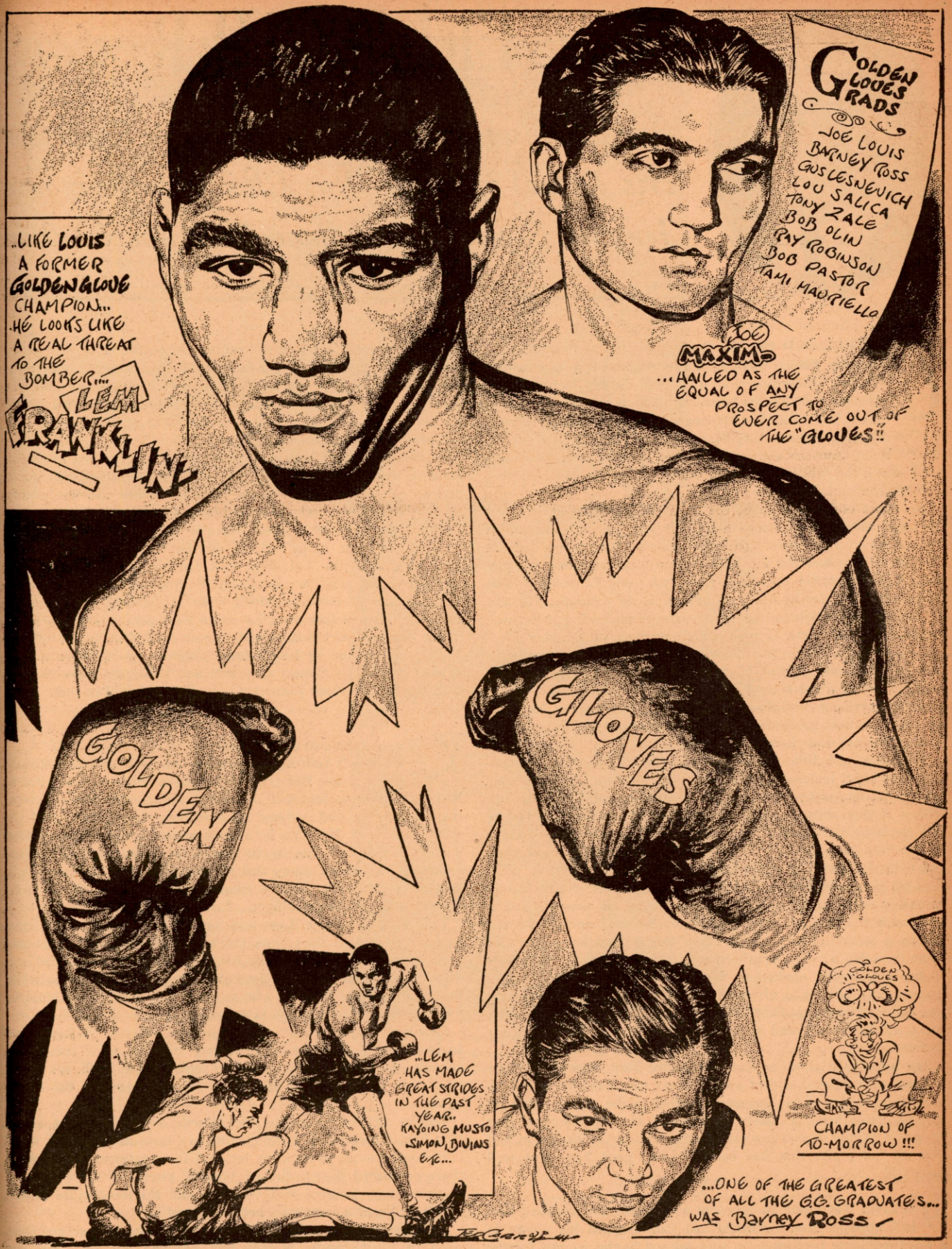
There are critics who claim that Franklin can be befuddled by a quick-thinking, fast-stepping boxer, and possibly Conn, a master in that respect, might take care of him. Conn, on the basis of his near triumph over Champion Joe last June, can't very well be sidetracked by anyone and it may be that Franklin will have to wait until Billy has had his second try. In spite of this his punch makes him the most awesome menace to cloud Louis' triumphant sky since the Bomber ascended the heavyweight throne.

* * *

THAT the Golden Gloves should turn out the greatest threat to its greatest product, is to be expected. Like countless streams feed a mighty river, the myriad of Golden Glove tourneys supply professional boxing with a swelling flood of youthful pugilists. Annually, like a tidal wave, these amateur tournaments sweep the country, charging the masculine sport of boxing with a new virility. From every hamlet, every field of endeavor, hordes of youngsters join in the swirling mass of tournaments that take place the length and breadth of the land.

The annual response of the nation's more rugged youth to the Golden Gloves is one of the phenomena of the times. It offers a convincing argument that the adventurous and manly qualities so necessary to the young men of a powerful virile nation, are still present in the youngsters who are America's hope for the future. As long as the Golden Gloves continue to evoke such a response, no one need ever fear that the country is softening up or that it will be found wanting in time of trial.

Touted as the outstanding alumni of the Golden Gloves since



Franklin won the G.G. heavyweight title, is another native of Cleveland, Joe Maxim. This 175-pounder compiled the unbelievable record of 116 victories out of 121 bouts in his amateur career, a career in which he monopolized all the Golden Gloves titles for which he was eligible. Unbeaten thus far as a pro, he is called the greatest prospect to ever come out of the Ohio metropolis, described as a well poised combination boxer and puncher, he is a light-heavyweight at the moment but still growing. Not even Franklin's dynamic doings have been able to obscure the work of this talented young fellow. *(Continued on page 44)*

Nat FLEISCHER *says:*

Ray Robinson Looms as Armstrong's Successor
His Defeat of Zivic Was Classy Performance
Jenkins, Simon Cases Show Need for Caution

CLEVELAND has its "Larrupin'" Lem Franklin and battling Booker Beckwith. Los Angeles has its strutting Turkey Thompson and its clever Chalky Wright. The Quaker City has its bounding Bobcat, Bob Montgomery. New York City has its Sugar Robinson and Pittsburgh has its slugging steelworker, Mose Brown and its hard-hitting Harry Bobo. And so the colored race stands today, head and heels above the white fighters in point of fistic celebrities, men who are the ranking fighters in their division.

Say what one might about the keen enthusiasm that is being displayed around the country over men like Franklin, Beckwith and others of their color, the fact remains that at no time in the last thirty years has the Negro come forth in such leaps and bounds, pugilistically speaking, as in the past 12 months. The latest eastern sensation, Ray Robinson, is an example. He and Fritzie Zivic played to the third largest gathering that ever attended a bout in the Garden, 20,551 persons, on October 31.

This young lad, who less than a year ago was the sensation in the Golden Gloves in New York, has taken the Metropolitan district by storm. What Henry Armstrong was to the New Yorkers when he came out of California to batter Petey Sarron into submission in a bout in which the world featherweight title changed hands, "Sugar" Ray Robinson is today.

This lean, tall, lithe-footed young Negro, if given the opportunity to fight Jenkins for the lightweight crown, and Cochrane for the welterweight crown, would in my opinion, come through with a double championship. And there's no telling how far he can go beyond that. He is young and he is growing. Twelve months ago he was but a shade beyond the featherweight class and today he normally scales 137 pounds.

In his fight with Fritzie Zivic, Robinson emerged still the proud possessor of an unblemished record both as an amateur and a professional. Pitted against the cream of the pros since he started out as a money chaser, the Harlem Sugar Boy has taken one after the other of the opposition into camp until today he stands as the outstanding challenger for the world welterweight title. Scaling only 139½ and giving Fritzie Zivic a 6 pound advantage, this ebony-skinned gladiator thrilled 20,551 fans who had paid a gross of $61,651.00 and carried off the honors by a hairline decision.

My score card showing five rounds for Ray, four for Fritzie and one even. The confident victor, never perplexed or scared by the rough tactics of his opponent, proved to the skeptics that he was far from being a "flash in the pan." He showed them that he was a fighter possessing every asset of a great champion and that all the praise that has been lavished upon him, was well deserved.

* * *

IN Zivic, Ray found an opponent who, unlike the weakling that had opposed Red Cochrane and had dropped his crown in a most mediocre performance, was primed to the minute for the battle of his career. Zivic realized that a victory meant a return engagement with Cochrane and the opportunity to regain his championship and he left no stone unturned in his training to fit himself for the test.

But in Robinson, he found a lad equally as determined. Sugar Boy Ray realized likewise the opportunity afforded him in the most important contest of his young career. He was fully aware that a victory over the former world title-holder would automatically shove him into the post of leading challenger and as a result he fought a contest that met with the hearty approval of the thousands who viewed him. Make no mistake about it—Ray Robinson has made his mark in pugilism.

In the contest with Zivic, though young in years and in experience, he was made an 8-5 favorite over the veteran ex-titleholder, and his performance proved the odds justifiable. He was sturdy, aggressive, speedy and used his brains to proper advantage.

The Negro warrior was subjected to severe punishment around the head in close range fighting but he retaliated with stinging lefts to Zivics jaw and body that frequently sent Fritzie half way across the ring. It was clearly the intention of Zivic to draw his opponent in close at which style of fighting the ex-champ rates high, but in Robinson, he found an opponent who was equal to the occasion and even outdid Fritzie in this mode of fighting. Both at short and at long range, Robinson proved the master. It was a splendid contest to watch and a banner gathering was well treated for their journey to the house that Tex built.

* * *

LET us outline two situations.

First— A few days before the Lew Jenkins-Red Cochrane fight in New York, the lightweight king pleaded that he had something wrong with his back. Apparently the effects of the accident he had suffered in a motorcycle accident, had left their mark. The New York Commission, which has been making itself ridiculous of late by its weird decisions, sent its medical examiner to Jenkins' camp and the champion was declared to be in perfect condition. Jenkins went through with his bout in the Garden and was badly whipped. Lew made a goshawful showing.

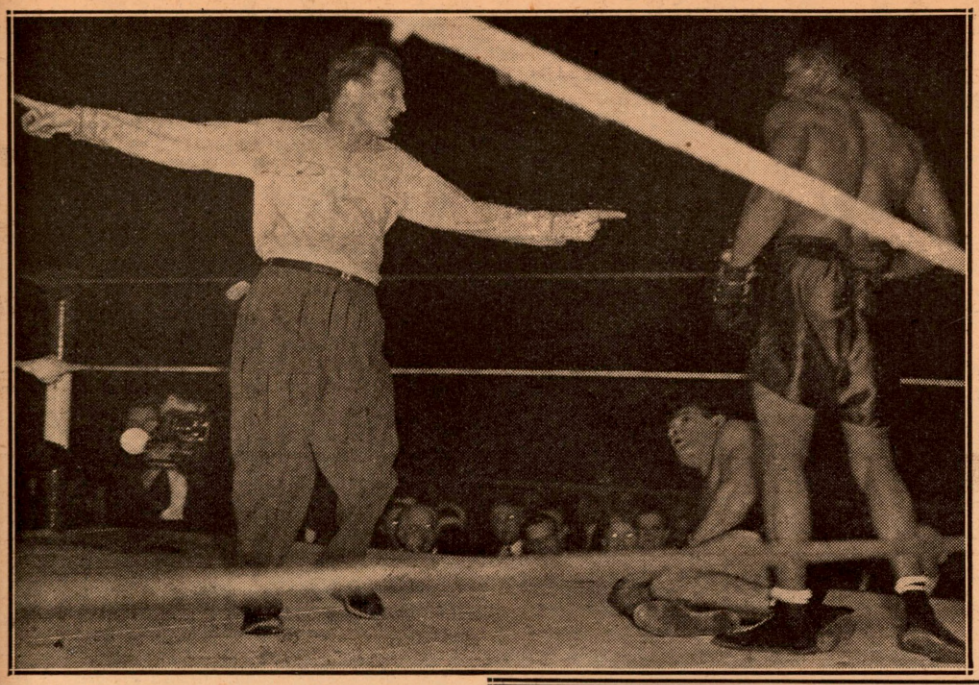
Following the fight, Lew was again examined by three competent members of the commission's medical staff, and again they pronounced Jenkins fit except for whatever bruises he had suffered in the contest the previous evening. Jenkins wasn't satisfied, nor was his chief handler who insisted that Lew's poor showing was due to an injury which prevented him from giving his best.

Lew went to his personal physician who, after an X-Ray examination, found a dislocated vertebrae. But for some reason, the commission's medicos discovered no such trouble. Well, it's a long story that has been told so often, we won't go into the details again.

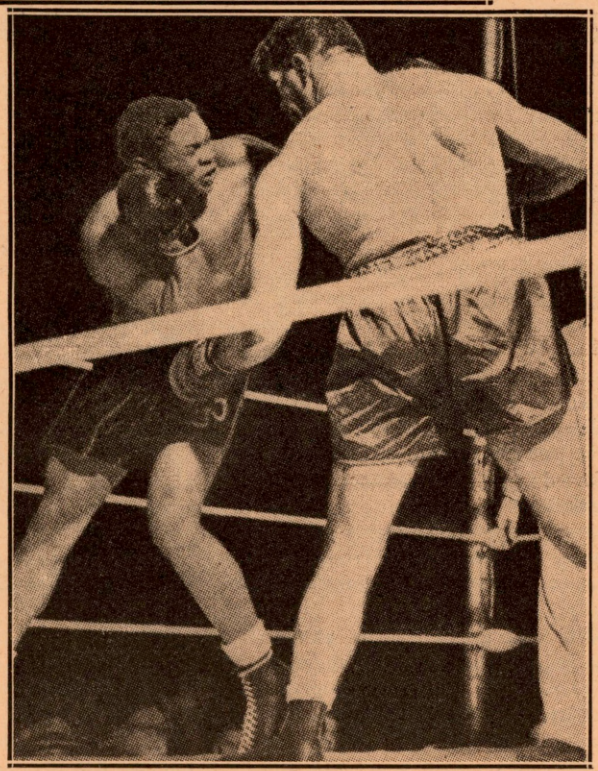
Jenkins ultimately went to Fort Worth, on his way home, and in that city, where many army doctors are now stationed, he found it necessary to go to an army hospital for treatment. The doctors there confirmed the verdict of Jenkins' physician but even went further—they declared that when he had his motorcycle mishap he had chipped a vertebrae, not dislocated it.

Whether it is true that Jenkins asked for a further postponement of his fight—he already had received one—and this was refused him, I do not know. Whether he had pleaded for such a postponement with the commission but was turned down, I likewise cannot prove except through the statement of Jenkins after the fight.

The fact remains, however, that the Commission found fault with Jenkins and blamed it all on his lack of training. The New



Simon down for a count of nine in fight with Lem Franklin at Cleveland, which city has come back to the fistic map with a bang.



Here Turkey Thompson gets one from Abe Simon which the Negro heavyweight didn't relish. The fight took place in Hollywood, a draw of ten rounds.

York Commission also found fault with Cochrane's showing. It felt he should have knocked out Jenkins, instead of easing up on the injured lightweight. Cochrane's manager was suspended—a veritably gigantic companion piece to the suspension of Nova's manager that same day for having told Lou to use caution against the murderous Joe Louis.

Jenkins' money for the Cochrane fight was held up by the New York logicians pending his posting $1,500 that he would be in shape to meet Sammy Angott in October. The Board insisted there was nothing wrong that could not be rectified by proper training! While it is true that Jenkins has repeatedly violated his faith with the public by mocking at training, the fact remains that he was injured and the injury was responsible for his poor showing. The Commission should have discovered the injury.

Ultimately the Commission released Jenkins' money and recognized his inability to meet Angott at the specified time.

This is Situation No. 1 in a sort of nutshell.

* * *

SECOND—Three days after Abe Simon had been knocked out in the fifth round by Lem Franklin at Cleveland, Simon rushed to a New York hospital to have his appendix removed.

It developed that when Abe met the Negro, Simon already was suffering from appendicitis.

Why was Simon, in this critical condition, allowed to fight Franklin?

How did a man in Simon's condition pass a medical examination for a fight?

Suppose Simon had been killed by Franklin, who would have been responsible?

How far incognizant was Simon's manager of the condition of his fighter? He insists he knew nothing about the ailment and I believe him. Yet why wasn't Jimmy Johnston, the man at the helm, told of Simon's condition by Simon's physician, if the doctor knew the facts? Why was Abe's condition kept a secret?

* * *

NOT so long ago a fighter collapsed in a Western ring with influenza. Why was he allowed to enter the ring?

Boxing commissions were set up to protect the boxers, the public and the promoters and managers. They are supposed to look after the interests of all who are associated with the sport either as part of the game or as spectators.

What are physical examinations of fighters by commission doctors for? Are they merely to give some work and pay to examiners and show the public that the commissioners are attending to their duty? Are the examinations merely perfunctory gestures to comply with the law? Or are they supposed to protect the public from being imposed on by fighters not physically able to carry on and to protect fighters not physically able, against themselves?

Death lurks in the ring every time a physically unfit fighter faces an opponent.

Boxing commissions were created because there was a genuine belief that boxing, under the direction of competent men, appointed by constituted authority, could flourish for the benefit of everybody concerned, and to a large extent, it has. But there is still room for improvement.

Commissioners throughout the country must take the bull by the horns, clamp down the lid and for the protection of the sport generally, see to it that more than mere superficial examinations are given those in the sport. They should demand a little history of the fighter regarding his physical condition before the examination. They should know from him and his mentor if he has been suffering from any ailments prior to the examination and they should place credence in such report, not ridicule it or pass it by as poppycock.

Such report should be used as the basis for what is to follow. Then and then alone, will all hands be protected.

* * *

THE RING believes that the Jenkins and Simon cases have brought to light serious laxities in one of the most vital phases of American boxing.

The public's confidence in the doctors employed by our Boxing Commissions should not be broken down. These doctors should not jeopardize their professional reputations by thinking of any-

thing except the condition of the fighters, and the rights of these fighters even against themselves, and the manifest rights of the public. They are all competent medical examiners.

As for the New York Commission—let's have no more silly rulings. For a long time you have set the pace, world-wide, with your decisions. Let's get back to earth and continue the good work of the past.

Let's act with an iron hand, but be humane and rule with common sense judgment. That's the way to give New York State, the world's greatest boxing center, the kind of administration it deserves—the kind you've given it in the past. If you err, don't take it out on the boxer and managers. Admit your errors and correct them.

Sound criticism never hurt the game. Keeping quiet about abuses makes those who remain silent as bad as those who compound these abuses.

THE RING criticizes harshly but with only one point in view—the betterment of boxing.

* * *

AS I have so often remarked in these columns, I believe the greatest good that has come to boxing, is the legalization of the sport and its control by state boxing commissions. Unfortunately, however, too often such commissions go haywire and in an effort to aid the sport, do more harm than good. I find no fault with commission rule—only with the lack of foresight so often displayed by those in charge.

For example, let's take the recent ruling of the New York Board ordering fighters who do their training away from New York City, to break training and come in for a physical examination. If a fighter is getting into condition many miles away from New York, it is a gross injustice to ask him to appear before the board when such a long trip means the halting of training, and eating of food away from his training table and often sleeping in a hotel where the rest cannot be obtained which the boxer so urgently needs.

There is no need for such an order. New York State receives thousands of dollars from boxing annually. The commission has ample funds to take care of its needs—namely, the regulation of boxing. It has a large force of employees and a large force of medical examiners. To properly care for the boxers, the commission should send its examiners to the camps where the boys are in training and from which they should not be taken because the commission wants to save some expenses. And neither promoter nor boxers should be forced to pay the examiner's fee. That should belong to the Commission.

I don't blame the promoter or boxer from balking at the $50. fee when it should be paid by the state that profits from the sport through taxes. The objection is well founded. It is high time this practice was halted.

Boxers should be permitted to train in the country, away from the hubbub of the Big City and the stuffy gymnasiums where they go when not in the country. They should be encouraged to train away from New York City. They should not be hampered.

* * *

THERE'S a dusky Cleveland Negro, Lemuel Franklin by name, who hit the banner line in all sports pages during the past month. The ebony Lemuel kept Joe Louis, Billy Conn, Lou Nova and all other boxing notables in the background while he grabbed himself loads of national publicity through his five rounds knockout of big Abe Simon in Cleveland. By his triumph, even though shaded somewhat by the subsequent operation of Simon two days later for appendicitis, Lem placed among the outstanding challengers for the world heavyweight crown now owned by Louis.

It must be distressing to those who keep seeking "white hopes", to have another colored lad, a hard hitting, two-fisted, battler, come to the front, to dampen their enthusiasm. Especially so at a time when Frank Barbaro, Detroit night club operator, has put up $15,000 in prize money for the winner of his "White Hope" tourney.

In Franklin the boxing profession has a fighter along the lines of Joe Louis, and so long as such a man comes to light, the public is not interested in his color. White or black, the fighting qualities alone count, and Lem Franklin possesses plenty.

He has every asset a champion requires. Whether he can last the longer distance is something that must yet be tested. He has displayed his terrific hitting power against the outstanding heavyweights who have been willing to test his ability, and has come through with flying colors.

Biddy Bishop, clean sports agitator, one of the outstanding managers and promoters of the past, who died a few weeks ago.

Nova, Conn and Buddy Baer, the three leaders among the first ten, will have nothing to do with him. Joe Louis declares that he will be glad to accommodate Lem if and when Franklin proves he is the outstanding challenger. But how is Franklin going to prove that, if he cannot get the big shots into the ring with him? Jimmy Johnston, manager of Simon, took a desperate chance when he accepted Lem for an opponent for Big Abe, and now he regrets his move because Simon has been eliminated as a possible opponent for Louis in a return engagement.

* * *

FROM a promotional point of view it would be far better were Franklin a white fighter. Were he a Nordic, Jack Hurley, his hustling manager, would have no difficulty selling Lem to Mike Jacobs. It's difficult to stir a quarter of a million dollars worth of interest in two colored fighters, but whether Promoter Mike Jacobs likes it or not, Franklin has pushed himself into the 1942 heavyweight picture and will have to be considered as an outstanding challenger.

Uncle Mike has a splendid idea to stir up new interest in the heavyweight class. He proposes, that in view of the condition in which Simon went into so important a battle at Cleveland, a return bout with Franklin for the Garden would give New York critics a chance to see just how good Lem really is, and it also would give Uncle Mike an opportunity to test the public reaction.

If Lem made a hit, Mike wouldn't for a moment hesitate to build up the Cleveland Negro into a challenger's post, with bouts against Bob Pastor, Lou Nova and Buddy Baer awaiting him. As for a fight with Louis, frankly I don't believe that Lem is ready for such a shot. He is at least a year away from it. But he is ready for Conn, Nova, Pastor, and Buddy Baer.

As for a fight with Conn, that likewise is out of consideration right now because Uncle Mike has Billy signed to a return fight with Joe Louis for next June, and Billy certainly earned that one. Mike says it would be folly to take any chances on killing off a great bout with a sure half million dollar gate in sight.

* * *

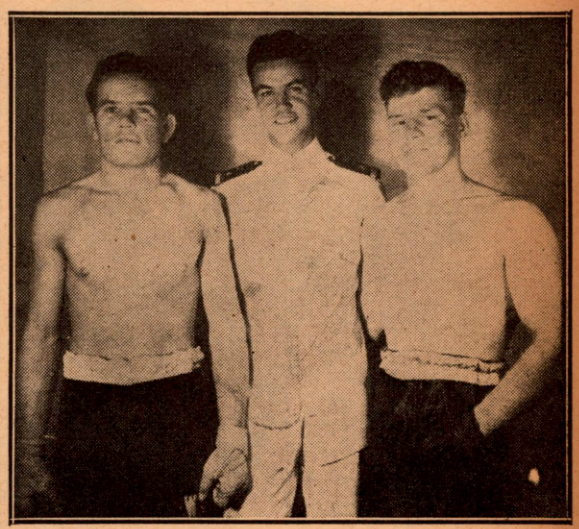
IN his Cleveland bout with Simon, Franklin displayed his punch in the very first round when he crashed his prize left hook against Abe's head and down went the New Yorker. A minute later Lem crossed a right and Abe went down again.

It was obvious then that the 254 pound visitor wouldn't go the route. From that point to the finish, Simon suffered only one flash of offense, in the third when he stabbed Franklin with half a dozen lefts and hooked *(Continued on page 38)*

N.B.A. AIDS *the* SERVICEMEN

By
"THE FIGHTING MARINE"

Lieut. Col. Harvey L. Miller, Morale Officer of Marines, who is in charge of gigantic boxing programme.



Leather tossers from U.S.S. Phoenix who are making good in the Navy. Wojtysiak, left, and Shull, right, with Ensign Wood who handles the boxers.

THE National Boxing Association has begun its quest of the ring champions of tomorrow in Uncle Sam's fighting forces. The Marines were the first to land with an organized tournament of heroic proportions and the Leathernecks hope they will unearth another Gene Tunney or another George LaBlanche, the only two Marines ever to win world's titles.

Two great world's heavyweight champions and five leading newspapers and sportsmen will contribute to the success of the boxing tournament to determine the championships of the First Marine Division, Fleet Marine Force, as well as the championships of five of the Division's regiments.

Major General Philip H. Torrey, U.S.M.C., commanding the Division, has accepted from the National Boxing Association eight gold belts, sponsored by the N.B.A. as emblematic of the Division titles.

"The First Division," said General Torrey, "accepts with thanks and appreciation the N.B.A. belts. These belts will do much to interest our men in combative sports, will maintain their morale and provide entertainment for all in the Division."

Commenting on the award, Abe J. Greene, President of the N.B.A., said, "This is the first step in the N.B.A.'s program to encourage clean boxing in our armed forces. The same offer has been made to the Army and Navy."

The weights for the Marine tournament are: Bantam 118, feather 126, light 135, welter 147, junior middle 155, middle 165, light-heavy 175, and heavy. The Marines run to heft. Hence, the boost in the middleweight limit and the elimination of the flyweight class.

The Division is billeted under canvas in the primitive New River area of North Carolina. Its boxing competitions and other indoor shows will be held in a gigantic circus tent.

* * *

JACK DEMPSEY has accepted the invitation to referee the Division finals and the Regimental team winning the team championship will receive a championship cup awarded by Lieutenant Commander J. J. "Gene" Tunney, U.S.N.

The tournament will be a bona fide elimination series starting with inter-company bouts under the supervision of battalion commanders. The battalion champions will then face each other for Regimental titles. These regimental championship meets will be sponsored by and medals awarded by leading newspapers, sports organizations and sportsmen.

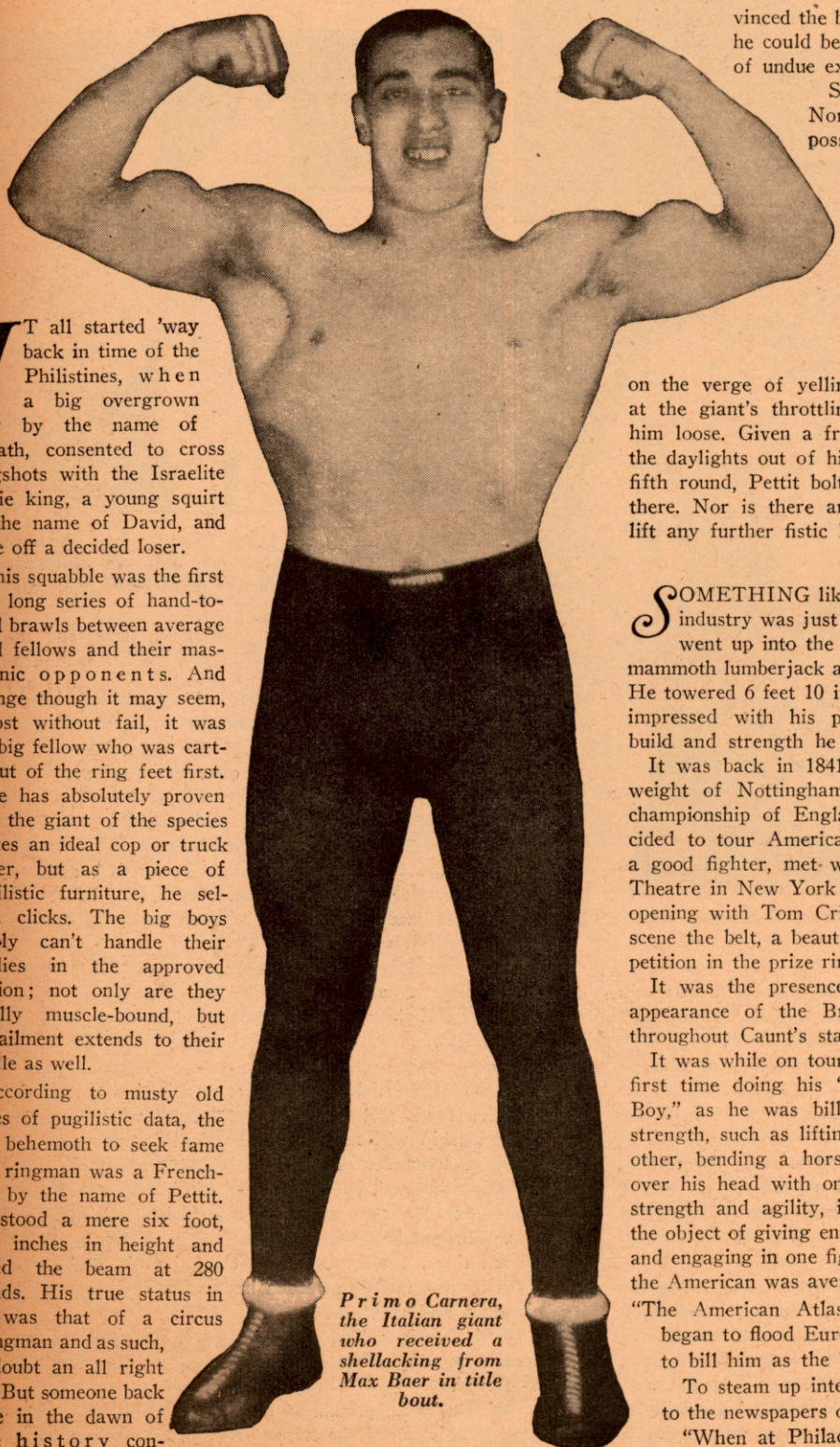
The Fifth Marines, under Colonel Robert Blake, U.S.M.C., will receive medals awarded and sponsored by the Washington *Times-Herald*.

Fred W. Buchholz, prominent District of Columbia sportsman and former chairman of the District *(Continued on page 44)*

The Bigger They Come

Giants Since the Days of Yore Have Proved as in the Case of David and Goliath, That It Isn't Always Size That Counts in Heavyweight Bouts

By T. W. McNIEL



Primo Carnera, the Italian giant who received a shellacking from Max Baer in title bout.

IT all started 'way back in time of the Philistines, when a big overgrown mug by the name of Goliath, consented to cross slingshots with the Israelite bantie king, a young squirt by the name of David, and came off a decided loser.

This squabble was the first of a long series of hand-to-hand brawls between average sized fellows and their mastadonic opponents. And strange though it may seem, almost without fail, it was the big fellow who was carted out of the ring feet first. Time has absolutely proven that the giant of the species makes an ideal cop or truck driver, but as a piece of pugilistic furniture, he seldom clicks. The big boys simply can't handle their maulies in the approved fashion; not only are they usually muscle-bound, but the ailment extends to their noodle as well.

According to musty old tomes of pugilistic data, the first behemoth to seek fame as a ringman was a Frenchman by the name of Pettit. He stood a mere six foot, nine inches in height and tipped the beam at 280 pounds. His true status in life was that of a circus strongman and as such, no doubt an all right guy. But someone back there in the dawn of fistic history convinced the big fellow that with all his beef and brawn, he could become the heavyweight champ without a lot of undue exertion.

So in the year of 1751, Jack Slack, the Norwich butcher-boy, having acquired title and possession of the heavyweight crown through whaling the tar out of Jack Broughton, agreed to swap knuckles with Monsieur Pettit. As a fight, it turned out to be a pip of a choking match.

Unable to hit Slack with his ponderous swings, the Frog finally managed to clamp an oversize lunch-hook on Slack's larynx. Holding on like a pit-bull, Pettit had the English champ on the verge of yelling "uncle," when the ringsiders, enraged at the giant's throttling tactics, tore the ring down and pried him loose. Given a fresh start, Slack then proceeded to whale the daylights out of his huge playmate to the extent that in the fifth round, Pettit bolted through the ropes and got away from there. Nor is there any record to prove that he ever tried to lift any further fistic honors.

* * *

SOMETHING like a hundred years later, when the knuckle industry was just getting under way in these parts, someone went up into the Michigan bigwoods and came back with a mammoth lumberjack answering to the name of Charles Freeman. He towered 6 feet 10 inches and weighed a mere 325 pounds. He impressed with his physical proportions, and because of his build and strength he appeared in the circus and in vaudeville.

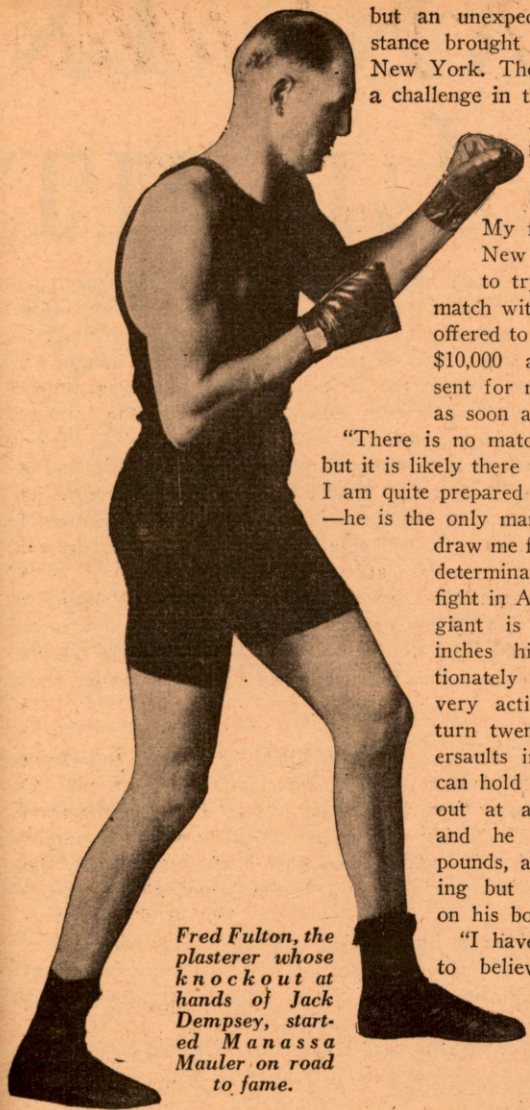
It was back in 1841, after Ben Caunt, 6 feet 3 inch heavyweight of Nottinghamshire, had whipped Nick Ward for the championship of England and the champion's belt that he decided to tour America with a show, "Life in London." Caunt, a good fighter, met with enthusiastic reception at the Bowery Theatre in New York City, where he was introduced in a scene opening with Tom Cribb's sparring room and exhibited in that scene the belt, a beautiful trophy, the first ever put up for competition in the prize ring.

It was the presence of this beautiful belt, as much as the appearance of the British champion, that packed the theatre throughout Caunt's stay in New York.

It was while on tour that Caunt saw Charles Freeman for the first time doing his "strong man" performance. This "Strong Boy," as he was billed, performed most astonishing feats of strength, such as lifting four barrels of flour placed one on the other, bending a horse shoe and raising a 450-pound bar bell over his head with one hand. Caunt, impressed with Freeman's strength and agility, induced him to go abroad with him with the object of giving entertainments in the circus and on the stage and engaging in one fight. Receiving Freeman's consent, although the American was averse to entering the ring, Caunt dubbed him "The American Atlas" and "The New World Goliath," and began to flood Europe with ballyhoo. He even went so far as to bill him as the heavyweight champion of America.

To steam up interest in Freeman, Caunt sent the following to the newspapers of London:

"When at Philadelphia I intended taking a Southern tour



Fred Fulton, the plasterer whose knockout at hands of Jack Dempsey, started Manassa Mauler on road to fame.

but an unexpected circumstance brought me back to New York. There appeared a challenge in the papers of New York from the Michigan Giant to me. My friends in New York went to try to make a match with him. They offered to back me for $10,000 a side and sent for me to return as soon as possible.

"There is no match made yet, but it is likely there will be soon. I am quite prepared to fight him—he is the only man who could draw me from my first determination not to fight in America. This giant is 6 feet 10 inches high, proportionately stout and very active. He can turn twenty-five somersaults in succession, can hold a large man out at arms' length, and he weighs 325 pounds, and has nothing but solid muscle on his bones.

"I have all reasons to believe that the match will be made. I expect to be in England in a short time if the above match is not made, when I shall be ready to accommodate Bendigo. You will oblige me by inserting some or the whole of the above in your valuable columns."

* * *

THIS ballyhoo was soon followed by the return to England of Caunt and his circus freak, Freeman, and no sooner had they landed than Caunt booked himself and partner for exhibitions at the music halls and the vaudeville stage. Caunt had no idea of matching himself with Freeman. All he wanted was to exhibit the American Behemoth and then match him with a good drawing card, despite the fact that he was fully aware of Freeman's ring inexperience. "Big Ben" from the start knew that there was more money in the show business than in fisticuffs, hence he kept public interest in the Michigan Giant alive both through his stage appearances and through the newspaper columns.

That the ballyhoo which preceded the landing of the American Gargantuan had created a sensation was evident by the tremendous turnout at the Queen's Theatre in Liverpool on the opening night of the show in which Caunt and Freeman appeared. Likewise when they made their debut in London. The sportsmen were equally anxious to see this "Mountain Man," as he was advertised, and Caunt's house in St. Martin's Lane was jammed with the curious.

The English fight critics said of him that he was a magnificently proportioned fellow, one of the most symmetrical and graceful athletes of his size ever seen. Even if he had never engaged in a ring tussle and knew practically nothing of the fight game, the British public acknowledged in him a man of wonderful possibilities and was willing to pay to see him. They soon learned that his claim of the championship of the world was all buncombe, released for the purpose of building him up, yet they were willing to admit that regardless of his inexperience, even the most finished fighter would have a tough time taking his measure.

Unfortunately, those behind Freeman decided to force the issue by jeering the British heavyweights because of the refusal of any to meet the Yankee Goliath. They caused matter to be printed to the effect that Freeman had scared all English fighters into their shells and the mere sight of the American Giant threw fear into their hearts. This was contrary to the facts, yet it served to arouse British ire.

When Caunt had worked his ammunition to the heating point, Johnny Broome, then in the full flush of prosperity, called a meeting at his house, the Rising Sun in Piccadily, "to protest against these insults to the British prize ring, and to prove to the traducers of that institution that there were just as many gallant bruisers in England as in America and that the English fighters were ready at all times to defend the honor of the country pugilistically."

* * *

AS a result, a challenge was issued to Freeman to fight a "novice" to be named hereafter by Broome, the side bet to be $500. It was then that Freeman personally let the cat out of the bag by declaring that fighting was not his business and that he had not come to England for the purpose of engaging in fisticuffs but of giving public exhibitions of his prowess as a tumbler, jumper, sprinter and general horsemanship, but since a challenge was issued, he felt honor bound to accept it.

And thus was arranged the first encounter between the Michigan Giant, the largest man who ever performed in a roped square, and the "novice," who, it developed, was none other than William Perry, the Tipton Slasher, a good fighter who had been before the public for five years and had a fine record.

The fight between the Yankee and the Slasher came off on December 6, 1842.

It lasted seventy rounds and a total of eighty-four minutes, but the damage was ludicrously small. The Slasher decided on a safe defense. He would rush in, deliver one blow to the body and then drop.

The fight, having started late, lasted into the dark, and the referee, unable to see what was going on, ordered a cessation of hostilities with the understanding that *(Continued on page 47)*

Charles Freeman, tallest fighter in history of pugilism, 6 ft. 10½ ins.

DAPPER DANS IN NATIONAL LIGHT

By TOM HARLEY

WHILE promoters all over the country were moaning and shouting the word "monopoly" at Mike Jacobs because they couldn't get top-notchers to fight for them, a group of sportsmen in Pittsburgh banded together in the name of charity, and known as the Dapper Dan Club, went on quietly about the business of staging two fight promotions the past summer, which had veteran fight figures popping their eyes out in amazement at the successful manner in which they were put over.

Without previous experience in the fight promotion line, and with little to go on but the sound common sense attribute that a boxing fan will pay to see something worthwhile seeing, the Dapper Dans, headed by a Pittsburgh sports writer, Al Abrams of the *Post-Gazette,* put on two shows which drew in the neighborhood of $68,000 each.

The Dapper Dans, in case you don't know anything about them, are about as amazing a group of male sport page readers as you will find anywhere. Formed six years ago by Abrams, who wanted to add a local touch to his column, the club came about by pure accident.

He hailed well-dressed Pittsburghers with "Hy Dapper Dan" in his column as he ran across them at various athletic events. Soon a club was formed, strictly to do charitable work, and its progress in the last six years is a story which would do credit to high-pressure promotion men such as the late Tex Rickard, Cash-and-Carry Pyle, or even the hard-bitten Mike Jacobs himself.

Over three thousand members belong to the club now, with some 900 still on the waiting list ready to join. Each member pays two dollars yearly as dues, and out of his two dollars, approximately $1.70 is turned over to the upkeep of a charity bronchoscopic clinic in the Mercy Hospital. The other thirty cents go towards office expense and the maintenance of a secretary on a year-around job. No one in the club gains a penny profit.

* * *

BECAUSE of his sports-page connection, Abrams keeps the organization strictly sports-minded, with all promotions undertaken being of athletic venture, outside of an annual banquet which nets from $1000 to $1500 for charity. This money in the past has gone to a school for deaf and dumb children.

But to get back to the two big boxing promotions put on by this club. The fight promotion bug bit Abrams and his fellow members in 1940 when they first sought to put on a show with Mike Jacobs when he was carting his troupe all over the country. Jacobs couldn't see the idea, as he was tired of out-of-town promotions by that time, and the club decided to do for itself by grabbing off a championship plum in the Henry Armstrong-Fritzie Zivic title match.

This was in September of 1940, but Uncle Mike stepped in and claimed priority rights on Armstrong's services, and no amount of pleading would persuade him to put on the fight in Pittsburgh late in the summer. He wanted it for the Garden, and strangely enough, no one ever gave Zivic a tumble before the Dapper Dans sought to hook him up with Hammerin' Hank.

According to Abrams, the Zivic-Armstrong thing was sure-fire to draw a gate of $100,000 in Pittsburgh. The day the bout was announced, Armstrong and his manager, Eddie Mead, were in town to talk business for the bout and sign to meet Zivic, and orders amounting to more than $30,000 in ringside tickets poured into the office before they were even printed. The amount is used to contrast the anemic $29,000 gate Zivic and Armstrong drew in their first meeting in the Garden.

That blow caused the Dapper Dans to forget about a show until the following May, when shrewd Johnny Ray, a member of the club himself, and Billy Conn, also a member, knew that the club amounted to something in Pittsburgh and could put on a big show.

* * *

A MATCH was signed with Buddy Knox for the Dapper Dans to promote with the Rooney-McGinley Boxing Co. three weeks before Conn was booked to meet Louis for the heavyweight title. The timing was perfect on that one, as the interest in Conn was sky-high, and the backwash of the Louis-Buddy Baer fight in Washington a few days before helped add fire to the publicity fuel.

Knox, a third-rate heavyweight trial horse, was not expected to prove much of a test for Conn, and with just a fair preliminary card underneath, the country's boxing experts were guessing that the show would draw at best around $20,000.

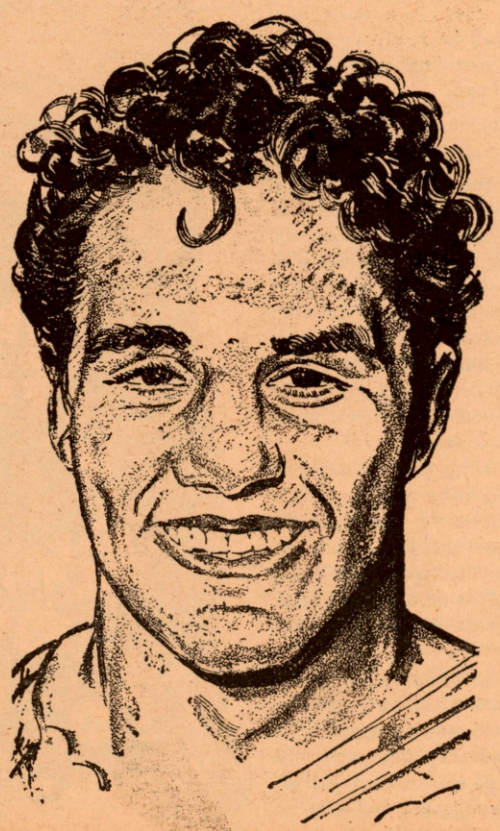
Instead of $20,000, the card went on to draw a $68,000 gross house to shatter all Pittsburgh records, even topping the Melio Bettina-Conn light-heavyweight title bout put on in 1939. This was amazing, when it is told that the Bettina-Conn fight top price was $7.75 as against the $5.75 tops for the Conn-Knox show. This was staged by Jacobs.

A total of 27,042 fans jammed their way into the Pirates' ball club to shatter the attendance mark for a fight crowd set for another title match a few years previous when Teddy Yarosz wrested the middleweight crown from Vince Dundee. The showing was a tribute to the Dapper Dans and Billy Conn's ability to draw in his home town.

* * *

JACOBS, and a battery of 20 New York writers, sat in on the promotion and were amazed at its success, but in the end, Conn was given credit for pulling most of the fans at the gate. Incidentally, he was rewarded to the tune of $19,500 as a purse, which proved the shrewdness of Ray again.

Still feeling it was an honor to promote a show with the great Mike Jacobs, Abrams renewed his efforts as the summer wore on, but while the New York promoter was interested this time, one thing or *(Continued on page 47)*



Billy Conn, one of the organizers of the Dapper Dans of Pittsburgh.

NEW BOXING TALENT AROUSES AUSTRALIA

By GEOFFREY W. BARDSLEY

MELBOURNE, Australia—(By Clipper)—The year 1941 saw the fight game stage a successful comeback here after a slump of many years. Right now the sport is booming in a way not seen since the golden era of the early "20's."

The reason for this change is the rise of local boys who were only prelim fighters in 1940. Al Basten, middleweight protege of former heavyweight champion Ambrose Palmer and featherweights in Billy Rainsbury and Kid Young are Melbourne's three most promising boxers who have risen to top ranking this year.

Another draw is the game and rugged welterweight, Terry Reilly, who has put up some thrilling fights this year.

The revival of interest brought back to the ring two old favorites in "Iron Man" Bert Osborne and clever Young Llew Edwards.

So what with the decline of interest in Sydney due partly to Ron Richards and Fred Henneberry dropping out of the game and to the impracticability of importing fighters owing to the war Melbourne is Australia's boxing center.

Sydney can only boast of one outstanding prospect, southpaw lightweight Vic Patrick. In 21 starts he has won 19 inside the distance and one on points, losing once on a foul. Patrick took the Australian lightweight title from Tod Morgan at Sydney on July 3, the decision getting a mixed reception.

Proof of the revival of interest can be given by noting the leading boxers' purses. Billy Rainsbury never received more than £15 for a fight until this year. He has pulled down £800 for six contests. This also goes for other stars like Basten and Young. When Mickey Miller, the 9 stone champion, came here to fight Rainsbury last January, he left Sydney expecting to collect around £20 to £30. Instead he received £130 and now averages about £200 each time out.

Kid Young has proved one of the most colorful of the youngsters. His two main assets are a fighting heart as big as a bullock and a K.O. wallop in both gloves. This red-headed, 19-year-old boy would be a great draw in America, for he fights from the tap of the opening bell until the finish. Recently he outpointed Mickey Miller in a non-title bout.

* * *

RAINSBURY is a brilliantly clever boxer, but carries no punch. Twice this year he has decisioned Miller in overweight contests but in his two championship bouts the champ proved a different proposition and won handily on points.

The 21-year-old Al Basten is now middleweight champion of Australia, having won the vacant title by stopping Ern Clingan in 10 rounds last June. His solid punching allied to a good left and a puzzling forearm defense, make him a worthy holder of the title.

Ron Richards has come out of retirement and is again making a bid for the honors he once held and the title in the higher division. Here is a list of our champions:

Heavyweight, Billy Britt.
Cruiserweight, Cec Overall.
Middleweight, Al Basten.
Welterweights, Ron Maclaughlin, Alan Westbury, Terry Reilly and Hockey Bennell all have claims.
Lightweight, Vic Patrick.
Featherweight, Mickey Miller.
Bantamweight, Eddie Miller.
Flyweight, Teddy Lawler.

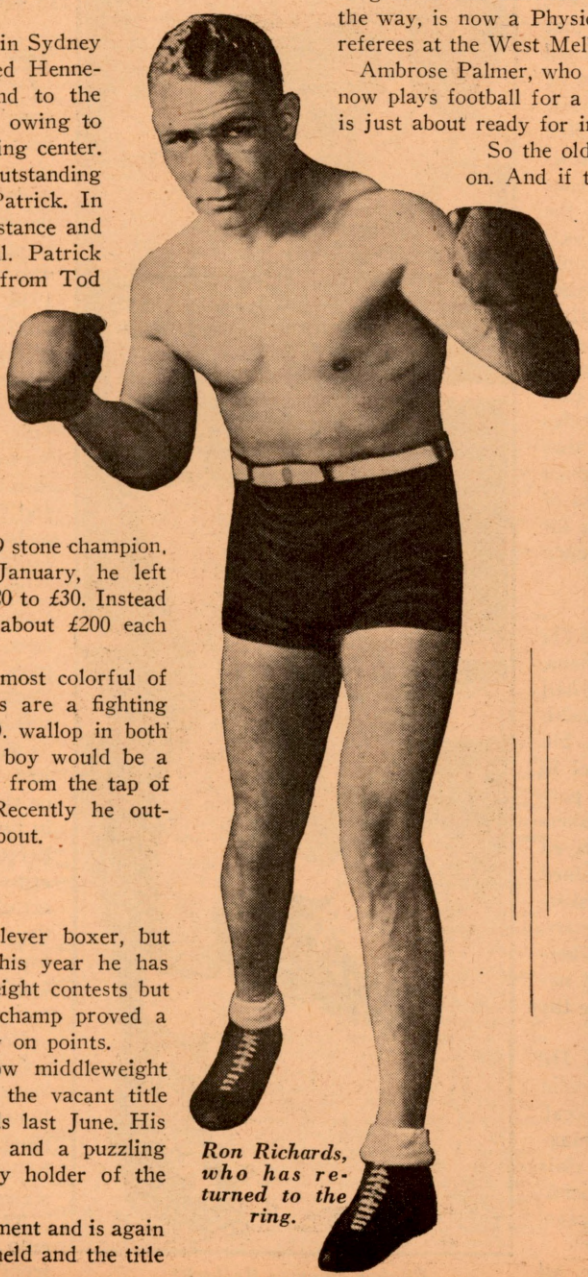
* * *

THE welter title has been in dispute ever since Jack Carroll retired in 1938. There is no controlling body in Australia to give official sanction to championship matches. Carroll, by the way, is now a Physical Instructor with the A.I.F. and also referees at the West Melbourne Stadium.

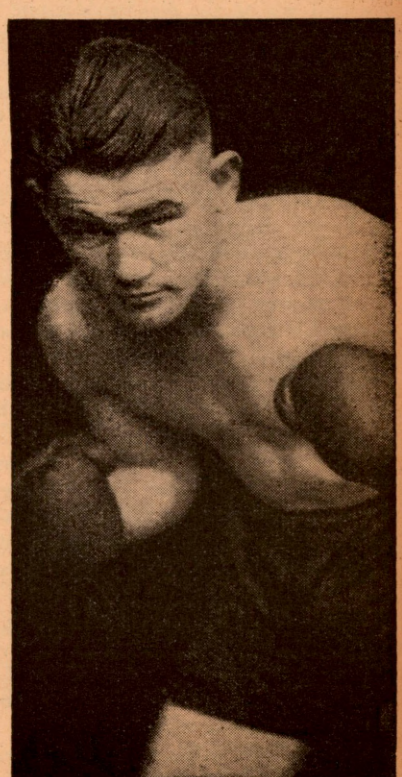
Ambrose Palmer, who retired about the same time as Carroll, now plays football for a Melbourne club, and Fred Henneberry is just about ready for inclusion in boxing's "Who's Through."

So the old stars fade out and the new ones come on. And if the great success of the weekly novice trial bouts in Melbourne can be taken as any criterion, there will be some more stars before long.

This novice trial idea has spread to Sydney and Brisbane, so when the war is over, Australia will have a good chance to hold its own among the world's boxers, as it has done in past years.



Ron Richards, who has returned to the ring.



Mickey Miller, featherweight champion of Australia.

BECKWITH HEADS *for* LIGHT-HEAVY TITLE

By SAM THOMPSON

A FEW weeks ago in Chicago, Bob Pastor, New York's heavyweight champion, proved that experience is a fine teacher, when he smothered the attempts of Booker Thomas Beckwith, the Mid-Western light-heavyweight sensation, to keep his professional record clean. What Bob did to Booker is ring history. He handed him so severe a beating that Beckwith was lucky to last the ten rounds. Of course the youthful lad from Cleveland conceded eleven pounds to his rival, but even so, he would have been whipped by the New Yorker, who showed at his best.

There are some who declared after that bout that Beckwith was far overmatched and rushed too quickly, but that cannot be taken into consideration because only a few weeks previously Booker had whipped Red Burman, a pretty good heavyweight. However, Beckwith now knows what it means to taste defeat and what he learned in the Pastor fight should do him a world of good in his future contests. The setback is only temporary. Even Jimmy Johnston, manager of the winner, thinks so. He declared after the bout that Beckwith is a sure thing to make the grade among the heavyweights, but must first add some weight and gain a little more experience before he tackles the first fry of the division. Despite that one-sided victory of Pastor, Beckwith must not be ignored as a threat to the cream of the division. Based on his fine showing for the year, he deserves the honor thrust upon him in this issue with a special story.

* * *

BOOKER THOMAS BECKWITH was born in Monroe, Louisiana, December 23, 1919. He is six feet one-half inch in height and weighs 172. Beckwith spent most of his life in Gary, Indiana. He graduated from Roosevelt High School in 1939. He was an excellent student and participated in four sports—football, basketball, the high and broad jumps. He played quarter on the football team and captained it one year. He was center on the basketball team and captained it for two years. In the years that Beckwith played basketball and football, Roosevelt High won national honors. In track, Beckwith broke the scholastic record for the broad jump.

His hobbies are music and boxing. He plays the saxophone, viol, clarinet and violin and is a member of the Musicians' Local, No. 622. He is a good, clean living youngster. He is one of a family of eleven children. His father is the pastor of the Friendship Baptist Church in nearby East Chicago, Indiana.

When Beckwith started his career, all the youngsters around the corner gave him the "horse-laugh"—not because he was so hopeless, but because he was SO fast. They said, "You won't get any place. You are too fast. You never will have enough punch to dent a cream-puff."

Beckwith was a little discouraged and he took these predictions to his manager. The Duke told him to have patience and then started instructing him how to get a good punch over and to retain his speed at the same time. Calloway knew what he was talking about. Today, Beckwith bears down on an opponent with the speed and power of a streamlined locomotive.

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THE first year that Beckwith entered amateur competition, 1935, he was nosed out by George Kostolanis. The next year, he won honors in the novice welter class. The third year he won the state middleweight title. He was eliminated in the quarter finals of the national tournament, but his showing was so good that he was allowed to remain on the team. In 1938, Beckwith proved that the confidence of his backers had not been misplaced when he won the Intercity and International Golden Gloves light-heavy championship.

In 1939, Beckwith turned pro. In that year Harry Green, a Gary business man, became interested in Beckwith and since then he has been managed by both Calloway and Green. Several efforts have been made to break up this trio, but they have proven futile.

The relationship between Beckwith and Calloway is something more than just manager and fighter. Perhaps Mrs. Calloway gave me the real tip-off on these two. Beckwith's fight with Altus Allen was the turning point in his career. From this fight he would either go on to stardom, or become just another fighter. Everything depended on this fight! When Beckwith kayoed Allen in two rounds, he and his manager were so keyed-up emotionally that they threw their arms around each other's shoulders and actually wept. They were still at it when they reached Gary by motor. Don't let the tears fool you—they were just for one another—for the opposition there still remains Beckwith's T.N.T. fists!

Beckwith is an excellent boxer and he possesses a left jab that is a thing of beauty to behold. He moves around like a lightweight and has a kayo wallop in either hand. He takes little punishment, but when he has to, he seems to put on a little more steam and fights just a little harder.

Those who know, say that Beckwith is only three, not more than four fights, away from the light-heavy title.

Booker Thomas Beckwith.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Chatley Truett, Topeka, Kans.

Q.—Will there be any army championship fights staged this year?

A. I doubt it. The army is permitting boys from various camps to engage in pro and amateur competition from time to time, but is too busy with maneuvers to spare time for championship tourneys of its own.

Harry Westcott, Munnsville, New York

Q.—What was the weight and height of John L. Sullivan when he won the championship? How many of the ex-heavyweight champs are alive today? Who was the referee in the Louis-Braddock fight? What are the measurements of "Sugar" Ray Robinson? How tall and what are the weights of Lew Jenkins and Jackie Wilson?

A.—Sullivan scaled 193 pounds and was five feet 10 inches tall. Ryan was 6 feet one-half inch and weighed 195. Jeffries, Burns, Johnson, Willard, Dempsey, Tunney, Schmeling, Sharkey, Carnera, Braddock. The referee was Tommy Thomas. Robinson is 5 feet 8½ inches. I have no other measurements of him. Jackie Wilson is 5 feet 11 and scales 140 pounds and Jenkins is 5 feet 8 and scales 133 pounds.

Milly Popovich, Indiana Harbor, Ind.

Q.—What sort of record has Bert Franks? Is two years in the amateurs too long? What was Lou Nova's status as an amateur? What happens if a fighter has a contract for three years, has a few fights, and then refuses to engage in fights until his contract expires? Can the manager take any action?

A.—We have no record of Bert Franks. I would say two years is just the right amount of time to spend in the amateurs to gain experience. Nova held the amateur heavyweight championship of California. A manager cannot take any action. After three years, the contract is null and void and the fighter can sign with whomever he sees fit.

A Reader, Jeannette, Pa.

Q.—If the lightweight champion of the world and his opponent sign a contract to fight in a non-title bout and both come in under the weight limit of the class, would the title be at stake, regardless?

A.—In my opinion, yes. If the challenger came in above the weight, then the crown would be safe for the champ.

Garth Henderson, Saint John, N. B., Canada

Q.—Would you say that Max Baer is a quitter? Was he afraid when he entered the ring against Joe Louis? In his fight with Lou Nova, should he have knocked Nova out when he had him hanging helplessly on the ropes? Do you think Baer quit against Nova? Didn't he have the toughest jaw of any heavyweight fighter? Against Nova, didn't Baer's legs give out?

A.—He never was a quitter, nor was he yellow as you suggest. When he called it a day against Louis, he gave all he had, could take no more and that was all we could expect of him. Likewise against Lou Nova. He fought himself out. His legs gave way and he became a target for punishment. Anyone who saw the fight would not suggest that Max quit. They would praise him for his game stand. Get my book, "Max Baer, the Glamour Boy," price 50 cents and read what I have to say about Baer's fighting qualities.

Julius Silverstein, North Franklyn, Conn.

Q.—I am 18 years of age, 5′ 8″ and weigh 145. As I am trying to gain weight so that I can make the football squad at the University of Connecticut, can you give me a balanced diet that will help me to gain some weight?

A.—Eat cereals and eggs for breakfast. Drink plenty of milk during the day. Eat fresh vegetables, steaks, chops and whole wheat or rye bread. Do outdoor exercises.

Pvt. E. Wotsch, Camp Shelby, Miss.

Q.—I am interested in boxing but am a southpaw. Do you think I should change my stance?

A.—You stand a better chance of going places fighting in the orthodox manner. I would suggest that you change your stance if you can.

Mike Delaney, Santa Rosa, Calif.

Q.—Is Lou Nova Italian? Did you ever hear of a Bombo Chevalier and if so was he ever a contender? I am 17 years of age, 5′ 9″ and weigh 145 pounds. What will my measurements be at 22?

A.—Nova is Scotch-Italian. Chevalier boxed Primo Carnera before Carnera won the heavyweight crown but was never considered a contender. We have discontinued answers to your third question as it is purely a matter of guess work.

Pvt. Frank Morrison, Elmendorf Field, Anchorage, Alaska

Q.—Our boys here have been arguing about receipts at fights. I contend that at least one of the Dempsey-Tunney fights registered beyond $2,000,000. Am I correct?

A.—Yes, the Chicago fight registered $2,658,660. You will find all the information of gate receipts of every big fight, records of all fighters, referees in all heavyweight fights, receipts of all of Joe Louis' contests and a world of other material in my record book: "Nat Fleischer's All Time Record Book," limited to 1000 copies, out about Christmas time. Price $3.00. This book will contain details of all heavyweight contests, including dates, places, results, referee, amounts of gates, weights of each contestant. Nothing like it ever before attempted.

Annie Selwin, Hollywood, Cal.

Q.—Why do you always praise Arthur Donovan? Is he really a good referee?

A.—Yes, he is a good referee, one of the best in the business.

Martin Hefflefinger, Ontario, Can.

Q.—Was Tommy Paul ever recognized as world featherweight champion?

A.—Yes, by the National Boxing Association after he had won the N.B.A. elimination tournament on May 26, 1932, after Bat Battalino had retired from the division to enter the higher class. Kid Chocolate held the New York title at the time and the Cuban was far more entitled to international recognition than was Paul.

Charles Holmes, Boston, Mass.

Q.—When George Dixon fought as a bantam, did he enter the ring at 118 pounds?

A.—No. He started out at 112, then raised the limit to 113 and when he found that he could no longer make that low weight, his manager, Tom O'Rourke, altered the limit, raising it to 116 and finally to 118 pounds. In those days a fighter had the right to set the limit if he was the champion. Now this is not permissible as a universal weight limit was set back in 1915 and has been in vogue ever since.

Julien Leduc, St. Claude, Man., Canada

Q.—Is Ben Moroz still fighting? Why doesn't he get a crack at Joe Louis? Who do you think will be the next heavyweight champion?

A.—Moroz is still active. He doesn't rate it. It looks like Billy Conn.

Robert Forsyth, Cape May, N. J.

Q.—What are the rates to train in New York gyms? Have you any books on Billy Conn? Does working hard affect boxing? Can I get a book with boxing rules printed? What is the best punch to employ?

A.—Rates vary. From $2 to $8 per month. Stillman's gym charges from $4 to $8 for a private room. No. To a certain extent. We have a book with rules that costs $1 per copy. You'll find them in "How to Referee and Judge a Fight." A straight left jab.

Harry Yamabayushi, Honolulu, Hawaii.

Q.—Is the feather and lightweight fighter, Jackie Wilson, the same person?

A.—No. The former comes from Pittsburgh and Wilson the light and welterweight comes from California.

Q.—Was there ever a southpaw world's champion?

A.—Yes, several—Al McCoy, Lou Brouillard, Melio Bettina.

Louis Roymeyer, Camp Livingston, La.

Q.—Did Bob Fitzsimmons and Bob Moha ever fight? If so, what was the result? How many decisions and overweight matches did Moha have as a world champion? How old was Billy Papke when he boxed Moha in Boston?

A.—Moha and Fitz never fought. Moha was never world champion. He was one of many claimants. He claimed the honors after whipping Billy Papke in 1911. Billy at the time was champion, but was overweight for that match as he was for the bout with Cyclone Thompson, and shortly after losing to Thompson in Sydney, Australia, both Papke and Thompson retired from the division because of weight difficulties. When Papke lost to Moha in Boston, Billy was 25 years old.

William Chicager, Sidney, N. Y.

Q.—Was the Willard-Dempsey fight broadcast? When was it fought?

A.—No. It was fought July 4, 1919. Get my book on the life of Dempsey for complete details.

Sam Golden, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Would Lem Franklin have a chance against Joe Louis?

A.—I should say he would. In fact I think he stands the best chance of any heavyweight in the game today and if given the opportunity to fight Billy Conn, would probably emerge the victor.

Harvey Lembkin, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—How much money did John L. Sullivan earn in his fighting days? Wasn't it more than Joe Louis has earned to date?

A.—No. He didn't earn more than three quarters of a million up to the time of his retirement but his income went beyond the million as a result of theatrical performances and other work, such as lecturing. You'll find a record in my latest book, "John L. Sullivan, the Strong Man of Boston," price 50 cents.

Howard Johnson, Portchester, N. Y.

Q.—If Joe Louis retires, will Billy Conn automatically become the champion?

A.—No. He will if he wins the right through an elimination. All other contenders would have to be considered—Lem Franklin, Buddy Baer, Bob Pastor among others.

Marjorie Thomson, Albany, N. Y.

Q.—Is it legal to have a ring only sixteen feet square within the ropes?

A.—Yes. Some states provide for such a ring. A ring in New York, for example, is 20 by 20 within the ropes and 24 feet square taking in the outside. Other states permit anywhere from 18 to 24 feet. Still others have 16 or 18 feet. When I refereed in New Mexico, the ring measured only 18 feet on the outside and 16 feet within the ropes.

M. Cook, New York City

Q.—A dispute arose between me and some friends in regard to the Johnson-Jeffries fight. My friends insist that as July 4 fell on a Sunday, in 1910, the fight took place on the 5th of July. I say it was the fourth. Who is correct?

A.—The fight took place on Monday, July 4, 1910. The papers of Tuesday, July 5, carried the story.

Jack Burns, Dallas, Texas

Q.—What happened to Tommy Burns after he retired. What did he do? Where is he now?

A.—He went into fight game as a promoter, then a hotel proprietor then a health instructor and a manager and developer of boxers. He is now in Calgary, Canada.

Robert Salar, Lincoln, Nebraska

Q.—Did Roper drop Louis in their California fight?

A.—No. Louis finished Roper in 2:20 of the first round but was almost dropped with a blow to the jaw.

Vance Kazlowski, Kewanee, Ill.

Q.—If a champion agrees to fight an exhibition bout with an unknown and the unknown knocks out the champion, would title change hands?

A.—No, not if billed and agreed upon in contract, as an exhibition. However, the champion would have a hard time explaining his knockout as did Marcel Thil in his fight with Fred Apostoli.

John Dalton, Kansas City, Mo.

Q.—Was Phil Scott ever world heavyweight champion?

A.—No, he held the British Empire title only.

Arthur Hoskins, Albuquerque, N. M.

Q.—What two prize fighters of the bare knuckle period turned evangelist after quitting the fight game?

A.—William J. Thompson (Bold Bendigo), and Ben Hogan. Read "Bold Bendigo" by Herring and "The Flaming Ben Hogan" by Nat Fleischer.

Arthur Salamanica, Phoenix, Arizona

Q.—In an argument here regarding a match between two lightweights that ended between the fifth and sixth rounds when the referee halted proceedings after he decided that a bad cut would prevent further fighting on the part of one of the contestants, the question arose as to which round the fight ended. Some said the fifth, others the sixth. The referee said fifth. Was he correct?

A.—Yes, he was. A round consists of three minutes of fighting and one of rest and since the end terminated between the fifth and sixth, the winner gets credit for a five round kayo.

F. Yamm, 159 Chestnut St., Aliq, Pa.

Q.—Could you please tell me what benefit you receive from punching the light bag?

A.—Sharpens the eye, develops accuracy in hitting, exercises arms.

Q.—I am 11 years old this month and am 5 feet 6 inches, weigh 150 pounds. How much will I be at maturity?

A.—You will be about 5 feet 8 inches and scale 158 pounds.

Q.—Do the Diamond Belt championships mean the same as A. A. U. championships? Please explain the difference.

A.—No. Diamond Belts are competed for in tourneys held by newspapers. A. A. U. are staged for district, state or national titles.

Q.—How tall are the following: Lew Jenkins, Melio Bettina, Mose Brown and Gus Lesnevich?

A.—Jenkins: 5 feet, 5 inches; Bettina: 5 feet, 8½ inches; Brown, don't know; Lesnevich, 5 feet, 9½ inches.

Q.—What exercise is good to exercise your wind?

A.—Running, walking, climbing trees, wood chopping, swimming, rowing.

Eugene R. Scott, Fort Ord, Cal.

Q.—How many southpaw champions were there in recent years?

A.—Al McCoy, Lou Brouillard, Freddie Miller, Johnny Wilson, George Chip, Tiger Flowers, Young Corbett.

RADIO ORATIONS

After-Battle Talks on Microphone by Modern Leather-Pushers Slop Over in Waves of Synthetic Sentiment — Oldtimers Who Slugged for Smaller Purses Possessed Greater Sense of Humor Than Their Successors

By ARTHUR THOMPSON

JUST a word of friendly advice to aspiring fight-managers who are young in the business. Be sure that the scrapper whom you select for possible pilotage to a championship throne isn't an out-and-out orphan! Otherwise, you'll be clean out of luck when it's your meal-ticket's turn to step to the "mike," after registering a victory, and deliver a message of good cheer and spiritual comfort to the dear ones at home. Under prevailing custom it appears absolutely essential that a gray-haired mother must wait with tear-dimmed eyes at the receiving end of the air waves, to be given public assurance that her son is still physically intact and properly grateful to Providence for preservation through the slamming horrors of a beak-busting seance.

Maybe, at a pinch, if a maternal parent be not available, dear old dad might be drafted as a substitute for the other half of the marital sketch. But, all things considered, there's no emotional appeal so successful as the straight mother angle.

Putting aside all persiflage, and getting right down to rock-bottom common sense, isn't it the truth that this microphone-mother-sobology is being spread out to an absurd limit? No man worthy of the name would ridicule the sacredness of motherhood. But the point I would like to make clear is that a thing which should be held sacred becomes transformed into sheer burlesque when adulterated by outpourings of maudlin sentimentality. Making an advertising gag out of maternal affection certainly ranks as an offense to the nostrils, even in this practical, commercial age.

Consider that amazing outburst of fervid "mike" oratory indulged in recently by a youth who had just hammered his way to the ownership of a title:

"It's traditional for a fighter," he announced, "to say, 'Mom, I'm all right, and I'll be right home!' Who am I to break tradition?"

One wonders why the boxing game should be the only factor in the public entertainment field to exploit this form of treacle-sweet ballyhoo. When Whirlaway's jockey brings his mount in first past the winning post, when Di Maggio makes a home run, when a miracle golf-shot is pulled off by Jones, Varden or Hagen, you don't expect any of these gents to rush for a microphone and intone a prayer of thankfulness, intermingled with mammy-gush about the old folks at home. Nor do they! The gloved knight of the modern arena holds inviolate the copyright for such action.

In fairness to the boxers it may be conjectured that most of them aren't stuck on this particular kind of radio stunt, and act under suggestions that they can't very well afford to disregard. Fights are tied up with the broadcasting, and as they have to say something, they naturally spiel along the same lines established by previous pugilistic orators.

* * *

A GREAT mistake, that! Folks tolerate it, there being nothing they can do about eliminating the nuisance, but it's a safe 100 to 1 bet they don't enjoy, or even approve of it. But the origin of this particular form of publicity isn't difficult to trace. It began in earlier days of fisticuffs, when the public opinion of men who followed a professional ring career was the reverse of complimentary.

Generally speaking, a prizefighter was then viewed in the light of something properly belonging in the Primates' House at the Zoo, perhaps a mad mandrill, or goryminded gorilla, that in his native wild environment would leap from the treetops, and tear apart everything and everybody unlucky enough to get in his way. That, at least, was the idea entertained by millions of respectable citizens who had never seen a fight or met a fighter personally, and didn't want to.

The time was to come when the family circle would discuss fighting champions and their doings as familiar items in the daily news, and its members buy ducats to see the pugs in action. But that time was far off, and socially the scrapper was entirely "beyond the pale"!

The stars of the bare knuckle ring in America, such as Tom Hyer, Yankee Sullivan, John Morrisey, et al, fought much more often in rough-and-tumble saloon brawls, on the streets, on river piers, than they did between the ropes. Their respective followers waged war with sand-bags, blackjacks, knives, knuckle-dusters and guns, as well as with nature's weapons. There was scant chivalry in their methods. If a man went down, he had "the boots put to him"! There was nothing reprehensible about kicking the head off a prostrate opponent—that was merely a wise precaution lest he should arise and make more trouble.

These gents figured frequently in the news columns of the daily papers as participants in scraps at the polls during political campaigns and in manslaughter cases with tavern backgrounds. Challenges for prospective matches with the knuckles were published, and when they engaged in a ring combat, accounts of the affair were printed, the length of the story depending on the pugilistic standing of the principals.

There were a few sporting weeklies in existence, such as "The Spirit of The Times" and others of more or less importance, which chronicled the doings of the fighting men, but these were read almost exclusively by patrons of the race track and ring.

* * *

WHEN the mitts began to supersede bare fists as battling factors, the public attitude toward the gladiators grew more favorable. The term "glove contest" didn't carry the brutal appeal of "prize fight", and the daily papers gave space to the activities of boxers, which was never granted to the "milling coves" who slugged and wrestled under London Prize Ring Rules.

Yet even then most people weren't inclined to class a ring professional as respectable, and it was well into the late Nineties before the patient labors of pugilistic press agents began to convince the public that a fighting man wasn't altogether a human monstrosity. This result was achieved only when fighters' managers realized that they were not competent to cope with the situation, and engaged the services of newspaper writers to handle their publicity.

These publicity experts were responsible for starting the "how he loves his mother" racket. Obviously, there must be a lot of good in a fellow who in the prime of his fistic manhood could still be moved to honest tears by hearing a recitation of his school days' poem—

"Who ran to kiss me when I fell,
And kissed the spot to make it well?
My Mother!"

There is no tangible evidence to show that such a thing ever occurred, but that it might have happened could easily be inferred from the fact that the publicity sharps were continually getting yarns published which dealt with the generosity of this or that prominent boxer in providing the old folks with a comfortable home, and otherwise acting as a permanent prop to the authors of his being in their declining years.

That stock-in-trade article served the press agents well, and has done so right up to the present time. It's a sure-fire shot that never misses the pathetic target. That it contains the element of truth cannot be denied, but, after all, what's extraordinary about it?

* * *

WHY shouldn't a boxer retain affection for his mother and look after the welfare of elderly parents? It's a perfectly normal attitude, and pugilists aren't any more abnormal than other people. Millions of folks in the obscure, humble walks of life do the same thing without making any fuss about it. But, as no commercial interest could be advanced by trumpeting the family virtues of honest-citizen John Smith over the "mike", the latter remains vocally dumb in that respect.

Sooner or later the members of the various boxing commissions throughout the country are going to realize that something should be done toward squelching, or at least toning down, these lachrymose maternal tributes paid via radio. The fans are beginning to give fistic "mike" orators the Bronx cheer, and there's no weapon on earth so potent in killing off shams and hypocrisy as ridicule!

* * *

WE don't need any open confession by our modern boxers to convince us that they love their mothers. That's taken for granted, for on the whole the boys who make a living in the professional ring are a fine set of young fellows who belong in the good citizen category and stand head-and-shoulders over the rough-and-ready sluggers of the past as regards education and culture.

But if they keep on with the old sob stuff, one must regretfully conclude that they are devoid of the saving grace of a sense of humor which guards a man from indulging in actions likely to make a laughing-stock out of himself. There's a very thin line of demarcation between pathos and bathos, and once you step over the narrow boundary, bang goes the ridicule bomb, blasting the victim into the realm of rank absurdity.

The sense of humor was not lacking in the makeup of the oldtimers. There was always a lot of skylarking went on around their training camps, where practical jokes were all the vogue. No admission charges were made to the training quarters of champions and challengers in those less commercial days, and the atmosphere was permeated with a cheerful feeling of cordiality, which surely doesn't exist around the locations where our modern star biffers condition themselves for battle.

When John L. Sullivan was heavyweight champion and went into training, his camp was the scene of much robust joviality, with John himself as the leading comedian. There had to be a couple of chaps on hand who could sing Irish songs, and do a clog dance now and then. John L. contributed to the vocal score. He rather prided himself on his singing, though truth compels the admission that his voice was more remarkable for its strength than melody.

Oddly enough, the big fellow's song selections were usually of the sentimental order, two of his favorite ballads being "'Tis a Handful Of Earth From My Dear Mother's Grave," and "The Dear Little Shamrock", both of these being effusions made popular by the leading male Celtic stage star, Joe Murphy.

Yet it is difficult to visualize Sullivan broadcasting a tender salute to his mother over a microphone, had such a thing existed then. Sentimental John was in certain ways, but he had an unconquerable aversion to the placing of his parents under the spotlight of publicity.

* * *

SHORTLY before he left for a tour of Australia in 1891, the champion's manager was approached by a well-known Broadway press agent, James, better known as "Prince," Bogardus, who sold him the idea of having an article published about John L. which would show the fighter up as an all-around good fellow, unjustly characterized by his enemies as a brawling, uncouth brute, and possessing some admirable traits of which the public was ignorant.

The manager okayed the proposition, figuring that it might serve to offset the numerous newspaper attacks made upon John L., whose love of the flowing bowl and penchant for tough company had gained him a lot of unenviable notoriety. Bogardus had arranged for publication of the propaganda yarn with the editor of a New York daily paper, and the plan looked bully from a business standpoint.

Unfortunately for its success, Bogardus, filled with the pride of authorship, disregarded the manager's warning to go right ahead with getting the story printed without saying a word to Sullivan about it, and gave the subject of his literary labors the copy to read.

Prince Bogardus, watching the champion's face as he perused the stuff, saw a frown gathering thereon. When Sullivan finished, his countenance wore a black scowl such as had scared many a ring opponent stiff before he even put up his hands.

Bogardus flinched before that horrifying stare.

"What's wrong?" he faltered. "Isn't that story all right?"

John L. eyed the hapless author menacingly.

"Look here, Prince," he roared, "maybe you mean well, maybe you're only a blasted half-wit that don't know any better. But my brave bucko, if you weren't such a little splinter of a man, as God's my judge, I'd tear you in half like I do this!"

As he spoke, his big hands rent the manuscript to pieces, and Bogardus made a hurried exit, fearing that worse things might happen. Sullivan's manager gave the author scant consolation when the latter told him what occurred.

"If you had listened to me and hadn't shoved the dope under Sullivan's nose, everything would have been fine and dandy," said the champion's pilot. "I knew he'd never stand for that slush you wrote about his early childhood, how his mother idolized him, and about the way he fixed the old folks up with a beautiful home."

"But it's true, ain't it?" demanded the exasperated Prince. "Of course, I colored it up with heart-throb paint and all that, but the facts are pretty much what was stated. Any fighter with an ounce of brains in his head would be tickled to get such a sendoff!"

"Maybe—but not John L. Sullivan," was the reply. "He never turns a hair when the papers hand him a roast, but I pity the chap who'd come out in print with kiddy and generosity dope about him and his folks. His best bet would be to run like hell and pray that the big fellow didn't get within range. You were lucky, at that in making a getaway. He might just as well have broke a window-glass heavin' you into the street."

"If you know all that beforehand," queried the indignant Bogardus, "why were you willing to have me go ahead and publish the yarn? You read it and said it filled the bill."

"So it did," responded the manager, "far as I was concerned. It would have been all right, a good press stunt. Once it got into print, John L., couldn't have done anything about it."

"Oh, yes," commented Prince. "But what might he have done to me?"

His hearer grinned significantly:

"Your luck comes in good there, Bogardus," he retorted. "That's something you'll never know!"

* * *

MONKEYSHINES were ever plentiful around any camp where Bob Fitzsimmons trained. He was always strong for having animals around him, and everybody remembers the news-stories of his pet lion that frightened nervous visitors into fits.

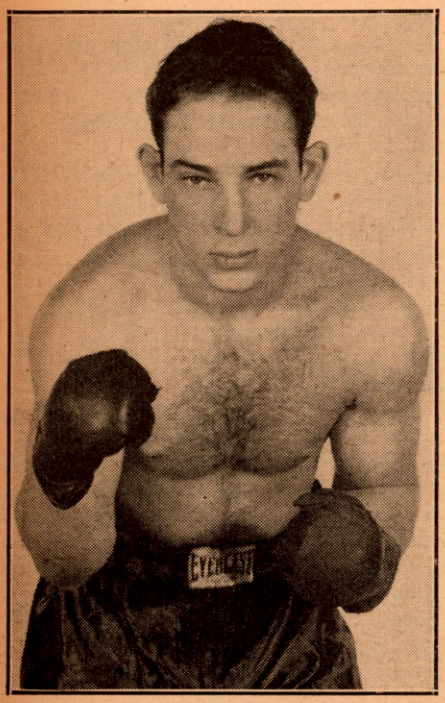
Another four-footed companion, the dog Yarrum, a huge mastiff of ferocious appearance, but really inclined to be friendly with people, was in camp with Fitz when he was training for his battle with Jim Corbett, at Carson City, which resulted in the transference of the world's heavyweight title to the man from New Zealand.

It was part of Bob's daily routine to wrestle with Yarrum, who weighed more than his lanky master did, tipping the scales at 180 pounds. The two went at each other furiously and the fighter maintained that his canine pal gave him the liveliest workout of his conditioning schedule. Yarrum was a wonderfully sagacious beast.

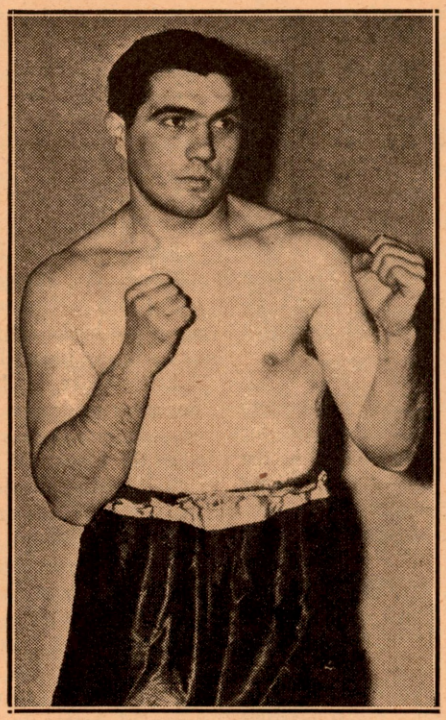
(Continued on page 44)

MAKING THE GRADE

By FRED EISENSTADT

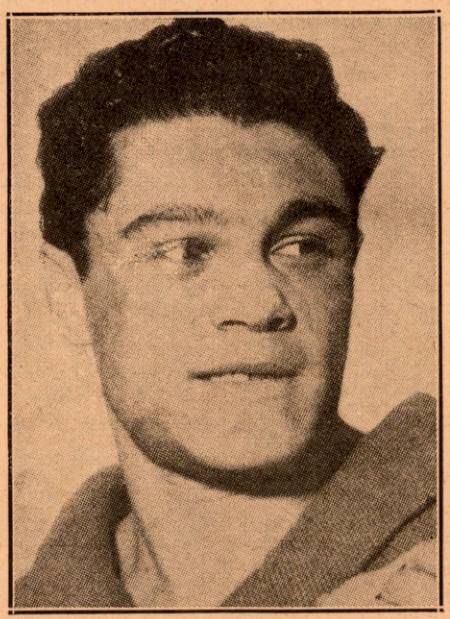


Herbie Katz, Brownsville, N. Y., light-heavyweight with good record.



Joey Maxim, Cleveland's star light-heavyweight who is coming to the front with a bang.

Pete DeRuzza, a veteran but a star welter, whose aggressiveness has earned for him many lucrative shots.



Larry Cisneros, Mexican who is well liked on Pacific Coast.

HERBIE KATZ

THERE are bits of irony as well as iron fists in the boxing business. Consider the case of Herbie Katz, Brownsville light-heavy: Although not rated among the ten best in his division, Herbie has been knocking out and defeating good full-fledged heavyweights. He has kayoed Jarl Johnson, 190 pounds; stiffened Bobby Jones, 183 pounds, and put the snooze on Joe O'Gatty, 200 pounds, and Al Zappala, 190 pounds.

Katz knocked out Al Williams, 187 pounds, who holds kayo victories over the clever Leroy Haynes and Big Ben Moroz; Johnny Pavlovich, and several other lighter men.

He has gained points victories over such heavyweights as Henry Cooper, 195 pounds; Bob Smith, 190 pounds; Ray Miller, 185 pounds; Stanley Hasrato, and a good number of lighter scrappers.

Herbie made a great hit in Los Angeles by flattening the seasoned Johnny Rossi, and then giving Chester Parks a trouncing. And in Pittsburgh, he walloped Al Quail and Whity Schramm.

Katz dropped Gus Dorazio in Philadelphia but the Italian was presented with the decision. In a return engagement, Katz kayoed Gus—but instead of counting him out, the referee gave Dorazio a five-minute rest. For the rest of the 10 rounds, Herbie handed his rival a licking. Battling Nelson, one of the greatest former lightweight champions, visited Katz in the latter's dressing-room after the battle.

"You kayoed Dorazio with one of the best left hooks to the body I ever saw," the Durable Dane told the young Hebrew, "but they took the bout away from you. But don't let that worry you, kid. Things like that are bound to happen. So don't get discouraged—because you really have the makings of a great fighter. You're young. You know how to box. And you can punch. That's a lot to start out with—the rest is up to you. And here's a little advice: Live a clean life, keep in good condition and have faith in yourself."

* * *

HERBIE KATZ was born in Brownsville—a section in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Nov. 24, 1919. He left Tilden High School in the sixth year. Began to toss gloved fists at the age of 13, and boxed in amateur tournaments while still in public school. He won 48 out of 52 A.A.U. bouts.

He turned pro at 15 and engaged in his first main event at Canarsie one year later. In 1937, when Herbie was only 17, he boxed Gus Lesnevich, who is now the 175-pound boss, a sizzling eight-round battle at Madison Square Garden. Katz weighed 168 pounds for this scrap. He lost 11 out of his 70 pro bouts.

Considering the fact that Katz was only a kid when he opposed so many tough, experienced men, it was almost inevitable that he get cocky and run into trouble. He did, and Curtis Sheppard managed to score a kayo. But the speedy fists of Katz evened matters when they met again.

When fighting Solly Krieger, the boy from Brownsville got careless in the fourth heat and suffered his second kayo. That taught him a well-needed lesson. He boxed cautiously thereafter and did quite well.

The boxing style of Herbie Katz is interesting because of his cleverness, thrilling because of his speed and devastating punching. He shoots fast, stinging jabs. And when he connects with his sharp left hook—either to the head *(Continued on page 39)*

Service Boxing in Hawaii

By HARRY DWYER

"Slats" Crump, battleship heavyweight, who has been making fine headway.

BOXING in Hawaii has taken on a new impetus with the season of leather pushing rapidly reaching its climax in both the Army and the Navy. What was once known as a mediocre sport among servicemen, has now reached to where it is considered a major one.

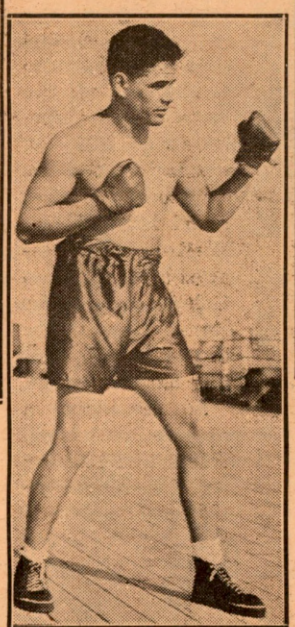
In recent weeks, both arms of the service have been staging boxing contests with the championships of their respective service as the big reward for diligent service. How well these smokers have been making a hit can be garnered by the full houses of fans who turn out.

Not in so many years has the boxing game enjoyed such prestige among the servicemen as it does today. The rise is due to the ranks of both services rapidly being filled with new enlistments, and because of the game taking a new hold on the service. One thing that we can be sure of is, that Hulaland is well represented by an array of fisticuffers the like of which would be hard to find any place.

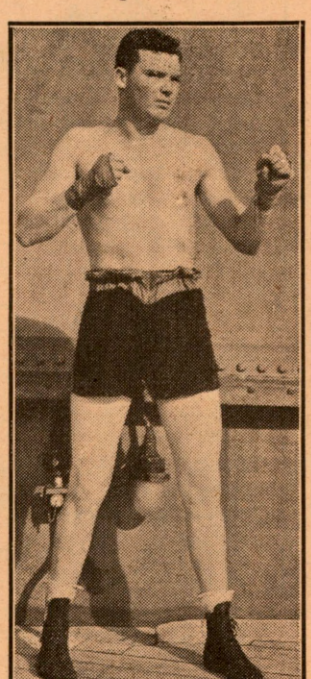
* * *

OUT at Schofield Barracks not so long ago more than 2,000 fans turned out for the finals of the 21st Infantry regimental bouts, all of which were earmarked "scrappy bouts" from the first bell to the last.

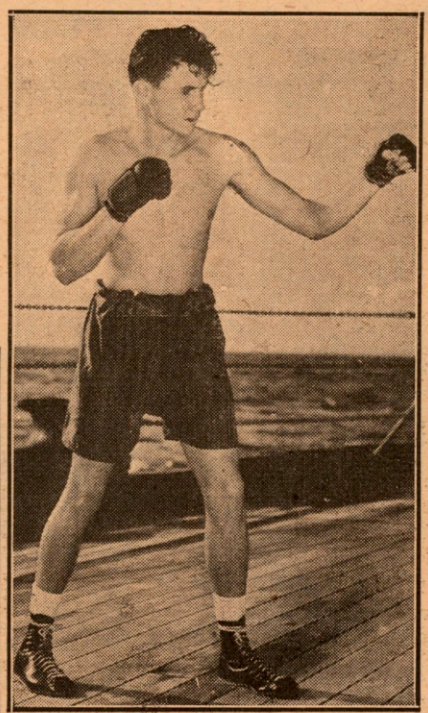
Every weight listed in the Marquis' catalogue, from bantam to heavyweight, came under the arc lights with the winners being awarded a gold boxing statuette while the runnerups received medals.



Mile Ochoa, battleship welter who shows considerable promise.



"Honey Chile" Alworth, battleship heavyweight.



Billy Miller, flashy fleet featherweight, who has won 25 bouts in a row.

Smith of A Company won the bantamweight title from Colombo of F, after both scrappers had traveled at a fast clip over the three-round route.

The featherweight title went to Nichols of A Company when he blasted the fighting works of Lewis of Company H, into oblivion and sent him back via the horizontal route.

In the junior lightweight class, Graham of Headquarters Company decisioned Di-Donato of B Company after a tough tussle, with both boys turning on the heat on occasions.

Mages of E Company took the lightweight crown with a two-fisted attack upon the face and body of Taylor of D Company, finally sending him into the land of dreams in the second heat.

The junior welterweight crown went to Hallman of B Company, with a clean-cut decision over Cummings of B Company, while Seidman of D Company copped the welterweight duke with a decision over Apperson of A Company.

The crowd pleaser of the smoker was the middleweight setto between Petzrak of M Company and Sloan of E Company, with the former belting his way under the wire. For three cantos both fisticuffers threw every wallop known along the Boulevard of Punch and had the crowd in an uproarious stage throughout.

The light-heavyweight crown went to Karpinsky, who hung the T.K.O. sign on Wilson of H Company midway in the second round.

On the shoulders of Lynch of F Company rests the heavyweight robe after giving the works to Roper for the better part of a round and a half. In the second round, Lynch crowded his man, raining rights and lefts all over him, finally putting him in dreamland.

Captain Joe Remus, former coach of the Schofield boxing squad, which took the title in 1939, handled the ring duties, while Capt. Barksdale and Lt. Wright judged the matches. The Gimlet team is coached by Capt. Mucci for the second year, assisted by Lt. Bill Boydstun, former Schofield light-heavyweight title-bearer and a noted referee.

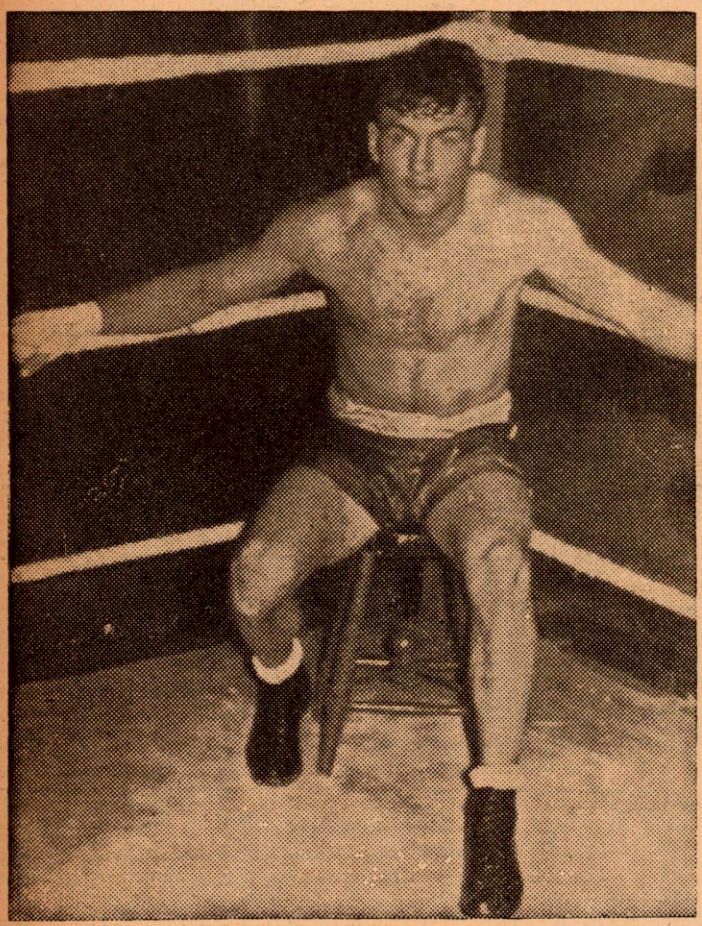
* * *

JOINING forces with the other branch of the service, the weekly boxing shows staged by the Fleet Recreation Office have been drawing crowds which any promoter would be "tickled pink" to have pass through his turnstiles.

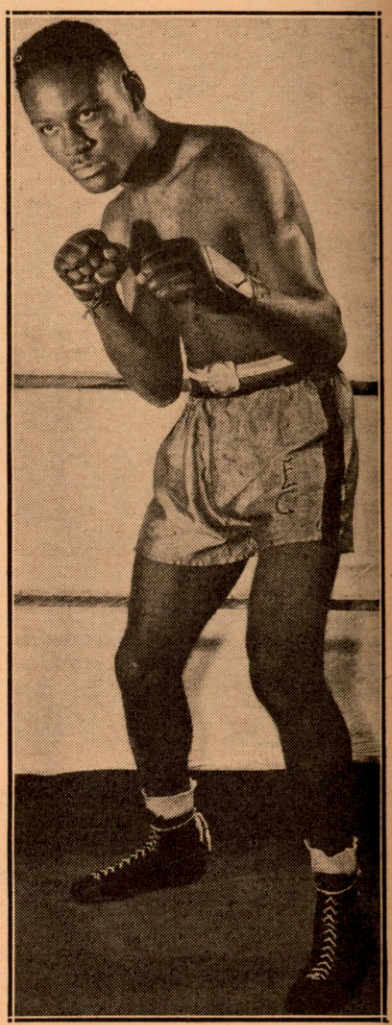
With a seating capacity of well over 5,000, the new Navy Arena has yet to see a vacant seat at any of the fistic doings and the thousands of fans who attend these cauliflower fiestas have always gone away with a pleased look in their eyes.

For the first time in the history of Navy boxing, an all Messmen branch was presented to the *(Continued on page 38)*

NEW FACES



Buster Beaupre, welterweight champion of Vermont who has rolled up a fine record.



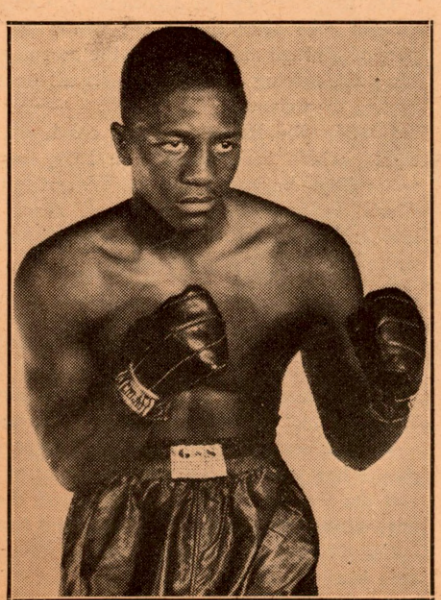
Ezzard Charles, star Cleveland middleweight.

HAM WILOBY

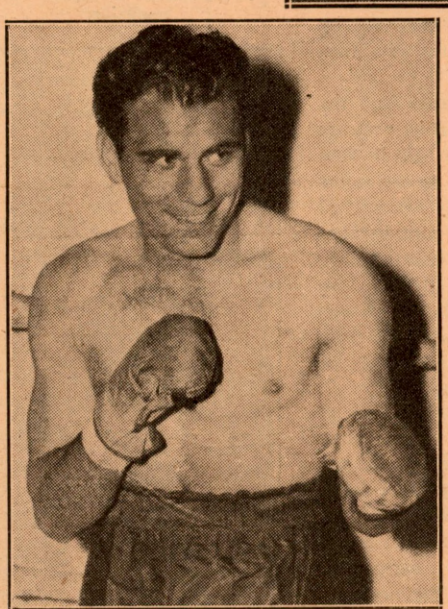
A NEW knockout sensation is looming over the fistic horizon. He is a 20-year-old bantamweight named Hamil Willoughby who was born in Port O' Spain, Trinidad. Aside from being well educated, this youngster has two well-educated fists with which he hopes to batter his way toward the title and knock the crown off the champ's head. Hamil is an amazingly intelligent youth. He has attended New York University and also St. John's college in Brooklyn. He went to finish up at Howard University, in the South, where he was a sprinter and where he studied for a degree of medicine. But he was forced to give it up due to the lack of funds.

It was at Howard that Willoughby tried out his ability with his fists, in 1939, by competing and winning the 112-pound C. I. C. title. He then returned home, to Corona, L. I., where he went to work as an automobile mechanic. Then, in 1940, Hamil took the place of his friend, Wendy Wilson, in a Diamond Belt tournament—and annexed the bantam title by scoring six quick kayoes, winning one decision, and losing a five-round decision. Next Willoughby competed against Golden Golves champ, Vic Resta. He got the best of Resta by putting him out in one.

So devastating a puncher is Hamil, that out of his nine A. A. U. bouts eight of them ended in chaos for his foes and kayoes to his credit. The other was lucky to stay the limit with the dynamite-fisted youngster.



Bobby Lakin, former star Jamaica, B. W. I. amateur, now doing well as a pro.



Freddy Bey, a lightweight prospect from Philadelphia.

Since turning pro under the management of his trainer, Jack Toner, the Spanish slambanger has scored six knockouts and won a six-round duke over the rugged Earl Royes. He has abbreviated his name to Ham Wiloby, just as he abbreviates the fistic aspirations of his opponents by kayoing them. Thirteen of his 14 knockouts terminated in one round.

Tall for a bantam, the wiry Willoughby is a demon for speedy action. So fast does he move and so many knockout punches does he toss that it is almost impossible for the average ringster to escape getting in the way of one of his forceful clouts

The Ring Presents to Its Readers Short Biographical Sketches of Boys Who Are Making Good — Some Are Veterans, Others Novices

By HARVEY THORNE

during a contest. And when he does—the shades of blight begin to fall, and so does the recipient of the wallop. Toner, who knows the boxing business, feels certain that Ham Wiloby will be the next bantamweight champ.

* * *

FRANKIE DONATO

ONE of the best featherweights developed in Philadelphia during the past two years is Frankie Donato, who since starting his professional career in 1940, has engaged at this writing in 23 fights and has lost only three.

He was stopped once, and was knocked out by Ellis Phillips in September in five rounds, but came right back to fight a thrilling draw of eight rounds with him in a return engagement.

Donato, handled by Al Perno, is an Italian American. He stands five feet six inches and scales 122 pounds. Among his knockout victims are Johnny Brooks, 3; Bobby Martin, 2; Danny Russell 2; Mike Belloise, 8; and Willie Allen, 5. He lost to Vince Del Orto in eight besides dropping the Phillips bout.

Ham Wiloby attended N. Y. U., St. John's and Howard University and now makes pugilism his profession.

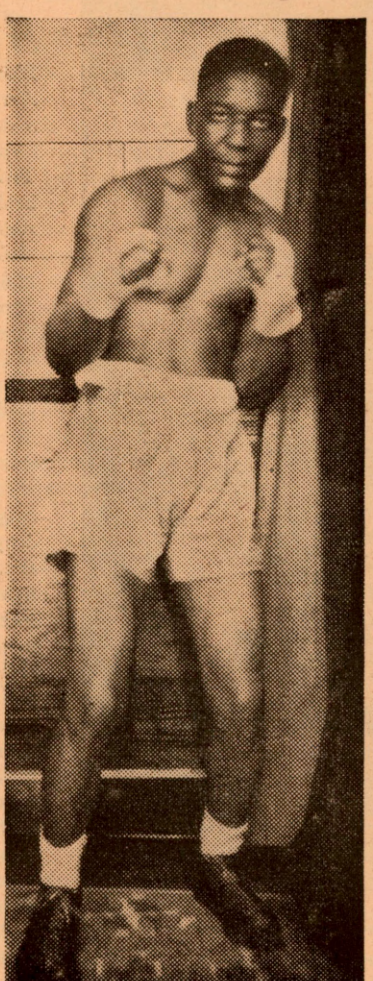
* * *

FREDDY BEY

PITTSBURGH, Pennsylvania, the home of many famous fights and a large number of fine young prospects has a lightweight, Freddy Bey, who though he dropped his last bout to Ernie Pelia in eight rounds, is coming along well enough to be considered a good, lively drawing card in the Smoky City.

At present, he is being handled by a veteran, Al Quail, a middleweight with a fine record a few years back. Al, when in his prime, fought among others Teddy Yarosz, Ken Overlin, Solly Krieger, Billy Soose and is imparting his knowledge of fisticuffs to his young protege.

Freddy has a number of kayoes to his credit although he has engaged in only 14 fights to date. He stopped Frankie Mars, 4; George Leggins, 5; Ernie Pelia, 5; Steve Walters, 6; Ted Pritchard, 2; Vic Trilio, 1 and Marcus Lackman, 4. Bey is 21 years old and of Polish descent.

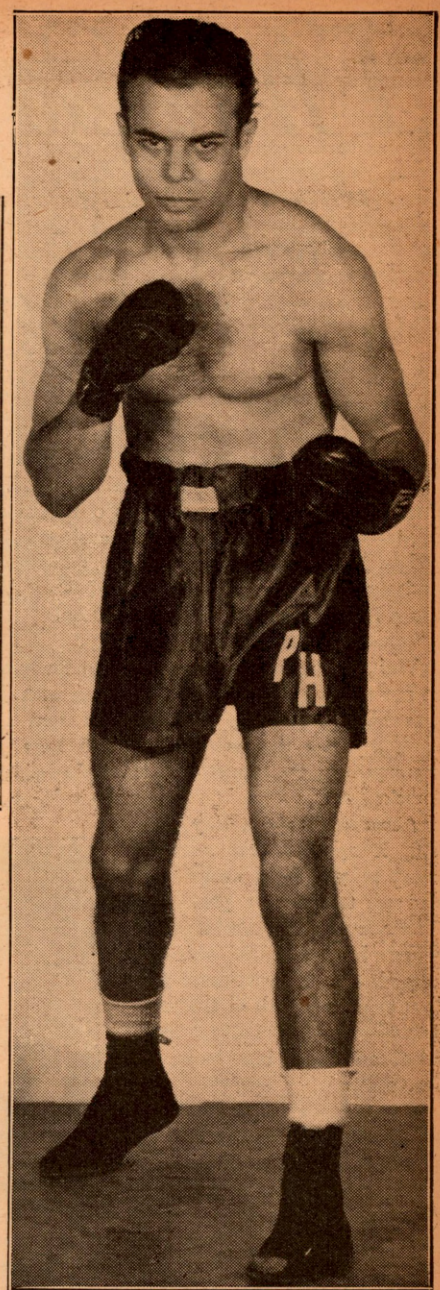


Jesse Hennie, South Carolina light-heavyweight.

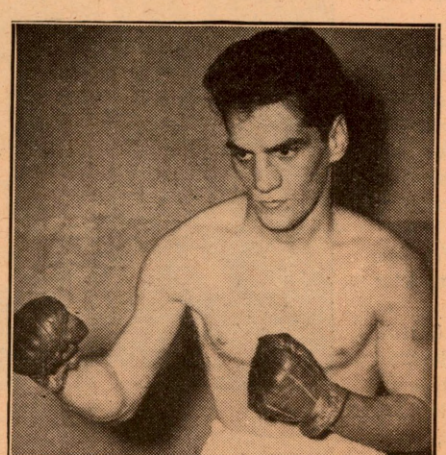
* * *

PEDRO HERNANDEZ

PEDRO HERNANDEZ, flashy little Puerto Rican featherweight, is speedily forcing himself into the featherweight picture by his continued success since joining Al Weill's string of boxers less than a year ago.



Pedro Hernandez, flashy Puerto Rican featherweight, managed by Al Weill.



Frankie Donato, Philadelphia featherweight with a good record.

In that short space of time the little fellow has defeated Charley Varre, Tony Costa, Tony Dupre, Henry Hook, Al Brown, Johnny Marcelline and topped all those "wins" recently by winning a 10-round decision over the highly rated Sal Bartola in Baltimore, Maryland.

Pedro boxed as an amateur and after winning many tournaments had to desert the simon-pures for lack of opponents who could give him strong enough competition. *(Continued on page 43)*

The Corner Tacticians

Strategic Hints by Chief Seconds are Frequently of Vast Importance to Principals in Determining Outcome of Battles—Fistic History Records Many Varied Reactions of Fighters to Advice Given Them by Their Handlers

By GEORGE T. PARDY

MOST anything can happen—and something frequently does—when boxing commissioners put their heads together in a special confab. But in point of most laughable achievements, nothing a commission has hitherto accomplished equals the six months suspensions of Ray Carlen, manager of Lou Nova, and Willie Gilzenberg, manager of Freddie Cochrane, and the two months suspension of Ray Arcel, chief second of Nova in the latter's fight with Joe Louis.

What were their crimes?

Well, it seems that Ray Arcel and Ray Carlen erred grievously in not throwing in Lou Nova to slug with Joe Louis. Gilzenberg was blamed because, as mentor of Red Cochrane, he advised caution when the welter king had Lew Jenkins groggy, and consequently the much deflated lightweight champion was not knocked out.

According to this silly ruling, it appears that seconds must refrain from suggesting discreet tactics to a principal. There must be no careful campaign-plotting in the corner; dog-pit code is substituted for that of the Marquis of Queensberry—slip the bull-terrier's leash and turn him loose to do or die!

Now, Nova made a poor fight, and some spectators were dissatisfied because Cochrane didn't finish Jenkins. But all that has nothing to do with the fact that the corner advisors were strictly within their rights in directing the strategy of their respective principals, as they deemed best for the latters' interests.

If Nova didn't take chances, neither did Louis, until Joe had his man sized up and he saw fit to go after him. Yet there wasn't any reproof of Jack Blackburn by the commission because that wily veteran second didn't send the heavyweight champion out for the kill right from the start. Why such discrimination?

As for Cochrane, the latter's handler knew well that Jenkins was always dangerous, even when weak. So, as Red had the fight won by a mile, why should he risk running into a right-hand belt that might stretch him as cold as a canned clam? No second worth his salt would urge a principal to stick out his neck just for a grandstand play. Nor, until now, have misplaced jacks-in-office employed punitive measures against legitimate dictators of ring tactics for warning a boxer to "make haste slowly," instead of offering a jaw-target in wild, go-as-you-please slugfests.

The New York Commission's action would be uproariously funny, if it wasn't so stupid. These pugilistic overlords blundered badly in this latest misuse of authority. It will be interesting to note what the public reaction may be, should they persist in tightening the official strangle-hold on managers, trainers and seconds who are only trying to perform their duties as directed by custom, tradition and common sense.

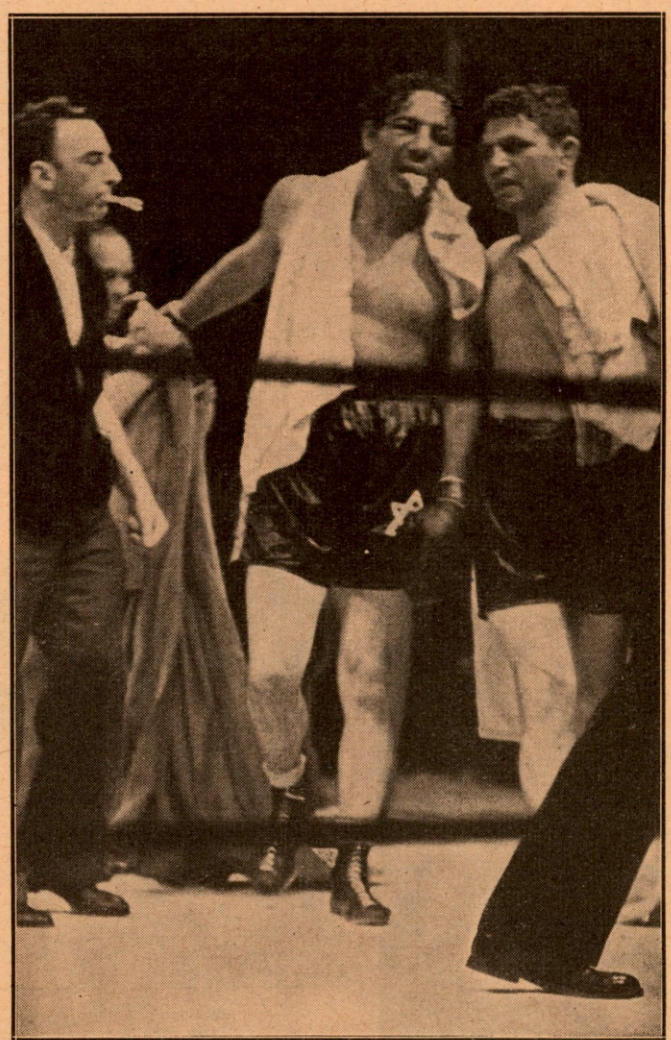
Imagine what effect it would have on the ring performances of many fighters if their seconds' activities were limited to spraying water and swinging a towel! Take the kingpin of today's fistic set-up, heavyweight champion Joe Louis, and figure for yourself how he would miss Jack Blackburn as a sage advisor.

* * *

IT would be difficult to overestimate the value of Blackburn's services to Louis. A really great fighter himself, a decade ago, Blackburn had formidable opposition then. Twice, as a lightweight, he held Joe Gans even in six-round bouts, and dropped a close fifteen-round decision to him. As a welter, he drew with Sam Langford in twelve- and fifteen-round battles; and while still in that class took on middleweight Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and broke even in a six-round, no-decision contest.

There never was a shrewder ring general, and nobody will deny his mental acuteness in the role of a second. Good fighters aren't always efficient men in a corner. Bob Fitzsimmons, for example, was a bum second and a worse referee, and whenever Jim Corbett went behind a scrapper, that poor sucker never had any luck, and there have been many others.

But Blackburn has proved himself every whit as intelligent in an advisory capacity as when he was combining serious thinking with fighting on his own account. No fighter was ever in finer accord with a chief second than Louis with Blackburn. The champion has

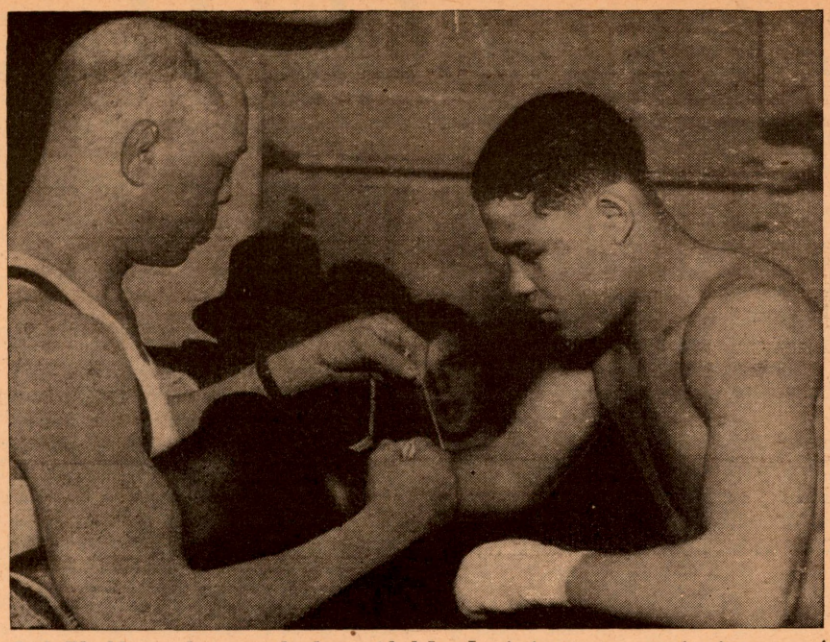


The end of the Baer-Nova fight. Ray Arcel, extreme left, Nova's chief second, "Johnny on the Spot," is in the ring to care for his man. Arcel, one of the best handlers of fighters in America, was suspended by the New York Commission for "advising Nova not to mix it with Joe Louis" and commit suicide!

always trusted Jack implicitly and there can be no doubt that much of his success is due to following out faithfully the campaign plans outlined by that sagacious mentor. Eminently serviceable and great in accomplishment is the Louis-Blackburn combination of slugger and strategist!

* * *

FIGHTERS in action differ in temperament and response to handling as much as do horses on the turf. Where one boxer profits by timely suggestions, another may fight directly opposite to advice given him; even as a jockey's mount may prove a bad starter, a sulker; or a running marvel in complete agreement with his rider.



Jack Blackburn, the man who has guided Joe Louis from a raw novice into one of the greatest champions of all time. Here he is seen bandaging Joe Louis' hands.

Louis' predecessor on the heavyweight throne, Jim Braddock, was an easy chap to direct in the ring. There was never any friction in the latter's corner between Jim and his pal and manager, Joe Gould. The two worked smoothly together, and Braddock fought along whatever lines their mutual judgment decided was most profitable.

Max Baer, from whom Braddock won the title, was a different proposition altogether. A brilliant scrapper in his prime, Max was so utterly erratic that no second could depend upon him to follow any advice, nor was it possible to prophesy what particular form of wild clowning he would resort to right in the heat of a furious battle. There was no use in his advisors getting mad and trying to bawl him out, for Max was ever ready with a countering wisecrack. Baer possessed the happy faculty of being able to laugh everything off, and was unconquerably jovial even in the hour of defeat.

Big Primo Carnera did whatever his handlers told him to, with the placid obedience of a well brought up child, which was natural enough, as the huge Italian's mental range didn't exceed that of a twelve-year-old. The man from whom he won the world's title, Jack Sharkey, was a whole lot brighter than Carnera, but in point of obedience he was equally plastic. When his manager, Johnny Buckley, laid the law down to Sharkey between rounds, the fighter never failed to carry out instructions to the best of his ability.

* * *

THE late Joe Jacobs never had any trouble getting Max Schmeling to respond to corner orders. The German boxer, like the average German soldier, was a biddable sort of person, who executed commands with Teutonic thoroughness. He lost nothing by this, as Jacobs knew his business as a second and was always quick to pick out any weakness in a scheduled opponent coming in.

All Gene Tunney's seconds had to do was look after his physical well-being in the corner. Tunney, at any rate after he became a prominent factor in the boxing game, was rather in the habit of planning his own fight altogether and following those plans, without caring much what anyone else said. On occasion, he might welcome a suggestion from veteran Billy Gibson, but as a general thing he preferred to "paddle his own canoe."

When Tunney dazed Dempsey with a right-hand punch on the jaw, the instant they faced each other for that first round in the Philadelphia battle when Gene won the title, the Manassa Mauler never quite recovered from the effects of the unexpected punch throughout the remainder of the fray. For, as Jack commented, somewhat pathetically, after all was over—"nobody ever did that to me before!"

Carrying the fight to Dempsey right off the jump was Tunney's own idea, and not the offspring of anyone else's brain. It was a similar notion of scoring a kayo that nearly resulted in Tunney's defeat by Dempsey in their second contest, when the former was dropped for the famous long-count. But nobody in Gene's corner was to blame for his hair-breadth escape from defeat.

The champion never asked for advice and seldom accepted it, considering his own judgment superior to any other brand that might be offered.

* * *

JACK KEARNS, who piloted Dempsey to the heavyweight throne, usually fell back on one stock piece of advice when he was seconding him. That was simply the terse adjuration—"pull up your socks and go in and slap that guy down!"

That was about all the coaching Dempsey ever needed. He only knew one way of milling, to tear in with flying fists and shower punches on an opponent until his man was knocked silly. The nearest concession Jack made to defensive tactics was when he occasionally bobbed and weaved, as he charged the foe. It would have done harm instead of good to have persuaded him to box according to some plan of attack. The only time Dempsey seems to have tried to outbox an opponent was in his fight with Bill Brennan in 1920, and he was made to look remarkably foolish, until he suddenly cut loose in the old familiar slugging fashion in the twelfth round and scored a knockout.

The ponderous Jess Willard was one of the most unsatisfactory fighters on earth to go behind. Willard was mentally sluggish, fought at a painfully deliberate pace, and was the despair of seconds endeavoring to accelerate his movements. The no-decision era of New York boxing suited big Jess nicely because he could loaf for ten rounds without having a black mark scored against him in the official records, so long as he wasn't knocked out completely.

He put up some pretty sour scraps under these conditions, letting men like Arthur Pelky, Luther McCarty and Carl Morris take the play away from him, secure in his great strength and massive bulk that they weren't likely to stop him, and paying no attention whatever to the frantic demands of his seconds that he should go in and mix it.

What exasperated his handlers was the certain knowledge they possessed that Willard could hit an ungodly hard wallop if he wanted to. Bull Young died as a result of the hammering he took from Willard's fists at Vernon, California, in 1913, and when Jess knocked out Soldier Kearns before a New York club, Kearns didn't come to for over twenty minutes.

In the no-decision bout with Kearns, the big fellow was loafing serenely, with the Soldier outpointing him, and Jess' seconds raving helplessly. Suddenly, in the eighth round, Kearns, who was a powerful puncher, landed a left hook to the head that staggered and stung Willard.

The pain of the blow broke up Jess' lethargic calm. He uttered a roar and charged like a wounded *(Continued on page 31)*

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

I'M in the Army now. Last time I wrote you I was in the insurance business at Grand Forks, N. Dak. This is a very rapidly changing world.

I found two of your heavy punching bags at the field here and it surely looked good to see the name Everlast. Also, I see several issues of your magazine on the newsstands here, so the fellows evidently keep up on boxing.

I listened to the fight the other night between Joe Louis and Lou Nova. It ended very rapidly and I was somewhat surprised to see Nova go so quickly. He either wasn't as tough as he was built up to be, or Joe hit him so hard it didn't make any difference how tough he was.

There was something about the fighters' referee I want to mention. I have done it before, but I noticed its recurrence again and I believe something should be said about it again.

Arthur Donovan is good. Perhaps the best, as you so often have said, but he is human and makes mistakes. He should try to correct them when in the wrong, if he wants to maintain a good position in his vocation of checking fights. He commits some errors over and over again and there is no need for that. I refer to his very pointed instructions, which I believe are all right, if not followed as he says they should be.

When Nova and Joe went before the commission to fight they were checked for physical fitness and evidently must have passed all right. If a man passes the test of the doctors satisfactorily and has proven himself to be in wonderful condition previously and has also proven that he is able to take a good beating and still keep going, why shouldn't he get every opportunity to prove his right being a challenger to the crown?

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. If you have a letter of general interest, send it along and we will publish it under your name in "Letters from Our Readers." Don't hesitate. Write now.

I feel that Nova was denied that right, at least partially. In the old days a man used to fight till he was no longer able to stand up and invariably was knocked out cold and counted out. Take the fight between Jeff and Sharkey. They fought two of the toughest fights that were ever fought and they are still both living today and are in better than fair health I guess, yet they were both beaten up terribly on several occasions, in fact in nearly every fight they suffered terrible beatings, even when they won. When Jeff fought Corbett the same was true, except in more pronounced manner. Jeff as I am led to understand was beaten every round till all of a sudden he caught Corbett when the fight was nearly over and won by a clean knockout.

Those fights are gone forever, I guess. At least they aren't heard of today. I didn't have a chance to see the Nova-Louis fight, but heard it, and from what I heard I don't believe it should have been stopped when it was. Nova was still on his feet and according to all the performances he made in the past might have been able to weather the storm and come out the winner, although I don't believe he could ever beat Joe.

The thing I want to stress is this. Joe has won nearly every fight he has had by a T.K.O. Some of them, no doubt, were justified as being stopped, but I believe many of them could have gone on and been clean knockouts, if he was given the chance to do the trick. Of course, the third man should be able to see and judge what is going on and it may be that Nova was taking too much punishment, but I don't believe it, not in one or two minutes. If he is not able to stand up to that kind of a storm for that little length of time he has absolutely no business being in there.

I am sure many people share the same opinion as I have voiced. I don't believe fights should be stopped so quickly. The people pay big money and are entitled to a good show and if the principals are in proper condition they can take a good beating without being seriously injured.

Jenkins got what was coming to him in his fight with Cochrane and I hope he loses his title when he fights Angott.

Can you answer in the question box, how large the regulations call for the modern ring to be and if there has been any change from the past. I thought 24x24 was regulation, but my friend says no.

ROY A. CARR,
1st Lieut., Air Corps,
Kelly Field, Texas.

(Roy, glad to hear from you. Yes, I still think Donovan is one of the best in his line. I disagree with you. Every time Louis' opponents have been halted by the referee it was a humane act, as the challenger was on the verge of collapse. That was the case in the Nova fight, incidentally, regardless of Nova's statement at the microphone. He was ready to cave in and might have received a fatal injury had not Donovan interfered.

The New York regulation ring is no less than 20 by 20 feet. In some states they allow 18 by 18 or 16 by 16. New York permits up to 24 feet square with the ropes not less than 3½ feet outside the ring proper, but most clubs use the 20 feet square ring. Mike Jacobs, at all of his shows, uses the 24 feet square ring. My best wishes to you, Roy.)—EDITOR'S NOTE.

* * *

I WISH to congratulate you on your success and popularity as Editor of THE RING Magazine. It is the greatest magazine about the greatest sport in the world that can be bought today.

I am an ardent admirer of American boxers, past and present, and I think Jack Dempsey is the greatest of them all. Didn't he just love to fight!

Up till the time of his meeting with Max Baer, I had been watching Pat Comiskey's rise with keen interest. Just when I had come to regard him as wearer-to-be of the heavyweight crown, I learned of his fight with Baer, the result of which was more than a little disappointing. Let's hope Pat has benefitted by his experience and soon continues on his winning ways again. I'm sorry to see how Pat has lost a hold on himself and is on the downgrade.

G. R. BETTS,
Birkenhead, Eng.

* * *

WHILE reading over your "Letters from Readers" I came across Mr. Preston Cayton's letter. Cayton has a right to his own opinion, but I am going to answer him.

Jack Dempsey whipped big Jess Willard at Toledo. Joe Louis whipped big Abe Simon just recently. Dempsey fought Firpo, and was helped back into the ring by newspapermen. Joe fought Buddy Baer and returned to the ring unaided. Jack defended his title not over six times. Louis has defended his successfully nineteen times. If Godoy, Buddy Baer and Billy Conn are "washed up fighters," Hitler is a holy roller.

People who say that modern boxers are softer than the old-time fighters, make me sick. Don't you think, Nat, that modern fighters could fight 60 rounds at the slow pace of the "Gay Nineties"?

I think THE RING a swell magazine. Will you please write in detail why you consider Jack Johnson the greatest colored boxer of all time. What do you think of Sam Langford, whom Jack Johnson was afraid to meet? What did Johnson have that Joe Louis doesn't have?

FRED GRESSER,
Rossville, Kansas.

(Johnson had everything that Joe possesses, except Joe's lethal wallop. Jack was more clever, the greatest of all feinters, had a beautiful left, was a fine jabber, could give and could take.) —EDITOR'S NOTE.

A FEW lines to let you know that I am back in the Army; this time as the organizer of boxing for the troops.

In December we are having, what should be, the biggest thing boxing in this country has ever known, Army champions meeting Australian title holders, the proceeds going to Army Comforts Fund for our troops serving overseas.

It is on this I am writing you. I want a RING trophy from you to go to the winner of whatever contest you care to name. These contests will range from flyweight to heavyweight.

I was thinking, and I think you will agree with me, that such a trophy coming from you, together with the fact that it comes all the way from America, would serve as a great advertisement for your very valuable paper in this country and help the sport.

Having told you this little item of news, together with the BITE, I will set out to give you what little fight news there is. Tonight Patrick and old man Tod Morgan are to mingle for the third time. The score is a win each to date, Morgan winning the first on a foul, Patrick the second. Tonight should prove it.

While boxing is pretty dead in Sydney, Melbourne is drawing record "gates" with very moderate fighters. The reason for this, to a great extent, is the fact that Melbourne has only one stadium while Sydney has many stadiums of all classes. Ron Richards has stated that he is training, that he has fights in Melbourne, Adelaide, and Sydney, booked, but so far nothing serious has happened beyond the announcement.

Fred Henneberry has a hotel at Goulburn. This spot is about 120 miles from Sydney. Fred says he will fight Richards or anyone else, providing he gets his price. Up to date, no promoter has come to light with the terms demanded, and there it remains.

We are blessed with no less than three welterweight champions, namely Allan Westbury, the real holder of the title; Ron McLaughlan, and Hockey Bennell.

CHARLIE LUCAS,
Victoria Barracks,
Sydney, Australia.

* * *

IN the November issue of THE RING Magazine, there are two articles concerning the present welterweight champion of the world, Freddie "Red" Cochrane. The writers of those articles mentioned some challengers for the welter tiara, among them being Jackie Wilson, California welter, and Irish Wickey Harkins. What has happened?

It seems as if some boxing-minded gents are guilty of possessing poor memories. Lest we forget it, the outstanding challenger for the crown so jealously guarded by Cochrane is, even in the estimation of THE RING Magazine, Fritzie Zivic. Fritzie, undoubtedly, is rated first because of the return match he was promised with the present champ. When that return bout will take place is another question. It seems that Promoter Mike Jacobs doesn't attach any significance to a written contract, which Zivic is supposed to have, and with which he will try to entice Sonny Boy Cochrane into the roped square for another rendezvous.

Cochrane, we must concede, is smart enough to take advantage of every opportunity to repel Zivic's demands for a return go. He knows, only too well, what happened to the highly-rated Bummy Davis in a return match with Fritzie. However, in all justice and fairness to Zivic, Cochrane shouldn't even CONSIDER a bout with the English boxer, Roderick, before giving Fritz another try—as was stipulated by the contract. Then it won't even be necessary for Cochrane to think about putting a title on the line against Roderick. Fritz will attend to that.

Some writers are content at calling Zivic an in-and-outer. He is that—though in a far less degree than believed by the writers. In his title-winning match with Armstrong, Zivic showed extraordinary courage and perseverance.

In a snappy 10 rounds with Jenkins, he exhibited rare boxing skill and absorbing power. In his return go with Bummy Davis he made up for what was denied the public in their first encounter. He lost to Mike Kaplan up in the Boston Gardens, not seeming to manifest any interest throughout the entire fight.

He had rugged Tony Marteliano out at the bell in the last round. In his last bout he exacted sweet revenge from Milt Aron, scoring, as he had predicted he would, a fifth-round knockout. In Minneapolis he took care of Cowboy Dick Demarey within six rounds. In Baltimore he knocked out Felix Garcia. In Buffalo he T.K.O.'ed Ronnie Beaudin in three rounds. He coasted through 10 slow-moving rounds against Saverio Turiello. And don't forget what he did to Armstrong in the return go for the title—with the odds still against him! All of this within 10 months is going some!

A fighter of Zivic's calibre can't be called an in-and-outer. The majority of the bouts in which he engaged were packed with thrills and action all the way. That is the method of the Crafty Croat. That is the style of the man who deserves a shot at that title—a man who is a gentleman in and out of the ring, and a credit to the boxing game. That is the way of the next world's welterweight king!

Incidentally, I want to be among those who congratulate you on your stand as regards the problem of race discrimination. Throw out all of the readers who don't consider the Negro on a par with themselves, and you'll get more satisfaction, and very less of a pecuniary loss, from this publication. Luck and success to you in your every literary endeavor! You are indeed a credit to the fight game of today.

We all attribute the rise in boxing interest to Uncle Mike Jacobs. Surely, he did plenty, and is still continuing to do more for the game than many others. But I just wonder if he is more concerned with bettering the game than he is with bettering his own financial status. Methinks Uncle Mike is a business man and looks more towards the financial side. He likes to see the ole greenbacks keep fluttering in. Otherwise, why not match the leading challengers in each division and, by a process of elimination, get about three worthy challengers instead of having about 15 different fighters recognized as the "uncrowned kings" of the various divisions?

FR. TIMOTHY M. PAVLAK, O.F.M.
St. Anthony's Seminary.

* * *

I HAVEN'T written for a long time but want to take this opportunity to say you were the only one to really give results on the Louis-Conn go. Boy, didn't the average sports writers go overboard on Conn! True, Conn made a fine showing, but at no time did I think him better than even. There was another silly argument, the one about Conn being two minutes and two rounds from a title! Some say that if Conn played safe for two more rounds he would have won. I differ on this statement.

In the first place, the rounds when Conn put on some offensive display he won; when he did not, he lost. I maintain that unless Conn remained on the offensive as he did, he would have lost. In other words, he could not in my estimation have boxed defensively and won for two more rounds. You are the only writer who mentioned Louis' body blows taking effect in the later rounds.

Conn was a very good little man. Louis' blows were more effective. Conn's rallies more spectacular.

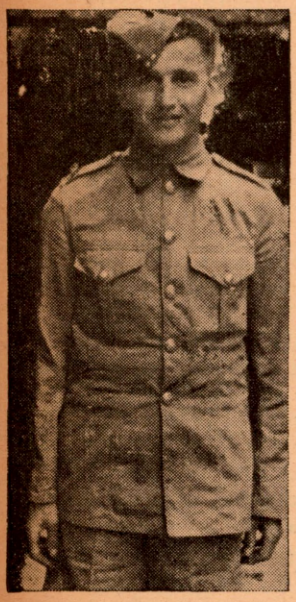
Ball players are like this. Some guys do a job so matter of fact that they are very often overlooked. Many sports writers look at fights for years and never learn anything. I think most sports writers are very biased anyway. In the first place, the scribe's paper demands a statement before the fight and so he already approaches the ring with a set idea. The next day he uses all his space explaining how close he was.

I hope I am not accused of being a Negro lover, as one writer wrote of you. I liked your letter to that small-minded "White Lover" who rode you recently. Such minds have no place in sports. Long ago, in my amateur days, I boxed many a colored boy. Those I ran into were perfect gentlemen.

During the last world war I served as a sergeant with a colored regiment and if Uncle Sam should need my services again in the present crisis, I would be happy to serve again in a similar regiment. They were a fine lot of boys. Let's be fair and be sportsmen? What this country needs most at this time, is cooperation and an abandonment of racial prejudice.

OTTO DEMPWOLF,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

With Borden in the Canadian Army



By EDDIE BORDEN

IT is rather disconcerting sitting on the sidelines waiting for a dream to develop into a reality. That is the situation we are placed in waiting for the call to sail overseas. Just like a fighter in the dressing room waiting to enter the roped square. Rumors are ten cents a dozen here and they come frequently and from various channels. First we are sailing for Great Britain within two weeks. Then someone comes along with new data that we are to be shipped to Jamaica, British West Indies. But the most discouraging gossip was that the 6 C. C. S. is going to remain in Canada for the duration of the war. There is plenty of time for conjecturing, and day dreaming gives the average soldier something to look forward to.

* * *

Boxing is coming into its own here and throughout Canada and is thriving especially in Montreal and Toronto. In the States the sport is doing well and famed managers of the past are back in in the spotlight. Eddie Walker is spouting a champion in the person of Chalky Wright, mighty little mite of the featherweight division. Eddie Mead, who has remained in the background since the retirement of Henry Armstrong, is finally coming up with another whirlwind in the Greek light-heavyweight—Anton Christoforidis. Chris Dundee will probably wind up with the next middleweight leader in the person of Georgie Abrams. Ray Robinson apparently came along when there was a shortage of first class fighters and has shown the class and boxing finesse which characterized Kid Chocolate as one of the pugilistic marvels of the day. Bob Pastor is still wending his way in his awkwardly clever style to baffle the heavyweight contenders and seems to be gaining ground on the inactive contenders.

Yes, for one who is now in the army, away from the noise of Jacobs' Beach, the news of boxing's rise and the new lease of life given to managers who kept the sport alive during the depression days, is swell news.

* * *

I was happy to learn that Gus Lesnevich, who for a time was managed by yours truly, finally made the grade as world light-heavyweight champion, and received THE RING Magazine belt that goes to every title-holder. Lesnevich and I spent eight months in Australia where Gus learned and developed his skill to such a degree, that when he returned to the United States, he was a finished product. More power to him and his prowess, even though I still resent his treatment of me, when he tossed me overboard after what I did for him in Australia.

* * *

Boxing, despite all criticism directed towards it, gives persons affiliated with the sport the opportunity of developing and broadening their scope. Where would Jack Dempsey have been without the power of his potent fists? He carved his way to fame and fortune. In his travels he met none but the finest. His education was increased with these contacts and at the present moment Jack Dempsey can intelligently converse on any subject.

Gene Tunney was a clerk but his ambition and determination carried him to the heights. Today he is one of America's most influential persons, honored and respected. There was a time when Tunney was only a mediocre performer and was ready to quit boxing because of bad hands. He was given a lecture by the late Tex Rickard to forget boxing and concentrate on the strengthening of his tools of trade. It took nine months of hard, steady work, chopping trees in the woods, avoiding civilization but helping to develop a solid frame which ultimately resulted in him whipping the Manassa Mauler. Both Tunney and Dempsey overcame adversity and through boxing reached the high positions they now hold in their communities. Tunney holds the all-time record for purse received for one single combat. For the second meeting with Jack Dempsey, he received $975,000 as his share of the receipts. Compare that with some of the houses that Joe Louis as heavyweight champion has drawn as reflecting comparison.

* * *

BOTH Tunney and Dempsey are independently wealthy through wise investments. Two other ring immortals come to mind, men who came immediately after the Dempsey-Tunney era. Tony Canzoneri, a sterling, two-fisted marvel and Henry Armstrong, a type greatly resembling Canzoneri in deportment—both in and out of the ring. More courageous gladiators never existed and it would be difficult to find two more intelligent, courteous, gentlemanly characters than these two same individuals.

Although Henry came just a few years after Canzoneri, there is a distinct parallel in both cases. They came up the hard way and finally found fame and fortune through skillful maneuvering by their managers.

Sammy Goldman discovered Tony Canzoneri in the amateur ranks when Tony was barely fifteen years of age. He was a miniature Babe Ruth facially but even when a mere youth carried that certain spark which spelled class. They enjoyed approximately fifteen years of pleasant association and during that time both of them garnered a comfortable fortune.

Eddie Mead picked up Armstrong in Los Angeles when Henry was fighting for peanuts and pretzels and engineered his way into winning three separate world titles—all of them at the same time. He won the featherweight title, then he captured the welterweight crown and topped that by winning the 135-pound title. That was expert handling. Henry was getting unheard of purses and occasionally fought two and three times a week.

After hearing of the brilliant careers of both Canzoneri and Armstrong and the wealth that they collected, it would be easy to picture that they were independently wealthy.

* * *

FATE plays funny tricks on us, however. There are plenty of undeserving cases when the greedy get richer by using illegal methods and everything they touch turns to gold. On the other hand, here is a quartet of persons. Generous, well beloved and friendly to all, have all suffered through misfortune without any fault of their own. Bad investments, unlucky real estate transactions and Canzoneri and Armstrong are almost back where they started. Mead and Goldman, whose names are legion in boxing circles, are without enemies. Through years of struggle in the boxing game,

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Corner Tacticians

(Continued from page 27)

bull. His long, thick arm came up from his hip in a swinging uppercut that caught Kearns under the chin, lifted him two feet from the canvas, and slumped him in a quivering heap, momentarily dead to the world! That was the kind of spectacular performance Willard was capable of giving, if he could be stirred into action.

* * *

BUT the difficulty of stirring him up was where the catch came in. On March 27, 1914, a little over a year before he won the world's heavyweight title from Jack Johnson at Havana, Willard went to Youngstown, Ohio, and lost a twelve-round decision on points to Tom McMahon. The latter was a chap of ordinary size, and mediocre ability as a fighter, who looked even smaller than he was alongside the giant Willard. There was no reason why Jess shouldn't have dropped him for a full count in a round or two at the outside.

There were wearied howlings of useless rage in Willard's corner, as round after round went by with McMahon landing punches on a four-to-one ratio, big Jess countering lazily and making not the slightest attempt to fight back. The pleadings of his seconds to untrack himself and do something were wasted on the air. At the close of the twelve rounds for which the bout was scheduled, McMahon was awarded the verdict, and there wasn't a dissenting voice, not even from Willard's corner, for Jess had simply thrown the fight away.

The fact was that Willard never had any enthusiasm for the game. He hated fighting and had little use for its atmosphere and the patrons. Jess fought because he wanted money, and that was the easiest way to get it. Also, he hated training. About the only time he really worked hard to get into shape was when Tom Jones and his assistants took him in hand and made him toil to the limit as they prepared him for the battle with Johnson. With the title and consequent riches in view, Willard submitted to the hard labor stunts, and at Havana he was as hard as nails and fit to fight 100 rounds, had it been necessary.

On that occasion his seconds had no trouble with him, for they didn't ask him to hurry up. All he had to do was keep going steadily, countering Johnson, taking whatever Jack could hand out, and steadily wearing down the then champion by dint of superior strength and endurance. The scheme worked perfectly and Willard ascended the throne, to which he may be said to have climbed at a more leisurely pace than any of his predecessors.

* * *

JACK JOHNSON never worried about what his seconds knew, thought or said. Like that other great colored champion, Joe Gans, lightweight king, Jack fought his battles along lines of action devised solely by himself. Gans was, as Johnson is today, an exceptionally brainy individual. Neither required any coaching when in the ring, nor, indeed, would either of them have tolerated interference, no matter how well meant.

As a master of ringcraft, Johnson had few equals and no superiors. No angle of the game was too small to escape his notice, he knew how to take advantage of every apparently minor happening, and did so, with the best of results for himself. Tommy Burns, whom Jack defeated for the title in Australia, was a super-clever boxer, highly intelligent, and another example of a fighter who was not in the habit of accepting advice in his corner.

Johnson stopped Burns at Sydney, Australia, on December 26, 1908, in fourteen rounds. When I saw the film reproduction of that battle, my first reaction was one of surprise at the seeming ease with which Johnson outfoxed the usually astute Burns. Fighting under serious physical disadvantages of height, weight and reach, one would have expected Burns to play a waiting game.

But Johnson made the smaller man come up to him, up to such a time at least until Tommy was beginning to fade. And it was singular to note how, through most of the contest, the colored boxer seldom took more than a step out of his corner at the beginning of a round, and stood there quietly, while Burns came clear across the ring to meet him. Tommy was thereby tiring his legs by unnecessary exertion, for he could just as well have refused to take the initiative.

Whether any of the white man's seconds noticed this waste of energy on the part of their principal, I have no way of knowing, but if they did, they apparently kept their mouths shut, maybe with good reason. For as already stated, Burns preferred to "gang his ain gait," as the Scots say, and objected to butting-in henchmen. Not that it would have made any difference ultimately, for Tommy was hopelessly overmatched.

* * *

JIM JEFFRIES learned a lot about the finer points of boxing through acting as one of the sparring mates of Jim Corbett, when the latter was training for his battle with Fitzsimmons at Reno in 1897, which resulted in the transference of the world's heavyweight title to the lanky Australian.

Thereafter Jeff plodded along steadily, picking up fistic knowledge here and there and finally teaming up with Billy Delaney, who in due course of time brought him in contact with Tommy Ryan. Delaney was a prince of good seconds and Ryan a glove artist without peer. Between the two of them, Jeffries became an extremely capable performer. He was never a brilliant boxer, but he was "fighting clever," a deadly kayo puncher with either hand, and never averse to taking advice from the men in his corner.

The crouching stance Ryan taught him to assume, combined with a certain use of the left, enabled Jeffries to whip Fitzsimmons and win the championship in eleven rounds at Coney Island in 1889. If it hadn't been for the timely advice given him by Delaney in his second fight with Fitz, which took place in 1902 on the Coast, Jeffries might easily have lost that battle.

Fitzsimmons was in grand shape for the fight, trained to a hair, and desperately anxious to retrieve his former defeat. For seven rounds he outfought and outgeneraled the big Californian. Fitz fought "on the retreat," countering Jeff with stiff left-hand jabs and hooks, crossing him with hard right jolts, and cutting up the champion freely.

Jeffries kept coming on stolidly, forcing Fitz to back up, but taking such severe punishment that he was bleeding from his split lips gashed cheeks, and cuts over and under the eyes, both of which were fast closing. Delaney, as the seventh round ended, told Jeffries to concentrate on body punching, bring down Fitz's guard with a right to the stomach, and follow up with a left hook for the jaw.

The half-blind champion followed instructions exactly. In the eighth frame, he crowded Fitzsimmons, got in close, reached the body with the right and clipped him on the chin with a down-tearing left. Fitzsimmons fell and was counted out. Jeff's second probably saved the champion's title, for Jeffries was so blind a few moments after he was declared winner that Delaney had to lead him from the ring to the dressing-room.

* * *

OF all the champions, Fitzsimmons was least inclined to consider seconds as valuable aides to a fighter. On the contrary, Fitz was fond of asserting that seconds were apt to be a nuisance. He said, and not without truth, that there had been occasions when over-officious seconds had helped defeat their principals. Anyone who has seen a trio of know-it-alls in a fighter's corner, deluging him with unnecessary streams of water, out-talking each other as they pour contrary words of doubtful wisdom into his bewildered ears, will agree with the Fitzsimmons viewpoint in this respect.

Of course, that sort of thing isn't so likely to happen where star scrappers are concerned, still clumsy seconds have handicapped the work of champions, and Fitzsimmons once told me a tale of how, in his early ring days, an agitated second nearly induced him to drink out of an ammonia flask, instead of the water bottle. One can understand his prejudice against being fussed-over between rounds.

At all events, Fitzsimmons preferred to have only one second in his corner to look after his comforts. Sometimes, as a favor, he allowed a friend who asked for the privilege, to appear behind him, but in the role of dummy, with actual service being rendered only by the other man.

As for suggestions in the matter of fighting, Fitzsimmons would have none of them. During his fight with Corbett, Bob's wife, who was at the ringside, distinguished herself by yelling to her red-thatched hubby to —"hit him in the slats, Bob!" But the advice was quite unnecessary as Fitzsimmons was already paying devoted attention to the battering of Jim's comely body.

In all of his other contests, Fitz played a lone hand, and the kind of second he liked best was the one with a gift for keeping silent.

Himself a fine ring strategist, Jim Corbett resembled Fitz in one particular, he mapped out his own fighting plans and resented interference by seconds or anyone else. He did not, however, concur in the Fitz notion of only one man to look after him. Jim liked lots of attention in his corner.

On one occasion a second decided the issue of a battle for Corbett. That was in 1898, when he was fighting Tom Sharkey before a New York club. They had agreed to break clean, but in the ninth round, Sharkey held on and punched Corbett at the same time. Con McVey, one of Corbett's handlers, immediately jumped into the ring and claimed a foul.

In so doing, he lost the fight for his prin-

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The Ring Boxing Records

By WILLIAM SHULKIN AND "STANLEY"

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JACK DEMPSEY

(Ex-World Heavyweight Champion)

Born June 24, 1895, Manassa, Colo.

Nationality, Irish-Scotch-American

Weight, 189 lbs.; Height, 6 ft. 1½ in.; Reach, 82 in.

1915-1916—Knockouts—Kid Hancock, 1; Billy Murphy, 1; Chief Gordon, 6; Johnny Person, 7; Anamas Campbell, 3; Joe Lions, 9; Frew Woods, 4; George Copelin, 7; Andy Malloy, 3; Two Round Gillian, 1; Jack Downey, 2; Boston Bear Cat, 1; Battling Johnson, 1; George Christian, 1; Jack Koehn, 4; Joe Bonds, 10; Dan Ketchell, 5; Bob York, 4. **Won**—Johnny Sudenberg, 10; Terry Keller, 10; Andre Anderson, 10; Wild Bert Kenney, 10; John Lester Johnson, 10. **Draw**—Jack Downey, 4; Johnny Sudenberg, 10; Andy Malloy, 20. **Lost**—Jack Downey, 4.

Date	Opponent	Place	Result
	1917		
Feb. 13	Jim Flynn	Salt Lake City	K.O. by 1 rd.
July 25	Willy Meehan	San Francisco	W. 4 rds.
Aug. 1	Al. Norton	San Francisco	K.O. 4 rds.
Sept. 7	Willy Meehan	San Francisco	D. 4 rds.
Sept. 19	Charley Miller	Oakland	K.O. 1 rd.
Sept. 26	Bob McAllister	Oakland	W. 4 rds.
Oct. 2	Gunboat Smith	San Francisco	W. 4 rds.
Nov. 2	Carl Morris	San Francisco	W. 4 rds.
	1918		
Jan. 24	Homer Smith	Racine	K.O. 1 rd.
Feb. 4	Carl Morris	Buffalo	W. F. 6 rds
Feb. 14	Jim Flynn	Fort Sheridan	K.O. 1 rd.
Feb. 25	Bill Brennan	Milwaukee	K.O. 6 rds.
Mar. 16	Bull Sadee	Memphis	K.O. 1 rd.
Mar. 25	Tom Riley	Joplin	K.O. 1 rd.
May 3	Billy Miske	St. Paul	S.D. 10 rds.
May 22	Dan Ketchel	Excelsior Spr'gs	K.O. 2 rds.
May 29	Arthur Pelkey	Denver	K.O. 1 rd.
July 1	Kid McCarthy	Tulsa	K.O. 1 rd.
July 4	Bob Devere	Joplin	K.O. 1 rd.
July 6	Porky Flynn	Atlanta	K.O. 1 rd.
July 27	Fred Fulton	Harrisson	K.O. 1 rd.
Aug. 17	Terry Kellar	Dayton	K.O. 5 rds.
Sept. 13	Willy Meehan	San Francisco	L. 4 rds.
Sept. 14	Jack Moran	Reno	K.O. 1 rd.
Nov. 6	Battling Levinsky	Philadelphia	K.O. 3 rds.
Nov. 18	Porky Flynn	Philadelphia	K.O. 1 rd.
Dec. 16	Carl Morris	New Orleans	K.O. 1 rd.
Dec. 20	Clay Turner		Exh. 4 rds.
Dec. 30	Gunboat Smith	Buffalo	K.O. 2 rds.
	1919		
Jan. 22	Big Jack Hickey	Harrisburg, Pa.	K.O. 1 rd.
Jan. 23	Kid Harris	Reading, Pa.	K.O. 1 rd.
Jan. 29	Kid Henry	Easton, Pa.	K.O. 1 rd.
Feb. 13	Eddy Smith	Altoona, Pa.	K.O. 1 rd.
Apr. 2	Tony Drake	New Haven	K.O. 1 rd.
July 4	Jess Willard	Toledo, O.	K.O. 3 rds.
	1920		
Mar. 5	Terry Keller	Los Angeles	Exh. 3 rds.
Sept. 6	Billy Miske	Benton Harbor	K.O. 3 rds.
July 2	Two spar. pards	Denver, Colo.	K.O.
Dec. 14	Bill Brennan	New York	K.O. 12 rds.
	1921		
July 2	Georges Carpentier	Jersey City	K.O. 4 rds.
	1922		
July 18	*Elizar Bioux	Montreal	K.O. 1 rd.
July	Jack Renault	Ottawa, Can.	Exh. 3 rds.
Sept. 4	Jack Thompson	Michigan City	Exh. 2 rds.
Sept. 4	Andre Anderson	Michigan City	Exh. 2 rds.
Oct. 7	Jack Thompson	Boston, Mass.	Exh. 3 rds.
	1923		
July 4	Tommy Gibbons	Shelby, Mont.	W. 15 rds.
Sept. 14	Luis Firpo	New York	K.O. 2 rds.

*Dempsey stopped two other men in one round each in the same ring.

Date	Opponent	Place	Result
	1924		
Feb. 10	Dutch Seifert	Memphis	Exh. K.O. 1 rd.
Feb. 11	Martin Burke	New Orleans	Exh. K.O. 2 rds.
Feb. 11	Tommy Marvin	New Orleans	Exh. K.O. 2 rds.
June 3	Rock Stranmalia	Los Angeles	Exh. K.O. 2 rds.
June 3	Joe Ryan	Los Angeles	Exh. K.O. 1 rd.
June 3	Eli Stanton	Los Angeles	Exh. K.O. 1 rd.
	1925		

Engaged in 8 exhibitions. K.O.'ed Bill Larne, 2, and Ed Warner, 2.

1926

Feb. 8, knocked out Jack League, Tony Catalina, Cowboy Warner and Marty Cuyler, 1 round each, Memphis (exh.). Took on 6 opponents.

Feb. 12, boxed six opponents, knocking out four (exh.).

Sept. 23, Gene Tunney, lost, Philadelphia, 10.

	1927		
July 21	Jack Sharkey	New York	K.O. 7 rds.
Sept. 22	Gene Tunney	Chicago, Ill.	L. 10 rds.

1928—1929—1930

Retired temporarily.

	1931		
Aug. 19	Jack Beasley	Reno, Nev.	K.O. 2 rds.
Aug. 24	Big Bill Hartwell	Portland, Ore.	K.O. 1 rd.
Aug. 24	Dave McRae	Portland, Ore.	K.O. 1 rd.
Aug. 24	Denny Lenhart	Portland, Ore.	Exh. 2 rds.
Aug. 24	Bob Mariels	Portland, Ore.	Exh. 2 rds.
Aug. 28	Big Tom Sawyer	Vancouver	K.O. 1 rd.
Aug. 28	Tiny Lamar	Vancouver	Exh. 1 rd.
Aug. 28	Del Wolfe	Vancouver	Exh. 2 rds.
Aug. 31	Elgin Taylor	Spokane	K.O. 1 rd.
Aug. 31	Dee Richmond	Spokane	K.O. 1 rd.
Aug. 31	Big Bill Neering	Spokane	K.O. 1 rd.
Aug. 31	Tony Talerico	Spokane	K.O. 1 rd.
Aug. 31	Cyclone Thompson	Spokane	Exh. 2 rds.
Sept. 2	Tom Moore	Aberdeen	K.O. 1 rd.
Sept. 2	Al Devaney	Aberdeen	K.O. 1 rd.
Sept. 2	Denny Lenhart	Aberdeen	Exh. 2 rds.
Sept. 4	Jimmy Byrnes	Eugene, Ore.	Exh.
Sept. 7	Eddie Burns	Reno, Nev.	Exh. 2 rds.
Sept. 7	Sam Baker	Reno, Nev.	Exh. 1 rd.
Sept. 7	Red Tingley	Reno, Nev.	K.O. 2 rds.
Sept. 15	Jackie Silvers	Salt Lake City	K.O. Exh. 1 rd.
Sept. 15	Bill Longston	Salt Lake City	K.O. Exh. 1 rd.
Sept. 16	Del Baxter	Logan, Utah	Exh. 1 rd.
Sept. 16	Batt. Lamereaux	Logan, Utah	Exh. 1 rd.
Sept. 16	Cyclone Workman	Logan, Utah	Exh. 1 rd.
Sept. 16	George Nelson	Logan, Utah	Exh. 1 rd.
Sept. 17	Jack Smith	Boise, Idaho	Exh. 1 rd.
Sept. 17	Hank Potter	Boise, Idaho	Exh. 1 rd.
Sept. 17	Lewis O'Connely	Boise, Idaho	Exh. 2 rds.
Sept. 17	Batt. Lamereaux	Boise, Idaho	Exh. 1 rd.
Sept. 17	Mick. McCafferty	Boise, Idaho	Exh. 1 rd.
Nov. 6	Jack Riley	Provo, Utah	K.O. 1 rd.
Nov. 9	Tommy Davenport	Des Moines, Ia.	W. 2 rds.
Nov. 9	Elijah Lee	Des Moines, Ia.	K.O. 1 rd.
Nov. 9	Happy Shade	Des Moines, Ia.	W. 3 rds.
Nov. 11	Bearcat Wright	Omaha	W. 4 rds.
Nov. 13	Pete Wistort	Moline, Ill.	W. 2 rds.
Nov. 13	Geo. Neron	Moline, Ill.	W. 2 rds.
Nov. 18	Jack Roper	Kansas City, Mo.	Exh. 2 rds.
Nov. 18	Charlie Belanger	Kansas City, Mo.	Exh. 2 rds.
Nov. 20	Angus Snyder	Wichita, Kas.	K.O. 1 rd.
Nov. 23	Babe Hunt	Tulsa, Okla.	Exh. No. dec. 4
Nov. 27	Rufino Alveraz	Phoenix, Ariz.	K.O. 1 rd.
Nov. 27	Ernie Musick	Phoenix, Ariz.	K.O. 1 rd.

Date	Opponent	Place	Result
Nov. 27	Jimmy Long	Phoenix, Ariz.	K.O. 1 rd.
Dec. 4	Johnny Korando	Fargo, N. D.	K.O. 1 rd.
Dec. 4	Swede Grantsburg	Fargo, N. D.	K.O. 1 rd.
Dec. 4	Charley Retzlaff	Fargo, N. D.	Exh. 1 rd.
Dec. 7	Pat McLaughlin	Duluth, Minn.	Exh. W. 1 rd.
Dec. 7	Szymka Zabuil	Duluth, Minn.	Exh. W. 1 rd.
Dec. 7	Charley Retzlaff	Duluth, Minn.	Exh. 1 rd.
Dec. 12	Art Laskey	St. Paul, Minn.	W. 2 rds.
Dec. 12	Jack Roper	St. Paul, Minn.	W. 1 rd.
Dec. 12	Angus McDonald	St. Paul, Minn.	W. 1 rd.
Dec. 15—Boxed exhibition with three men, Winnipeg, Manitoba.			
Dec. 18	Herman Raschke	Sioux Falls, S.D.	K.O. 1 rd.
Dec. 18	Louis Zack	Sioux Falls, S.D.	W. 2 rds.
Dec. 18	Chas. Pailson	Sioux Falls, S.D.	K.O. 1 rd.
1932			
Feb. 1	Bad News Johnson	Stockton, Cal.	K.O. 3 rds.
Feb. 1	Wally Hunt	Stockton, Cal.	T.K.O. 1 rd.
Feb. 8	Buck Everett	Milwaukee	W. 2 rds.
Feb. 8	Jack Roper	Milwaukee	W. 2 rds.
Feb. 11	K. O. Christner	Cleveland	K.O. 3 rds.
Feb. 15	George Kohler	Flint	K.O. 1 rd.
Feb. 15	Pat McLaughlin	Flint	K.O. 1 rd.
Feb. 18	King Levinsky	Chicago	Exh. 4 rds.
Feb. 23	Frankie Wine	Louisville, Ky.	Exh. 4 rds.
Mar. 3	George Trenkle	Cincinnati	Exh. 2 rds.
Mar. 3	Ray Vanzke	Cincinnati	Exh. 2 rds.
Mar. 7	Johnny Chick	Columbus	K.O. 1 rd.
Mar. 7	Eddie Anderson	Columbus	K.O. 1 rd.
Mar. 10	Hank Hankinson	Akron, O.	K.O. 2 rds.
Mar. 10	Tiny Powell	Akron, O.	K.O. 2 rds.
Mar. 16	Big Ed Williams	Clarksb'g, W.Va.	K.O. 1 rd.
Mar. 16	Freddie Taylor	Clarksb'g, W.Va.	K.O. 1 rd.
Mar. 18	Billy Miles	Hunt'gt'n, W.Va.	T.K.O. 1 rd.
Mar. 18	Jack Kearns	Hunt'gt'n, W.Va.	W. 2 rds.
Mar. 21	Joe Doctor	Toronto, Ont.	W. 4 rds.
Feb. 29	Jack Phillips	Dayton, O.	K.O. 1 rd.
Feb. 29	Pat Sullivan	Dayton, O.	K.O. 1 rd.
Aug. 10	Chet Shandel	Seattle	W. 4 rds.
Aug. 12	Frank Sawyer	Portland, Ore.	Exh. K.O. 1 rd.
1940			
July 1	Cowboy Luttrell	Atlanta, Ga.	K.O. 2 rds.
July 15	Bull Curry	Detroit, Mich.	K.O. 2 rds.

A few of Jack Dempsey's exhibitions have been eliminated. These records are the last that will appear in THE RING. Complete records of old-timers and current boys up to December 1, 1941, will be found in Nat Fleischer's latest book, "The All-Time RING Record Book."

HARRY WEEKLY
(Claimant World's Junior Welterweight Title)

Born, Alliance, Ohio, 1916. Nationality, Swiss-Irish.
Weight, 145 pounds. Height, 5 ft. 8 in.
Managed by Broadway Johnny Cox

Weekly has been boxing seven years—early records unavailable. Engaged in 125 fights. Won 105 fights. Draws, 5. Lost decisions, 15

Date	Opponent	Place	Result
1940			
May 8	Wishy Jones	New Orleans	W. 6 rds.
May 27	Ted Tello	New Orleans	K.O. 1 rd.
June 7	Ben Montabano	Mobile, Ala.	W. 8 rds.
July 8	"Irish" Johnny Dean	New Orleans	W. 8 rds.
Aug. 5	Ben Montabano	New Orleans	W. 6 rds.
Aug. 26	Jerome Conforto	New Orleans	D. 10 rds.
Sept. 23*	Jerome Conforto	New Orleans	W. 12 rds.
Oct. 28	Jerome Conforto	New Orleans	W. 15 rds.

Note—Star indicates fight in which Harry Weekly won the Southern welterweight championship from Jerome Conforto.

1941			
Feb. 17	Johnny Durso	Mobile, Ala.	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 3	Ervin Berlier	New Orleans	L. 10 rds.
Apr. 14	Saverio Turiello	New Orleans	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 28	Indian Billy Lee	New Orleans	W. 10 rds.
May 19	Ervin Berlier	New Orleans	K.O. 3 rds.
June 27	Carmelo Fenoy	Birmingham	W. 10 rds.
July 28	Quentin "Baby" Breese	New Orleans	W. 15 rds.
Oct. 20	Ervin Berlier	New Orleans	K.O. 5 rds.

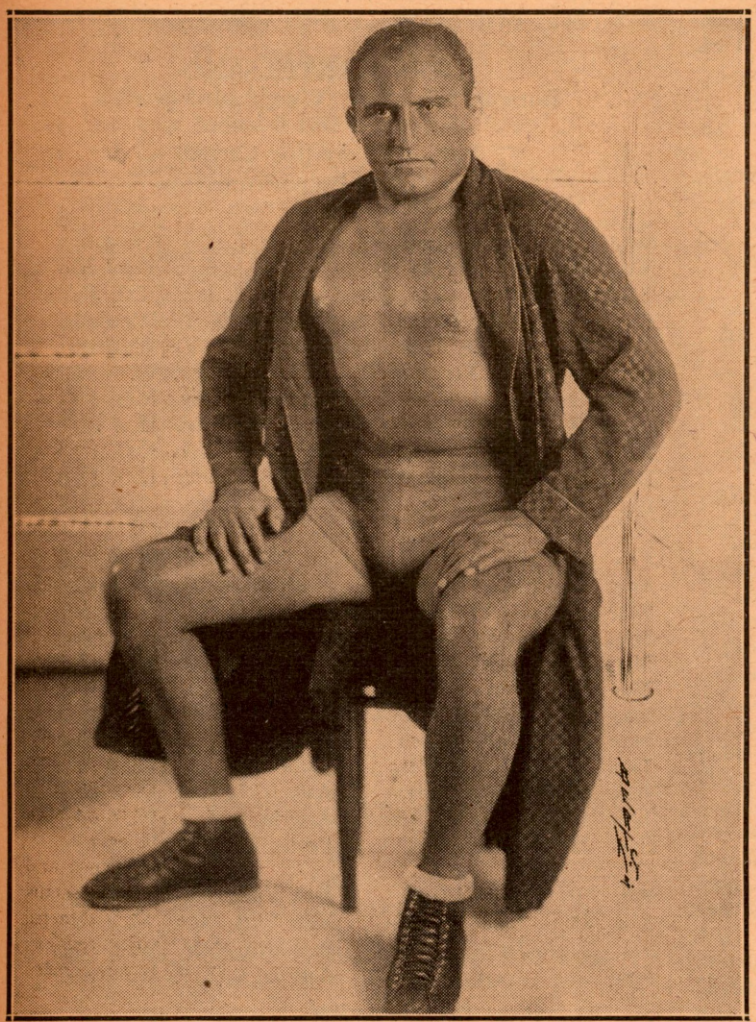
TONY MARTELIANO

Born in East Side. Weight, 145 pounds
Height, 5 feet 6 inches
Managed by Joe Carter
Nationality, Italian-American

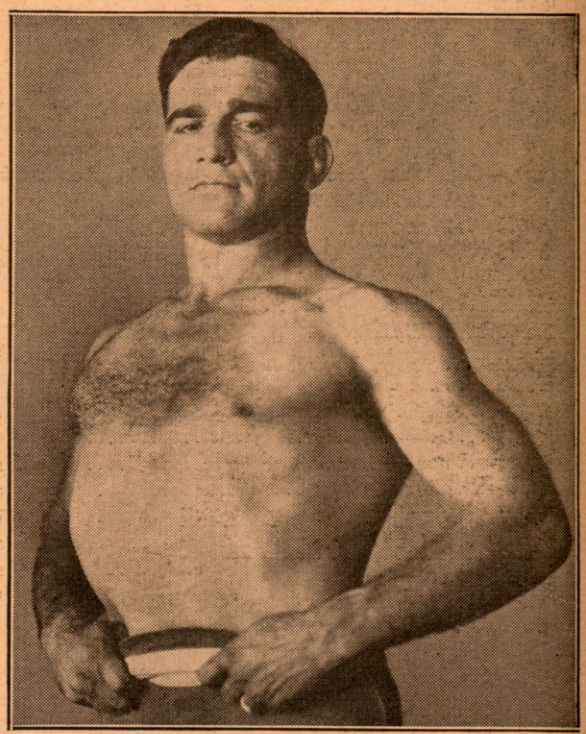
Date	Opponent	Place	Result
1936			
July 21	Jack Giacalone	Astoria, L. I.	W. 4 rds.
Aug. 4	Vincent Mascia	Astoria, L. I.	W. 4 rds.
Sept. 8	Ralph Bess	Astoria, L. I.	K.O. 3 rds.
Oct. 6	Andy Blasco	Brooklyn, N. Y.	W. 4 rds.
Oct. 19	Mickey Holland	Brooklyn, N. Y.	W. 4 rds.
Oct. 26	Lou Fortuna	New York City	W. 4 rds.
Nov. 2	Frank De Lillo	New York City	K.O. 1 rd.
Nov. 17	Murray Kravitz	Brooklyn, N. Y.	D. 4 rds.
Nov. 23	Harry Dillon	New York City	K.O. 1 rd.
Dec. 5	Jack Giacalone	Brooklyn, N. Y.	K.O. 1 rd.
Dec. 14	Joe Cooper	New York City	K.O. 1 rd.
1937			
Feb. 6	Murray Kravitz	Brooklyn, N. Y.	W. 6 rds.
Feb. 11	Julio Gonzales	Harlem, N. Y.	W. 6 rds.
Feb. 23	Andy Miratello	Bronx, N. Y.	D. 6 rds.
Mar. 9	Andy Miratello	Brooklyn, N. Y.	D. 6 rds.
Mar. 17	Eddie Alzek	New York City	W. 6 rds.
May 8	Frank Rotante	Brooklyn, N. Y.	W. 6 rds.
May 12	Charley Stephano	New York City	K.O. 2 rds.
May 25	Andy Blasco	Astoria, L. I.	K.O. 1 rd.
June 8	Sindulfo Diaz	Astoria, L. I.	W. 6 rds.
June 22	Bobby Britton	Astoria, L. I.	D. 6 rds.
July 13	Patsy La Rocco	Astoria, L. I.	W. 6 rds.
Sept. 21	Babe Synott	Bronx, N. Y.	W. 6 rds.
1938			
Feb. 9	Angelo Cali	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Feb. 18	Bobby Carlton	New York City	W. 4 rds.
Feb. 26	Jimmy Murray	Brooklyn, N. Y.	W. 6 rds.
June 8	Angelo Cali	Astoria, L. I.	W. 6 rds.
1939			
Jan. 10	Johnny Morgan	Brooklyn, N. Y.	K.O. 1 rd.
Jan. 24	Freddie Foran	Brooklyn, N. Y.	K.O. 3 rds.
Feb. 3	Harry Ovis	New York City	W. 4 rds.
Feb. 7	Julio Gonzales	Brooklyn, N. Y.	W. 6 rds.
Feb. 17	Julio Gonzales	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Feb. 28	Pete Galiano	Brooklyn, N. Y.	D. 8 rds.
Mar. 17	Nick Camarata	New York City	W. 8 rds.
May 9	Yucatan Kid	Brooklyn, N. Y.	D. 8 rds.
May 23	Maurice Arnault	New York City	D. 6 rds.
June 6	Julie Kogon	Astoria, L. I.	K.O. by 4 rds.
June 22	Orville Drouillard	Brooklyn, N. Y.	W. 8 rds.
July 11	Baby Breese	Astoria, L. I.	L. 8 rds.
Oct. 21	Bobby McIntyre	Brooklyn, N. Y.	D. 8 rds.
Nov. 4	George Zengaras	Brooklyn, N. Y.	W. 8 rds.
Nov. 27	Baby Breese	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Dec. 12	Primo Flores	Brooklyn, N. Y.	W. 8 rds.
1940			
Feb. 2	Billy Marquart	New York City	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 8	Pete Lello	New York City	D. 8 rds.
Apr. 26	Irving Eldridge	New York City	W. 8 rds.
June 20	Pete Galiano	Brooklyn, N. Y.	K.O. 1 rd.
Sept. 20	Al Davis	New York City	L. 10 rds.
Nov. 22	Georgie Martin	New York City	W. 8 rds.
1941			
Jan. 20	Maxie Berger	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Feb. 17	Mike Kaplan	New York City	D. 10 rds.
Mar. 25	Victor Troise	Bronx, N. Y.	W. 8 rds.
May 2	Fritzie Zivic	Bronx, N. Y.	L. 10 rds.
June 20	Norman Rubio	Brooklyn	L. 10 rds.

Wrestlers *in the* Spotlight

By AL MAYER



Joe Devito, the 200-pound Italian, whose strength makes him a tough 'un in the wrestling game. He also has plenty of endurance.



George Gable, German-American, who hails from the West. George is 30 years old and scales 210 pounds.

"AS New York goes, so goes the rest of the country." This well-known sports axiom is proving to be true as ever, at least so far as wrestling is concerned, and reports reaching here from every part of the country show that the mat game is enjoying a boom which promises to be the biggest the game has known in a decade.

Indications of a revival of interest in the mat game were evident as early as last spring when the winter season ended. These indications were so strong that Jack Pfeffer for the first time in some eighteen years closed his clubs and occupied himself during the summer in making jumps from Maine to California and California to Florida in order to get the low down on the wrestling situation. Jack's idea in making such an extensive coverage of the country had a two-fold purpose. First, to see for himself what was going on in wrestling centers outside his own bailiwick—New York—and then to recruit new mat talent to introduce to fans for the regular indoor wrestling season here.

What he saw on his long trip satisfied him that fans were impatiently waiting the opening of the 1941-1942 wrestling season. But new talent was absolutely needed to assure a successful season. This question of mat talent seemed to be the most difficult to solve. Many top-notch wrestlers were already in the Army. Others had drifted away from the sport, and the European field, which in the past was combed for good talent, was closed tight.

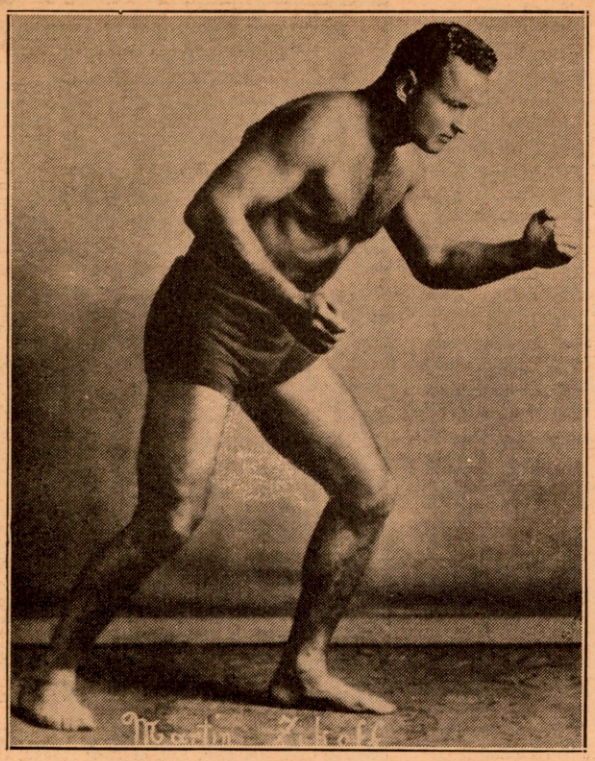
It was therefore necessary to make a thorough search of the country, involving long jumps and occupying many months. At the end of it, however, Jack was well repaid. When he opened the season in New York a few weeks ago, he introduced a batch of newcomers who clicked. The second batch of new wrestlers is now here. These grapplers, most of them with fine records, are ready to show their wares and without further ado. We will introduce them to you. First an Indian Chief:

* * *

Jagat Singh, who comes from Rangoon, India.

CHIEF BAMBA TABU. He is a Seminole Indian Chief, who is making his first appearance in the East, although he has been wrestling for several years and is well known in the South and Middle West. Chief Bamba Tabu is a wiry, lithe wrestler, weighing 195 pounds.

You have heard many stories about wrestlers and how they started. How some have been recruited from colleges, others through the amateurs, still others from the gridiron. But none, we are sure, outside of



Martin Zikoff, Russian who has come from South America to perform in the metropolitan circuit under the Pfeffer banner.

Chief Bamba Tabu, received his schooling in the Everglades of Florida wrestling with live alligators.

The Seminole Indians have for many years maintained a farm buried deep in the Everglades where young, well-trained athletes wrestle with alligators. It is a thrilling and dangerous sport and each year thousands of tourists come to watch the Seminoles subdue the dangerous amphibians. Chief Bamba Tabu was one of the best at the sport, and that it is not a one-sided affair is proved by innumerable scars which the Chief has on his body.

When wrestling became popular in Florida, Chief Bamba Tabu decided to take a hand in the game. That was five years ago. Since then he has been a terror among the grapplers. Chief Bamba Tabu has introduced a new style in wrestling. It's mostly rough, but it makes a hit with fans. While he must be rated with "villains" of the mat, the Chief somehow has a distinct style of his own which makes the rougher grapplers look tame in comparison with what he can do.

* * *

TONY MARTINELLI. He is not exactly a newcomer, but one of the most pleasing wrestlers in the game. Tony is well known to New Yorkers, but has been absent for nearly two years. During that time he wrestled in Australia and South Africa and now returns a full-fledged heavyweight. He tips the scales at 210 pounds, which is twenty pounds heavier than he weighed when he was here last.

Martinelli is a fast stepping young fellow, is well up on the tricks of the game and specializes in the flying scissors, always considered one of the most difficult holds to deliver. Martinelli comes from a wrestling family; there are five brothers, all wrestlers. Their father was a well-known wrestler in Italy but never came to this country. The family is known as the "wrestling Martinellis."

* * *

JOE DEVITO. And speaking of Italian grapplers, we have a good one in Joe Devito. Joe is a big 220-pounder with a massive frame. He is a good looking fellow and known for his strength and endurance. Devito will fit in well with the heavier wrestlers because just now Italian matmen have a good chance of playing a big part in that division.

With thousands of mat followers among Italians, they are just waiting for the right fellow to come along. Devito seems quite likely to be the man who will be top man among the Italian matmen this season.

* * *

BILL DEMETRAL. Bill is too well known to need much introduction to fans, but the Greek star has been away from the East for quite some time and is now back to try and win the position for Greek wrestlers which they enjoyed for so many years. Demetral is an old hand at wrestling, he knows the game from the bottom up, and youngsters who aim to get in the spotlight will have first to eliminate the Greek master.

* * *

GEORGE GABLE. He is a German-American from the West, making his first start in New York. Gable is thirty years old, weighs 210 pounds. He bears many scars of tough battles and has outstanding cauliflower ears which attest to his many ring engagements.

Brought up in the hard school of wrestling in the West, Gable is naturally rough like most wrestlers from that part of the country. He has the "killer" instinct, is no matinee idol and likes to wear down his opponents before applying the final pin. He naturally isn't the type of matman which fans cheer, but Gable has the stuff and it will take a good man to eliminate him.

* * *

MARTIN ZIKOFF. He is a Russian who has been sensational in South America for the past three seasons. One of the best looking athletes in the game. He stands over six feet, has curly black hair, and is beautifully developed. Zikoff has been a tremendous attraction in South America. Last season Pfeffer tried to bring him here but couldn't do so because of an unfinished contract.

The Russian is responsible for drawing some of the biggest gates in Buenos Aires, many of them attracting more than 15,000 fans to see him in action. It is doubtful whether a more attractive wrestler from Russia has come here since the days of the Russian mat immortals like George Hackenschmidt and many others.

Like most Russian wrestlers, Zikoff combines both science and ruggedness. He steps at a fast clip, is a willing mixer and seems to outguess his opponents' moves before they make them. Martin Zikoff is sure to make a big hit here and Jack Pfeffer regards the Russian entry as one of the best among the many newcomers who will show this season.

* * *

JAGAT SINGH. "Jagat Singh the Mysterious" they call him. He was born in Rangoon, India, 31 years ago and has been an outstanding wrestler in the East and Near East for more than ten years. He is making his first trip to New York and is by far the most important entry among the foreign grapplers.

Singh has a big drooping mustache, somewhat similar to the Great Gama himself, who incidentally is responsible for the development of Jagat Singh. The new Hindu weighs 250 pounds, is powerful and, like most Orientals, has a long repertoire of holds which includes not only holds of modern wrestlers but the more ancient grips of the Romans, Greeks and Japanese.

To these he has added tricks taught him by the master, Gama, and it is these tricks with which he hopes to dethrone our own stars. Jagat Singh has a swarthy complexion, black piercing eyes, and always wears a turban. He has a distinct penchant for turbans and has many of them, each one more beautiful than the last.

He has presented one to THE RING Editor for his museum.

* * *

STEVE CASEY, who joined the Army last spring, has been released due to the fact that he has reached his twenty-eighth birthday, and is now back in harness as New England's outstanding wrestler. Steve, always a popular matman, is under the promotion wing of Paul Bowser, the man who enabled him to get his start when he arrived from Ireland several years ago. Steve will be the mainstay in the New England territory during the indoor season.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
By HARRY E. WINKLER

IT is rare indeed when every bout on a program ends by a knockout, but that is what happened at one of the shows staged at the Hollywood Stadium recently. In the main event of this unusual program, Rodolfo Ramirez, Mexico importation, won by a T.K.O. over Jimmy Garrison in the eighth round. Ramirez's victory wasn't as clean-cut and decisive as most of the other contests of the evening, as his win over Garrison was awarded because of a badly cut eye which prevented Jimmy from continuing. In fact, the referee scored the fight with Garrison ahead, but this writer considered the contestants on even terms at the time the bout was halted. Ramirez, a smart and clever boxer, jabbed his way to the lead in the first two rounds. Jimmy staggered the Mexican champion in the third and also copped the fourth and fifth heats, cutting the Aztec up a bit. They fought a fast sixth round on even terms, but Rodolfo staged a two-fisted attack in the seventh to cop that round, and was doing all right for himself in the eighth, when the referee considered Garrison's optic too badly damaged for him to continue.

Georgie Hansford, 131, put Jimmy Lidell on the deck four times and out for the night, in the third round of the semi-windup.

Paul Altman, 134, Houston, looked mighty sweet in rendering Willie Fields hors de combat in the second round of the special prelim.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" certainly applies to ring champions performing in Los Angeles. Lou Ambers, Pete Scalzo, Sammy Angott, Joey Archibald and Billy Soose will attest to that.

Now Richie Lemos, recognized N.B.A. featherweight champion, knows the meaning of that old proverb. Lemos wasn't beaten in his fight with Jimmy Florita at the Los Angeles' Olympic, but the little Mexican southpaw had to climb up off the deck twice in the first round and fight furiously to overcome the lead piled up by Florita, a Filipino boy out of Stockton, who is just another fighter. Florita, a hard puncher, answered the opening bell as though he were facing some "set-up," instead of one of our "featherweight champions." The Filipino swarmed all over Lemos, knocking Richie through the ropes in the first minute of milling and having him on the floor when the bell ended the first round. Florita gave the champ a going over again in the second round, but he began to tire along about the time that Lemos began to get better and the tide turned in the third heat. Richie belted the Filipino around plenty during the next three rounds and then finished him with a terrific left to the stomach in the seventh. Lemos weighed 128, Florita 130.

Billy Murray, 141, Florida, took the measure of Babe Hernandez, 146, in the six-round semi.

Jackie Wilson handed Kid Azteca of Mexico a terrible beating at the Hollywood Stadium, the bout being stopped and awarded to the Black Wasp in the sixth round. Azteca, veteran welterweight, is only a shell of the fighter that invaded California some years ago and the fight was too one-sided to be of interest. He rarely led and backpedaled a lot. It was apparent as early as the third round that the Mexican was through, and many of the capacity crowd started for the exits. Although on his feet when the contest was halted, the Mexican had been floored in both the third and fourth rounds. Wilson weighed 140, Azteca 145.

After being spilled for nine counts three times in the second round, Tony Canelli, 150, came back and stopped Sammy Walker, 149, in the third round of the semi.

Rubin Shank, 151, Denver, decisioned Jimmy Brooks of New Orleans, in the four-round special.

Melio Bettina, former light-heavy king, won a tame 10-round decision over Sonny Boy Walker, Phoenix, Ariz. heavyweight, at Los Angeles' Olympic. Referee Mushy Callahan credited Bettina with seven of the ten rounds. The Beacon, N. Y. southpaw was too smart for the hard hitting Marine, but it was Walker who deserves the credit for what little action there was, Melio doing much back-pedaling and holding. Bettina dropped Walker for a five-count in the ninth round. Bettina weighed 186, Walker 207.

John Thomas, 128, chalked up his 16th victory by stopping Dixie Fleming, 131, New Orleans, in the fourth round of the semi.

Jimmy Brooks, 148, New Orleans, decisioned Jimmy Lowery, 147, Florida, in the four-round special.

Notice to Correspondents Of The Ring Magazine

Starting with the February issue, THE RING Editor will appreciate if all correspondents sending in news of fights will place in their notes the dates of these fights so that we may keep same for our records. Please don't fail.

The California State Athletic Commission could make no better movement for boxing in this state than to change, or petition the legislature to change (if it is necessary) the law which requires boys to be over 18 years of age before being allowed to box. That law is all right for professional boxing, but it should not apply to the amateurs. The rules of the Amateur Athletic Union allow boys of 16 years of age to compete in boxing, and many states and most foreign countries permit boys of that age to engage in the sport.

A great number of amateur boxers out here have quit the sport to engage in defense work or enlist in Uncle Sam's services, so there is a scarcity of talent in amateur ranks, as well as in the professional game.

There are some states in which boys as young as 12 years of age are permitted to engage in amateur contests, which is, of course, too tender an age for a boy to be engaging in an actual contest. But where the sport is properly conducted, 16-year-old youths are well enough developed to engage in it. This is especially true out here in Southern California where boys mature at an earlier age because of the warm picture entirely.

Because of the situation now existing due to the defense program, the outlook for the boxing game in California is none too promising, whereas a law allowing boys of 16 years of age to engage in amateur boxing would probably change the picture entirely.

Big Boy Bray is now recognized as state heavyweight champion, due to having his hand raised over Yancy Henry in a 12-rounder at the Los Angeles' Olympic. The two colored heavies were lucky in not having been tossed out of the ring, as they were in one of their previous meetings, as they did little fighting, in spite of being repeatedly warned by Referee Charlie Randolph to mix it up. The State Athletic Commission adjudged the contest as for the state title because of Turkey Thompson's refusal to defend his crown against either Bray or Henry.

Bill Davee, the genial RING correspondent of Houston, Tex., spent a few weeks in Los Angeles with two Texas lightweights, Paul Altman and Manuel Azteca. Bill appears to have a comer in Altman, a terrific puncher who returned home undefeated after five starts out here, four of which he won by K.O.'s. Azteca didn't do so well, being handicapped with a bad hand, injured in his first California start.

For Texas readers who have not seen Davee and wonder what he looks like, I offer the information that he looks much like Spencer Tracy, movie star, except Bill is taller.

Sheik Rangel of Fresno scored his second victory over Cecil Hudson in their return match at the Hollywood Stadium, this time by the T.K.O. route in the seventh round. Like their first clash, this second meeting was also bitterly fought, although it was a cleaner fight and more closely contested. However, Rangel was in the lead when the bout was stopped by Referee Johnny Indrisano and awarded to the Fresno toughie because of Hudson's left eye being closed, making him unfit to continue. Rangel weighed 146, Hudson 141.

Richie Shinn, 135, San Francisco, decisioned Ray Campo in the six-round semi-final.

Kent Martinez, 127, won over Manuel Azteca, 130, Houston, in a four-round special.

One of the best boxers to come out of Mexico in recent years and one who has definitely caught on with Hollywood boxing fans is Rodolfo Ramirez, lightweight champion of his country. In his second appearance since invading California, Ramirez won over Johnny Hutchinson, veteran Negro lightweight of Philadelphia, via T.K.O. in seven rounds at Hollywood Stadium. A badly lacerated mouth, first cut in the second round, was the cause of the bout being stopped. But the victory was much more than a technical one, as Ramirez had shellacked Hutchinson all the way. The colored boxer wasn't credited with a single round and was a bloody warrior at the finish. Ramirez weighed 138, Hutchinson 139.

Paul Altman, 133, Houston, was given a draw with Ray Campo in the six-round semi. Campo was too experienced for the Texan and appeared to have a lead, but Punching Paul was in there and dangerous all the way.

OTHER RESULTS—Jackie Wilson decisioned Larry Cisneros in ten at Oakland . . . . Big Boy Hogue scored T.K.O. over Mike Sopko in fifth round at Chicago . . . . Francisco De La Cruz won from Duke Garberg by T.K.O. in fifth round at Oakland . . . . Tony Chavez dropped a 10-round decision to Freddie Dixon at Phoenix, Ariz. . . . . Jimmy McDaniels scored a fifth round T.K.O. over Mike Angieri at New York . . . . Francois de Tombeaux decisioned Glen Strong in six at Ocean Park . . . . Richie Lemos stopped Soldier Eddie Stanley in the eight round at Olympic . . . . Tommy Garland won decision over Billy Metcalf in six at Ocean Park . . . . Shorty Hogue T.K.O.'ed Johnny Barbara in eight rounds at Chicago . . . . Francisco De La Cruz dropped an eight-round decision to Connie Norden at Oakland . . . . Joe Barnum decisioned Soldier Eddie Stanley in six at Ocean Park . . . . Sheik Rangel went ten rounds to a draw with Earl Turner at Oakland . . . . Cosby Linson won 10-round decision over Louie Flyer at Olympic.

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER
By HARRY MANSBACH

BOB PASTOR, veteran heavy from Saratoga Springs, N. Y., survived the second and third rounds and came on to lift a one-sided 10-round decision over Johnnie Flynn of Rochester in Laurel Garden. The main factor which beat Flynn was inexperience. Pastor was staggered a few times, but ring knowledge came to his rescue via the reliable clinch. This was Pastor's first fight in a number of months. Since this win he has scored over Al Delaney and Booker Beckwith in Chicago.

Al Rossi, former Newarker and title contender of a few years back, we are informed by Sam Rose, his former manager, is doing very well in California.

Joey Hadad, 146, Paterson, packed too much dynamite for Mickey Makar, 147, Bayonne, and gained an eight round decision in the feature boxing bout at the Grotto Auditorium at Jersey City. Hadad floored Makar for nine counts in the second frame and twice more in the third. Hadad defeated Makar a few weeks previously via the same route. The promoters of the Grotto Auditorium have a new innovation in boxing. They have a free bus service for the fight fans, which runs from Journal Square to the Auditorium, which is about a 20-minute ride.

Willie Harris, former New Jersey 135-pound amateur champion, will soon receive his honorable discharge from the army. Harris' one year enlistment will be up in November. We are informed by his brother, that Willie defeated the highly touted Joe Peralta, and not only beat him, but also had Peralta on the deck three times.

Gene Pinter, 157, of McAdoo, Pa., won the decision over Jim Bell, 158, of New Haven, Conn., in the eight-round feature of the Perth Amboy Boxing Club's card at Raritan Auditorium. Pinter is managed by Carmine Bilotti, and was a former amateur champion.

Ike Lipkin of Irvington has been honorably discharged from the Army. He arrived home the other day from Fort Bragg in the Carolinas and will resume his post at the Laurel Garden.

Freddie Archer, 135, Newark, outpunched Dave Crawford, 131, New York, to gain a decision in the main event of a boxing show at Scott Hall, Elizabeth. Referee Tom Elm awarded Archer every round but the third, which he called even. In a stirring six-round semi-final Dan Cox, 181, New York Negro, came up from the floor to defeat Charles Wright, 193, Newark. Wright put Cox on the canvas for counts of eight and nine in the first round, but the New Yorker came back to win the decision.

Promoters, managers and boxers in all parts of the country should be interested in having a copy of our list of promoters and fight clubs in New Jersey. It can be had by sending twenty-five cents in coin to Harry Mansbach, 37 Arlington Street, Newark, N. J. Those who write letters to this column and who desire answers are reminded that self-addressed stamped envelopes must be included or letters will not be acknowledged.

Norman Rubio of Albany, N. Y., drew with Dave Chacon of Elizabeth at Laurel Garden, Newark. Francesco Montanari of Italy defeated Vinnie Vines of Schenectady and stablemate of Rubio. Frankie Jones, hard clouting Roselle Park fighter, technically knocked out Tommie Dew of Newark in 49 seconds of the third round. Mickey Donley, 142, Newark, was held to a five-round draw by Lew Maxwell, 138, Newark.

Vince Pimpinella, Brooklyn soldier boy, erased a previous defeat when he took Referee Joe Mangold's decision over Larry Lane, Trenton Negro, in Trenton. Pimpinella put the contest beyond all doubt when he opened a cruel body attack in the last two rounds. His left hooks to Lane's stomach slowed down the Trenton fighter to a walk. In the first meeting it was Lane who spurted in the last two rounds to take a disputed decision.

Freddie Archer, 135, Newark, belted out George Harper, 130, New York Negro, in 48 seconds of the fourth round in the main event at Masonic Hall, Highland Park, N. J. Harper found it hard going through the first three rounds and suffered a cut in his eye near the end of the third. He came out for the fourth at the mercy of Archer and a hard right to the head ended the contest.

Dannie Rosati, who is handled by Eddie Balz and Joe Grace, continues his sensational winning streak. Rosati has just disposed of Jimmy Sello, Fort Dix, at Elizabeth in the third round. The K.O. was so bad that Sello was treated in his corner for more than 15 minutes.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By NAT FRANK

BOB MONTGOMERY takes exception to be rated as the outstanding contender for the welterweight crown by the RING Magazine. True, he appreciates that honor, and feels he belongs up there, but he also wants it understood that he is the number one contender for the lightweight championship. Montgomery is a legitimate lightweight, can make the 135-pound limit with ease and therefore has asked Nat Fleischer, RING Editor, to place his name in the fighting division below the welterweights.

Anyone who can easily dispose of such stellar gladiators as Lew Jenkins, in an over-the-weight duel; plaster Mike Kaplan, erstwhile number one welterweight challenger; and belt out Davey Day in one heat, has proved beyond doubt that he is best of the lot of fistic slingers in the 135 and 147 divisions.

Incidentally, Montgomery, along with his manager, Frankie Thomas, recently attempted to plant down a forfeit check to challenge Lew Jenkins for the title, with the New York Commission. The solons of the Empire State held the financial piece of paper back until future discussion.

The pair later toured to see New Jersey's commissioner, Abe J. Greene, who is also head of the N.B.A., and placed a forfeit check to challenge Sammy Angott, the N.B.A. champ for the lightweight title.

Montgomery deserves the title shots. And the commissions should see to it that he is granted the opportunities. He had earned the right to be considered as the most serious menace for Messrs. Jenkins, Angott and Cochrane. Watch this lad—he'll duplicate the feat of Henry Armstrong by winning three titles if ever he gets the chance to fight the champs.

XMAS WISHING — Herman Taylor, who stands second only to Mike Jacobs as the foremost boxing promoter in this country, hopes to "discover" a few more Bob Montgomerys, Sugar Robinsons, Tommy Fortes to help fistic trade hereabouts . . . . Jake "Cutey" Freedman dreaming of duplicate Al Ettores, Lew Tendlers and Benny Basses . . . . Mickey Diamond, manager of Tommy Forte, looking forward to finding a fancy shotgun in his Christmas sock so that he could break it as he sees fit . . . . Promoters of the smaller clubs desiring continued sellout audiences . . . . Jack Puggy, Mike Evans' mentor, praying for a new set of teeth to grow in where the originals used to be . . . . Leon Haire, spectacular featherweight star, wanting to continue to prove to the "Show Me Guys" that he is one of the best in the world . . . . Haire is originally from Missouri and it is nothing for him to SHOW the skeptics how to handle fistic mittens . . . . He is undefeated in ring warfare and feels that Santa will be good to him in keeping his record slate clear of any losses . . . . Big Pete Perri, aide de camp in the Herman Taylor offices, dreaming of more news for the radio sports commentators . . . . To get Taylor's show announcements over the air is Perri's business and he never fails to get the sportcasters to do his bidding . . . . Commission Chairman Leon Rains asking to break the record for tax income to the State Treasury . . . . When that is done, he will know definitely that boxing is drawing better than ever.

How about being the first correspondent to rate the local gladiators for the year that has just passed out of the picture? Fine; here goes:

Heavyweights—1, Gus Dorazio; 2, Willie Reddish; 3, Johnny Myhasuk.

Light-heavies—1, Tony Cisco; 2, Georgie Miller; 3, Eddie Wilson.

Middleweights—1, Andy Kodak; 2, Cleve Bailey; 3, Mike Destephano.

Welterweights—1, Mayon Padlo; 2, Corporal Billy Maher; 3, Wicky Harkins.

Lightweights—1, Bob Montgomery; 2, Mike Evans; 3, Jimmy Tygh.

Featherweights—1, Leon Haire; 2, Ellis Phillips; 3, Frankie Donato.

Bantamweight—Tommy Forte.

There are no other fighters worth while mentioning in the bantamweight and flyweight classes.

Benny Leonard, retired undefeated lightweight champion of the world, is now a Philadelphia resident. He is interested in a big hat concern. In addition, Leonard also does refereeing on the side. Needless to state, Leonard is regarded as one of the foremost ring officials in the U. S.

VETERAN BOXERS' NOTES—Otto O'Keefe is busily engaged in lecturing various clubs and organizations on the doings of the fistic warriors of old . . . . Billy Maxwell has a son who is a star footballer on the Penn State eleven . . . . Bobby Reynolds recently announced the marriage of his daughter . . . . Joe Shannon, V.B.A. president, is a first class sports cartoonist . . . . Benny Kauffman, one of the best bantams Philadelphia ever boasted of, is a political job holder . . . . Magistrate John Morlock, former secretary of the State Athletic Commission, was defeated for re-election . . . . Judges Elias Myers and John O'Malley, ex-pugilists, were reelected for six-year terms . . . . Pat Bradley is the V.B.A. steward.

Keep your eyes peeled on the "fightingest" club fighter that has appeared around these parts in recent times. We have reference to Tony Cisco, a heavyweight middleweight, who has been going like a house afire. This perpetual motion fistman has been working before capacity houses. The fans know any time Cisco goes to the post they are assured of rapid fire action. What's more, Tony has fought the cream of the crop and has never taken a backward step from anyone.

Cisco has battled such men as Ken Overlin, former middleweight king, Coley Welsh, Tami Mauriello, Nate Bolden and many others of that type. Cisco recently became a benedict and since his marriage he seems to be fighting at an even more furious pace than ever.

His manager, Jake Freedman, has been gunning for a shot at Ezzard Charles, of Cincinnati, who seems to want no part of this club fighter extraordinary.

SOUTH JERSEY AND DELAWARE NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLI

CAMDEN has resumed staging of boxing shows after remaining idle for two years. The fans in this "city of shipyards" are really fight hungry. The first show held at the Convention Hall proved a success from a financial viewpoint and was filled with action.

"Fats" Garry is the matchmaker for Promoter Jim Scott. Both these chaps are old timers at the fight game and should have no difficulty in giving the Camdenites good boxing shows. At this writing, Promoter Scott is negotiating to bring in some outstanding boys. Matchmaker Garry is now working on a Christmas Fund all star show.

Camden, N. J.—Saverio Turiello, Italian welterweight invader, proved too crafty for Buck Streator, local colored boy, in the windup of the first show held at the Convention Hall. Jimmy Gardner, another local lad with much promise, easily disposed of Steve Kahley of Hazleton, Pa., in two rounds. Pedro Firpo, Camden colored featherweight, defeated Ernie Petrone of Philly in a humdinger. Eddie Allen, Philadelphia, won over Herb Black, also of Philadelphia, and Fred Nebo knocked out Carmen Cemena in the second round of a lively, well-matched bout, both Philadelphians.

Promoter Joe Miller will stage his winter boxing shows on the main stage of the Municipal Auditorium in Atlantic City. The stage has been transformed into an arena with seating capacity of 2500. Semi-monthly shows will be held. Joe Wenke will act as matchmaker.

Wilmington, Del.—Lou Brooks, Wilmington colored heavyweight, knocked out Nap Mitchell of Philadelphia and Johnny Kapovich of Baltimore, both in the first round. Brook's only setback since turning professional was in the hands of the more experienced Lee Savold.

Mayon Padlo, Philly welterweight's setback in the hands of the more experienced Mike Kaplan, hasn't disturbed him any. It was a close fight. The judges' and referee's score card showed six rounds for the Bostonian and four for Padlo. We predict that within six months Padlo will have no difficulty with boys of Kaplan's calibre in the welterweight division.

Frankie Thomas' new colored featherweight, Leon Hare, pocket edition of Kid Chocolate, and a stablemate of Bob Montgomery, is a favorite with the Atlantic City fans. Your correspondent predicts a title shot for this youngster within six months. In his last four fights in this vicinity he defeated Willie Roach, No No Cuebas, Billy Speary and Abe Denner—not a bad record for a youngster.

NEWS ON NEWSPAPERMEN—Lou Jaffe, veteran fight writer on the *Evening Ledger*, received a heavy volume of mail pertaining to fight questions . . . . he is considered the walking encyclopedia on boxing . . . . The "Sock" column in the Philadelphia *Daily News* by Lanse McCurley, sports editor, fires the imagination as a laugh provoker par excellence . . . . and how his legion of followers look forward to his masterpieces . . . . Lou Greenberg, veteran sports editor of the Atlantic *City Press* for the past twenty years, has given up this work for new endeavors . . . . The Philadelphia *Inquirer's* fight writer, Johnny Webster, supervises the *Inquirer* Diamond Belt amateur boxing championships, which is an annual feature in the Philadelphia area . . . . Our friend Joe Phelan of the Philadelphia *Record* is a great guy . . . . his advance notices on major boxing shows are widely read . . . . Bill McGaw, on the same paper, gets thrilled when covering a boxing show . . . . he is a real fan . . . . Jack Fried's story in the "Sports Parade" of the *Evening Bulletin* on Mayon Padlo was swell, and provoked much favorable comment . . . . The writer can be reached at 605 Shubert Bldg., Philadelphia. Merry Christmas.

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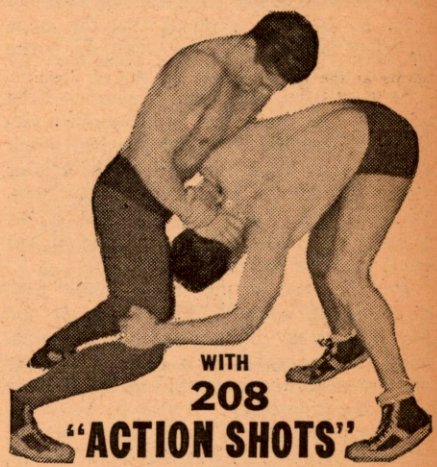

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Service Boxing in Hawaii

(Continued from page 23)

fans and action aplenty was the password all through the bouts.

In the last two shows presented at the arena not a knockout was chalked up. Most of the bouts went over the three-round route to decisions, showing that the game is being taken with more than an ounce of courage.

C. A. "Killer" Ketterman, who has been winning with regularity, added another victim to his string when he punched out a decision over Walt Wojtziak of the cruiser stable to take the main event. Both boys, middleweights, threw plenty of leather but Wojtziak proved that he could take it and come back for more.

Red Hansom of the cruiser stable took a close one over Whitey Black of the Navalair livery in a middleweight scrap. Black, a youngster who possesses plenty of stamina and courage, will go a long way along the promenade.

Others who shared in the glory for the evening were: T. F. Pue and W. K. Shull, middleweights, who went three heats to a draw; Baiz topped Holt of the Desrons in a welter setto; Houck of the Saccy drew a T.K.O. over Lites of the Cruisers when the latter sustained a dislocated shoulder and could not continue.

* * *

TUCKER, flashy colored heavyweight battler, rode the victory train with a well-earned decision over Turner of the Navalair; Steve Kuzela of the cruisers, a lightie, pounded out a close decision over Estrada of the Navalair by his dashing spurt in the final heat; M. Archambeque of the cruisers had little difficulty in disposing of Boles from the Saccy.

In another show, staged by the Navy fighters, plenty of action was dished out on both sides and the fans howled with glee as each wallop found an eager target on an opponent.

E. L. Hutler and D. L. Reed, a pair of lighties, squared off and pummeled each other for three full rounds much to the delight of the fans, with Reed taking the duke at the end of the argument; "Cally" Callia and D. Martin, welterweights, mixed plenty in their setto with the decision going to Callia.

The main event brought Decanbra and Betsworth, middleweights, under the arc lights and the latter scrapper romped home with the decision after a tough bout.

* * *

HOPPING across to the Army again, we just received word that the boxing stable from the 299th Infantry copped five out of the eight championship bouts held at the 24th Maui County Fair at Kahului, a fortnight ago.

Corporal Bobby Ching, former Territorial welterweight champion, handled the Army stable in fine style and used all his wits to outpoint his rival trainers and handlers.

By far the best bout of the program was the lightweight bout between Frank Joaquin, Army, and Dan Matsuoka of Kahului A.C. Going into the final heat, the Army puncher turned on the heat and cut loose with some terrible smashes which did his opponent no good, slowing him up considerably for the remainder of the bout.

Billy Miller, one of the cleverest feathers who ever laced a glove on his hands, bids adios to the Navy and will return to the mainland, where he will join the ranks of the money fighters.

George L. Stewart, who handled Miller while performing in the Golden Gloves events and A. A. U. bouts, will again take up the reins and guide the little scrapper over the rough spots of professional ranks.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 12)

true with two from the same wing.

Simon went down a third time, in the fifth. Each of his counts were nine.

Referee Sedley's action in stopping the fight in 1.33 of the fifth round, was entirely justified as Abe was unable to protect himself. Lean as a nail and as deadly as a machine gun, Lem had wrecked the hopes of Jimmy Johnston's charge for another crack at the world champion.

What Joe Louis and Billy Conn have done to revive interest in boxing in the East, Lem Franklin and Booker Beckwith, another Clevelander, have accomplished for the mid-West. Considering that boxing has been dead in Cleveland for a number of years, the gathering of 13,256 was amazing. It proved that good fights with well known names will draw out the fans at all times.

Cleveland is again in the big money. Henceforth we may expect that the city will be kept in the fistic spotlight.

Simon scaled 254 to 201 for his opponent.

* * *

JIMMY JOHNSTON, though shocked, decided to go through with another dangerous contest, that between Pastor and Beckwith, a fighter who though only a heavy middleweight, has been clouting heavyweights. He was advised against this because the youngster whom the veteran Bob was facing, had a clear record of seventeen consecutive victories, and like Franklin, was conceded to be a terrific knockout puncher.

What happened in that fight is now ring history. The clergyman's son received a terrific shellacking, winning only two out of ten rounds and being floored twice. Beckwith barely managed to go the full ten rounds and thus Pastor, who has been an active fighter this year, and is one of the best heavyweights, jumped into second place in the challengers' position in our month's ratings.

Based on the one performance against Joe Louis, the outstanding boxing feat of the year, Conn undoubtedly remains the leading challenger in the heavyweight division.

* * *

PASTOR was at his best in the Beckwith fight. Never in his career has he displayed such speed and punching power as he did against Booker. Those who argue that in the defeat of Beckwith, Bob licked an overgrown middleweight who is not even a full-fledged light-heavyweight, must take into consideration the fact that Booker has disposed of all in the lighter divisions worth while and would undoubtedly take the light-heavyweight crown were he given the opportunity to mix it with the champion, the ranking men of that section. He, like Lem Franklin, has been shunted by the cream of the white boys who hate to fool with dynamite, and as a result he has been forced to go out of his division to mingle with the fellows in the heavier ranks. The fact that Beckwith defeated Solly Krieger, now a good light-heavyweight, and gave Red Burman a beating, is sufficient reason why the victory of Pastor must not be underrated because of the weight advantage enjoyed by him.

Johnston's management again has placed him in the spotlight as the best of the current day mentors. Considering what he did with Abe Simon and Pastor, at a time when both were thought to be has-beens, and now getting Bob back into the front rank, makes Jimmy the outstanding manager of recent years.

Beckwith was down for counts of eight in the sixth and seventh rounds and on several occasions seemed ready to cave in as the result of the severe attack of Pastor. Only in the first round did Booker have Pastor in distress, when three lightning crosses brought the claret from Bob's face as the result of cuts.

The third round was by far the outstanding one, with Bob and Booker wading away at each other at a mile a minute clip. Booker showed gameness in sticking it out, for he was frequently in distress. He is a young man with pronounced hitting ability, and though whipped, will undoubtedly come back with a bang but will be forced to start all over again if he hopes to mingle with the heavyweights. But as for his standing among the light-heavyweights, he still rates among the best. The setback at the hands of Pastor does not affect his standing in the least in the lower division.

* * *

JIMMY JOHNSTON'S stable came to the fore again following the Pastor victory, with the triumph of Tommy Tucker over Johnny Colan at the St. Nicholas Club. In stopping Johnny, one of the fistic sensations of the year, Tucker regains much of the prestige he had lost when he was knocked out by Jimmy Webb in the light-heavyweight elimination tournament. So severe a trouncing did Tucker administer to his highly touted opponent who had made his neatest strides in Chicago, that the referee was forced to halt the bout when Colan could not come out for the ninth round. A severe cut brought about the action.

Tucker, like his stablemate, Bob Pastor, a few nights previously showed at his best. The navy lad, like Bob, taking advantage of an eleven pound edge in weights, pounded his way to the front after being in bad shape in the opening round, in which Colan had his opponent bleeding badly from the mouth, and hurt. But a dazzling attack to the heart, starting the third round, in which Colan was dropped, caused the tide to turn and never thereafter was Tucker in danger. The victory was Tommy's best in many moons. Though Tommy says he can readily make the light-heavyweight division and is anxious to battle for the crown, he cannot get down to the top weight of the class and still be strong. He proved that when he went on the scales for the Colan match.

As for Colan, he is a strong, sturdy battler and still will make the grade. The de-

(Continued on page 45)

Making the Grade

(Continued from page 22)

or body—his opponent almost invariably takes a trip to the canvas.

His right fist carries terrific force—and when it lands on the "button," the fans generally start for home.

Katz also has something that many present-day champions lack—and that's timing. It takes a sharp eye and a thorough knowledge of scientific boxing to be able to "time" punches. Another fine ring trick—scarcely seen in fisticuffs nowadays—which Herbie possesses, is the highly effective one-two punch.

When the fact that Herbie Katz is only 22 years old is taken into consideration, one can't help feeling that although he has gone far in the pugilistic field—he still has many fistic years in which to accomplish ring-doings worthy of recording. Willie Ketchum is his manager, and Willie feels that he has a future 175-pound champion in Katz. But that, as Battling Nelson so sagely put it, is entirely up to the fighter.

* * *

JOEY MAXIM

CLEVELAND, once the home of some of the greatest fighters in America and scene of many thrilling battles, is back on the fistic horizon. Not only is Cleveland back as a fight center as was proved by the huge crowd and fine gate for the Simon-Franklin fight, but is sending out many young boxers who are making or have made the grade. Booker Beckwith is one of the boys and now comes another star in Joey Maxim, rated last month at number nine among the light-heavyweights.

Joey is only nineteen years old and has been managed and trained by Vic Rebersak. He was born in Cleveland, on March 28, 1922. While attending Collingwood High School, he participated in ten amateur fights and later had 121 contests in Amateur Athletic Union competition, winning 116 of them.

In 1940 he won the Cleveland-Chicago-New York and National A.A.U. Golden Gloves middleweight title and also was awarded a trophy for being the outstanding amateur boxer of Ohio that year. On January 13 of this year he turned professional and has been going like a house afire since.

He is the first professional to enter the ranking ten in THE RING Magazine during his first nine months of pro competition.

Joe is a combination boxer and puncher, exceptionally fast with both hands and feet. He is tall, being 6 feet 1 inch, and is rangy. He scales now 175 pounds and is still growing. He'll be a fine addition to the heavyweight ranks by next year.

His movements in the ring are well poised and graceful. He is one of the most promising lads among the new crop of fighters, one who is sure to go a long way as a light-heavyweight and later as heavyweight.

* * *

LARRY CISNEROS

LARRY CISNEROS, "The Questa, New Mexico, Keed," is one of the star welterweights on the Pacific Coast. Larry is a sturdy fellow, strong as a bull, and packs a good wallop.

This Mexican boy, though he was defeated recently by the best welter in California, Jackie Wilson, is a good club fighter. He fought Wilson twice this year; his other bout having taken place on August 1.

Larry has fought the best boys on the Pacific Coast, including Johnny Hutchison, with whom he engaged in three contests, with two victories and a defeat resulting; Richard Polite, with whom he drew in eight, and Sammy Brown, who was kayoed in seven.

* * *

PETE DERUZZA

PETE DERUZZA, at 23, looms stronger than ever on the welterweight horizon and has Westchester County fans all enthused over his prospects. Pete has been kicking around for several years, going from one manager to another. Through relatives, Pete came under the management of Dewey Fragetta, and under the busy Fragetta banner, Pete has been forging ahead, until now he is right in the welterweight picture.

In 17 bouts for Fragetta, Pete has scored over such well known boxers as Young Kid McCoy, Kenny LaSalle, Art Dorrell, Cleo McNeal, Tony Ferrara, Vic Dellicurti; drew with Maxie Berger and kayoed Jimmy Grimm among others.

While Pete has always been regarded as a dynamite walloper with both fists, it wasn't until his punches exploded with force on the stout chin of Art Dorrell, to administer the first setback in 28 bouts for Art, that DeRuzza has been given plenty of offers to display his wares around the country.

Following the Dorrell win, Manager Fragetta received offers for Pete to box in Madison Square Garden, and after one or two more starts against headliners, may find himself with a championship match.

MONTANA AND VICINITY

By MEL EPSTEIN

WELL, boys, the Municipal Boxing Commission of Portland, Oregon, has up and done it. Yes, after all these years, they have issued a boxing promoter's license to Bobby Rowe, Portland sportsman. Portland has needed a fair and unbiased man at the helm for a number of years and the commission should be congratulated for issuing a permit to Mr. Rowe. The Rose City, in my estimation, should be one of the best fight centers in the northwest, provided the game is kept clean and a real honest effort is made to keep those who talk fixed fights away from the game. It was only a few short years ago when such star attractions as Leo Lomski, Wesley Ketchell, Young Firpo, Ah Wing Lee, Fred Lenhart and George Manley were turning the fans away, but with the passing of these great warriors of the ring, unethical practices became a by-word in Portland fight centers and it was not long before the city of Portland was confronted with a boxing commission which in turn had no fights to supervise.

Give the fans of Portland a good show and they will turn out because the city is composed of the sportiest element in the country. If anyone doubts my word, he should visit Multnomah Stadium when the dogs are running, or pay attention to the overflow crowds at the Vaughn Street baseball park when and if the Beavers have a winning streak. Good luck to you, Mr. Rowe, but heed my advice—keep the wolves away from your office and arena.

Montana is still in the doldrums fistically speaking and will remain so until the commission revises some of its laws. One ruling the commission should put aside is the one that says: "no champion of the world shall be allowed to appear in a ring contest in the state of Montana unless he defends his title."

With forty-seven other states in the union where the champion can show his wares in non-title fights, it behooves the commission here to see the light and make it possible for a title-holder to show his wares in an overweight match. Everybody wants to see a champion and keeping the kings of the game out of Montana rings, only makes the fans suffer.

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A Corner in the Fistic Market

(During the absence of Eddie Borden in the Canadian Army in which he enlisted for overseas service, the ratings section has been taken over by Meyer Ackerman, who was Eddie's assistant in the past, and The Ring Editor)

ALTHOUGH only Gus Lesnevich of all the champions, put his title on the block for Tami Mauriello to shoot at in Madison Square Garden, another titleholder, Lou Salica, travelled to Honolulu to engage in an overweight match, and Lou, the bantamweight king, was subjected to a sound beating at the hands of David Kui Kong Young.

Lesnevich, making the greatest fight of his career, showing the form that a true champion usually displays, provided the Garden fans with a thrilling exhibition in retaining his crown. But while Lesnevich retained his title, the real upset of the evening was the knockout of the highly-touted Izzy Jannazzo by Coley Welch, a youngster from Portland, Maine, who had been coming forward in leaps and bounds.

Through a month which provided much more activity than the last one, however, it was Bob Pastor who set the pace by exploding the Booker Beckwith mystery when he handed the Gary, Indiana, light-heavyweight his initial defeat in the pro ranks. Lem Franklin continued his sensational work by knocking out Ample Abe Simon in five rounds.

It took the sensational Ray Robinson only two months to move to the head of the welterweight class by the impressive manner in which he thumped Fritzie Zivic into defeat, while Bob Montgomery, after several months among the 147-pound contenders, proved that he is capable of making the lightweight limit and he will remain there until he grows too heavy for the 135-pounders. He personally asked to be rated as a lightweight contender.

There was a general shakeup in every division but the flyweight class. Pastor's convincing triumph over Beckwith, plus several other victories during a busy month of campaigning, hurdled the New York titular aspirant into the second slot among the heavyweights, directly behind the inactive Billy Conn, who, though not fighting, still holds the post because of his great showing against Louis. Buddy Baer was dropped back into Pastor's previous spot while further down among the big fellows, Alberto Lovell was removed to make room for veteran Roscoe Toles, who battled a draw with Arturo Godoy.

The big noise among the light-heavyweights was another Jimmy Johnston protege, Tommy Tucker, who trained his unerring guns on the forging Johnny Colan, and when the smoke of battle had cleared, Colan, victim of an unmerciful beating following a very good first round, could not answer the bell for the ninth round with his left eye completely closed and his other optic in nearly as bad condition. The knockout moved the sailor into a rating among the 175-pounders, directly behind Billy Soose and Ken Overlin, two former middleweight champions who can no longer make the class limit. To make room for the latter two as the sixth and seventh ranking 175-pounders, Oscar Rankins, Teddy Yarosz and Jimmy Webb were removed because of inactivity, and Erv Sarlen was dropped to number ten for the same reason.

The elimination of Soose and Overlin from the middleweights left two openings to be filled with the result that those ranked below the pair in previous issues were moved up several notches, while Johnny Colan was eliminated because he no longer can make the weight. To complete the first ten, Fred Apostoli, former ruler of the middleweight roost, Ron Richards and Ossie Stewart, on their month's record, were ranked eighth, ninth, and tenth, respectively.

The big change in the welterweight class saw Ray Robinson supplant Fritzie Zivic as the No. 1 contender. Bob Montgomery was removed to the lightweight division and because of the switch, room was made for Sammy Secreet, conqueror of Maxie Berger, to close out the division.

Montgomery, who had resided in the number two spot among the 147-pounders, moved into the same position as a lightweight. The upset of the month, however, was Lenny Mancini's fine triumph over Dave Castilloux in the latter's backyard, thus jumping the transplanted Youngstown, Ohio, Italian up near the top.

Davey Day's retirement caused his elimination from recognition. Harry Hurst climbed into Day's vacated spot with Aldo Spoldi, now going better than ever, making his reappearance into the division as the number seven challenger. George Latka's inactivity and Ray Lunny's defeat at the hands of featherweight champion Chalky Wright caused them both to be dropped a peg. Joey Peralta's poor showing in Madison Square Garden against Mancini was the cause of his removal.

Pedro Hernandez was the real surprise of the featherweight campaigners although champion Wright did trounce lightweights Ray Lunny and Leo Rodak through the month. Hernandez, however, fighting under the Al Weill banner, knocked out Tommy Forte in a round and whipped Sal Bartola to replace the latter in the ratings. To make room for the newcomer, Pittsburgh Jackie Wilson, who has lost his last three fights, was dropped from the roll, as was Georgie Pace, who lost a decision to his supplanter, Bill Speary.

Lou Salica lost another decision, once again in an overweight match, to David Kui Kong Young, which saw the latter moved into second place among the bantams. Forte's knockout at the hands of featherweight Hernandez dropped him a notch in the figures, and he changed places with Manuel Ortiz. Benny Goldberg was removed because of inactivity and his place was filled by Lupe Cordoza, who scored a fine victory over Jackie Jurich.

The bantamweight class remained the same:

Now for the month's results: Lem Franklin led the heavyweight brigade with a five round kayo of big Abe Simon. Bob Pastor kayoed Al Delaney in six rounds and whipped Booker Beckwith and Johnny Flynn. Flynn in turn drew with Joe Muscato while the latter knocked out Joe O'Gatty in five heats. Arturo Godoy and Roscoe Toles drew. Red Burman took the measure of Sonny Boy Walker. Lee Savold kayoed Tony DeGutis and Ralph Koskey in a round each. Buddy Knox stopped Lew Flowers in a round and beat Frank Poreda.

Frank Zamoris kayoed John Godski and Bill Snuffer in a round and Johnny Denson in two. Denson in turn stopped Johnny Boronova and Eddie Organic in a round each. Jack Marshall beat Bill Weinberg and Al Reiss. Buddy Scott stopped Enzo Avon in four heats. Panther Williams beat Henry Cooper. Tommy Gomez whipped Neville Beech and kayoed Jimmy DeSola in three. Jim Robinson decisioned Johnny Shkor and knocked out Joe Mueller in two rounds. Danny Cox beat Charley Wright while Big Boy Bray scored over Yancey Henry.

Jimmy Bivins led the light-heavyweight class with a victory over Nate Bolden. Ken Overlin trounced Al Gilbert. Joey Maxim stopped Oliver Shanks in the fifth. Tommy Tucker kayoed Johnny Colan in eight rounds. Jimmy Reeves scored over Jack LaMotta. Alabama Kid beat Max Raynor twice and won on a foul in seven rounds over Raynor. Ezzard Charles kayoed Pat Mangini in one round. Larry Lane won and lost to Vince Pimpinella. Lou Brooks kayoed Nap Mitchell and Johnny Kapovich in a round apiece. Brooks then stopped Kapovich in eight. Tony Cisco beat Georgie Miller. Tommy Garland whipped Billy Metcalfe and Carlisle Thompson scored over Hardrock Harden.

Georgie Abrams trounced Gene Molnar to lead the 160-pound class. Steve Belloise beat Jerry Fiorello. Antonio Fernandez whipped Carl Dell. Shorty Hogue stopped Andre Jessurun and Johnny Barbara in seven and eight rounds, respectively. Coley Welch took the measure of Jose Basora. Fred Apostoli kayoed El Brookman in the sixth. Ron Richards drew with Max Raynor and stopped Al Basten in five rounds. Basten in turn kayoed Ritchie Sands in eight. Ossie Stewart beat Georgie Miller. Henry Chmielewski kayoed Jackie Donovan in eight rounds. Al Bernard whipped Bobby Britton.

Big Boy Hogue kayoed Mike Sopko in five and Georgie Mitchell in eight rounds while the latter in turn whipped Johnny Barbara. Nate Bolden beat Jack Wittinghill. Jimmy McDaniels kayoed Mike Angieri in five frames. Buddy O'Dell whipped Izzy Redman. Howell King whipped Milo Theodorescu and stopped Eddie Guerra in five rounds. Bill Grant beat Jay Macedon. Jack Young whipped Jimmy Purcell. Lou Schwartz took the measure of Saverio Turiello. Bunky Wall outpointed Vince Fratello. Paddy Lyons stopped Dave McCleave in the fifth.

Ray Robinson's triumph over Fritzie Zivic was the outstanding feat among the welters. Mike Kaplan whipped Mayon Padlo. Holman Williams beat Ernest Cat Robinson and Rand Jackson. Young Kid McCoy stopped Buster Carroll in three. Sammy Secreet beat Maxie Berger. Rudolfo Ramirez stopped Jimmy Garrison and Johnny Hutchinson both in the eighth round. Norman Rubio beat Buck Streator, Jerry Fiorello and drew with Dave Chacon. Chacon in turn was beaten by Vinnie Vines who also beat Dave Bruce. Vines, however, was whipped by Francesco Montaneri while Fiorello knocked out Irwin Kaye Kaplan in two rounds.

Phil Furr took a verdict over Wicky Harkins. Slugger White beat Jimmy Leto. Pete DeRuzza shaded Arthur Dorrell. Harry Weekly stopped Ervin Berlier in the fifth. Ronnie McLaughlin won a foul in six rounds from Hockey Bennell. Leonard Bennett outpointed Herschel Joiner. Joe Legon beat Tony Mar and knocked out Gene Molnar in a round. Eddie Alzek stopped Carl Red Guggino in six and beat Oscar Suggs. Freddie Dixon beat Tony Chavez. Sheik Rangel stopped Cecil Hudson in eight rounds.

Saverio Turiello whipped Buck Streator. Dick Demeray trounced Phil Norman. Allen Westbury kayoed Bert Beulah in six rounds and Terry Reilly in the fifth. Freddie Domico knocked out Johnny Dean in three. Francesco Montaneri beat Pedro Tomez who in turn outpointed Ernest Cat Robinson. Billy Maher stopped Charley Sulic in four. Joey Haddad whipped Mickey Makar. Red Moffett trounced Rego Dell. Sammy Magro took the measure of Vinnie Rossano. Earl Turner kayoed Freddie Cabral in seven while Cabral also took the measure of Rego Dell. Harvey Dubs beat Tito Taylor. Yucatan Kid stopped Joey Raymond

"THE RING'S" RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

For the month ending November 14.

Heavyweights (Over 175 pounds)	Light-Heavyweights (161 to 175)	Middleweights (148 to 160)	Welterweights (136 to 147)
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion Gus Lesnevich	Title Vacant	World's Champion Freddie Cochrane
1—Billy Conn	Booker Beckwith	Tony Zale	Ray Robinson
2—Bob Pastor	Mose Brown	Georgie Abrams	Fritzie Zivic
3—Lem Franklin	Jimmy Bivins	Ceferino Garcia	Mike Kaplan
4—Buddy Baer	Tami Mauriello	Coley Welch	Charley Burley
5—Abe Simon	Anton Christoforidis	Steve Belloise	Holman Williams
6—Turkey Thompson	Billy Soose	Antonio Fernandez	Izzy Jannazzo
7—Lou Nova	Ken Overlin	Shorty Hogue	Cocoa Kid
8—Melio Bettina	Tommy Tucker	Fred Apostoli	Young Kid McCoy
9—Arturo Godoy	Joey Maxim	Ron Richards	Ernie Roderick
10—Roscoe Toles	Erv Sarlen	Ossie Stewart	Sammy Secreet
Lightweights (127 to 135)	**Featherweights (119 to 126)**	**Bantamweights (113 to 118)**	**Flyweights (Up to 112)**
World's Champion Lew Jenkins	World's Champion Chalky Wright	World's Champion Lou Salica	Title Vacant
1—Sammy Angott	Ritchie Lemos	Rush Dalma	Jackie Paterson
2—Bob Montgomery	Harry Jeffra	Kui Kong Young	Little Dado
3—Jackie Wilson	Lou Transparenti	Tony Olivera	Little Pancho
4—Lenny Mancini	Bobby Ivy	Kenny Lindsay	Johnny Shaughnessy
5—Dave Castilloux	Joey Archibald	Manuel Ortiz	Warren Kendall
6—Harry Hurst	Pedro Hernandez	Tommy Forte	Jimmy Stubbs
7—Aldo Spoldi	Sal Bartola	Jim Brady	Luis Castillo
8—George Latka	Mike Raffa	Freddy Pope	Jimmy Stewart
9—Ray Lunny	Jackie Callura	Horace Mann	Small Montana
10—Nick Castiglione	Bill Speary	Lupe Cordoza	Joe Curran

in six. Ray Rovelli kayoed Eddie Burns in four. Cosby Linson whipped Louis Flyer.

Sammy Angott headed the lightweight class with a six-round knockout of Chino Lopez. Bob Montgomery kayoed Frankie Wallace in five rounds and defeated Julie Kogon. Jackie Wilson decisioned Larry Cisneros and stopped Kid Azteca in six rounds. Lenny Mancini trounced Dave Castilloux and Joey Peralta. Leo Rodak beat Jackie Wilson from Pittsburgh. Harry Hurst defeated Julio Gonzales.

Beau Jack whipped Guillermo Puentas and Tommy Speigal while the latter also lost to Frankie Duane who also took the measure of Mickey LaRosa by the kayo route in seven rounds. Patsy Giovanelli and Joey Fontana both whipped Mexican Joey Silva. Aldo Spoldi kayoed Billy Carrigan in the eighth. Danny Bartfield trounced Carmelo Fenoy. Bobby Ruffin stopped Frankie Conn in three rounds and whipped Mike Delia who in turn kayoed Wishy Jones in the ninth heat.

Petie Scalzo trounced Nat Litfin, and stopped Curley Nichols in five rounds. Jimmy Kidd Hatcher beat Bill Speary and Jimmy Gilligan. Mike Evans beat Slugger White. Chief Crazy Horse whipped and drew with George Zengaras. Willie Joyce stopped Ted Christie in two rounds. Joey Pirrone beat Pete Galiano but was in turn kayoed by K.O. Borrado in three rounds. Galiano was also kayoed by Harry Teany in five rounds. Mickey Farber beat Mexican Joey Rivers. Joe Pedroso whipped Harvey Weiss. Vic Patrick stopped Jimmy Dundee in eight rounds and took the measure of Tod Morgan.

Eddie Lander whipped Billy Seward and stopped Ray Isaacs in seven sessions. Ritchie Shinn whipped Ray Campo. Freddie Archer disposed of Georgie Harper in four rounds and beat Vince Dell 'Orto. Ronnie James took the measure of Johnny Ward. Lupe Gonzales beat Jesse James Jackson. Gene Spencer stopped Bill Reardon in the second. Clever Henry disposed of Young Moore by the knockout route. Dencio Cabanella drew with Flash Sebastian. Carmine Fatta defeated Patsy Spartola and stopped Jesse Walters in the fourth. Izzy Schwartz beat Vic Troise. Georgie Hansford kayoed Jimmy Lydell in three heats.

Chalky Wright led the featherweight class with two overweight triumphs over Ray Lunny and Leo Rodak. Ritchie Lemos stopped Eddie Stanley in eight rounds and Jimmy Florita in seven. Harry Jeffra beat Joey Archibald who in turn trounced Billy Banks. Pedro Hernandez kayoed Tommy Forte in a round and triumphed over Sal Bartola. Mike Raffa kayoed Jue Yee Kong in two heats. Jackie Callura stopped Frankie Garcia in the second. Bill Speary whipped Georgie Pace and stopped Spider Armstrong in six rounds. Leon Haire took the measure of Abe Denner. Russell Gonzales beat Paul Lee. Larry Bolvin kayoed Jackie Harris in six rounds. Frankie Donato and Ellis Phillips drew. Chico Hernandez whipped Snooks Lacey.

David Kui Kong Young whipped Lou Salica in an overweight match to lead the bantamweight contenders. Tommy Forte walloped Lou Transparenti. Manuel Ortiz beat Donnie Maes. Jim Brady beat Nel Tarleton. Freddie Pope decisioned Chiquito Sanchez. Kid Tanner outpointed Jimmy Stubbs. Lorenzo Safora won from National Kid. Luoe Cordoza took the measure of Jackie Jurich. George Smedley stopped Teddy Lawlor in twelve rounds.

In the flyweight class, Jackie Paterson retained his high ranking by whipping Kid Tanner. Warren Kendall outscored Don Cameron, and Jimmy Gill took the measure of Hugh Cameron.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Dado Marino, Honolulu.
Bantamweight—Harted Harris, Boston, Mass.
Featherweight—Kid Pacheco, Juarez, Mexico.
Lightweight—Steve Riggio, New York City.
Welterweight—Ernie Forte, Providence, R. I.
Middleweight—Juan Serrano, Havana, Cuba.
Light-heavyweight—Kelly Ward, Minneapolis, Minn.
Heavyweight—Panther Williams, Des Moines, Iowa.

With Borden

(Continued from page 30)

they reached the top circle of select fight managers. Yet with all their knowledge and wisdom acquired through these many years with some of the sharpest people in the world, it was impossible for them to escape the jinx that followed their proteges. Today, however, both Goldman and Mead are on the comeback trail financially.

Previous to the advent of Canzoneri and Armstrong, both Mead and Goldman attained fame and fortune with other fistic charges. Goldman handled Pete Herman as world's bantamweight champion and Mead was looking after the affairs of Joe Lynch, another bantam champion, and one of Herman's most formidable rivals. They may have earned as much with Herman and Lynch as they did with Armstrong and Canzoneri but it went for naught when the final calculation was added.

* * *

WE received a letter from Cyril Angles in Sydney, Australia, in which he states that there is a general revival in boxing interest around Melbourne and Brisbane but interest is lagging in Sydney because of the inability of local managers to develop any worthwhile talent. Cyril is the sports broadcaster for Station 2 U. W., and horse and dog racing, boxing and wrestling are his favorite sports. He is also interested in boxing promotions at Carlton Stadium and is doing his best to revive boxing interest locally.

Ron Richards is on another of his periodical comebacks but he is only a shadow of his old form. The night he whipped Gus Lesnevich, he looked like championship calibre. But the old saying, "fighters may come and fighters may go but managers go on forever," seems to fit in Richards' case. He deserted his old manager, Jack Fennell, who brought him to the top. Fennel concentrated on other material and seems to be doing nicely but Richards has slipped noticeably although in his last three bouts since January he drew twice and won the third time.

* * *

THE rigid routine of army life at the camp has been diminished in the past few weeks with the arrival of additional troops and as a result more time has been found for sports in Canadian camps. Soft Ball games provide the most fun particularly when the officers play against the privates. The last game between them was won by the officers 16 to 10.

The ping pong games are going hot and heavy and plenty of rivalry and excitement is evinced among the various good players. Doug Marshall seems to be the best in the outfit with others like Cpl. Bill Dunphy, Wilfred Wallace, Mike Relihan, Walter Batchelor, Jack McConnell, George Gardner, George Williamson, Kenneth Birtwistle and Lawrence Kelly right behind.

A boxing ring has been promised us by the Y.M.C.A. and as soon as we get the necessary boxing equipment, a boxing team will be formed. Perhaps I'll get back into the ring. Remember when I met Joey Leonard? Well, I do!

There are plenty of recruits who are anxious to take up the sport and others who want to indulge merely for the exercise. There is nothing like boxing to develop the morale and good spirit of soldiers. As exercise, it is as strenuous as any sport, but those qualified to box two and three rounds can be certain that they are in first class physical condition.

Commanding Officer Lieut. Colonel C. S. Thompson is anxious to give the boys every co-operation possible to form a compact, well drilled and smart unit. Too much labor is bound to cause discontent among the men and a discontented soldier is something fearful to behold. Therefore, a well balanced program combining sports of all types and providing competitive spirit gives the boys something to shoot for and daily labor means nothing at all when he knows that there is something good coming to him at the end of his daily task.

Well, my time is up. The bugle is sounding! 'Tis bed time. So let's say, "happy days and a quick exit for Herr Hitler."

Corner Tacticians

(Continued from page 31)

cipal, for Honest John Kelly, the referee, at once declared Sharkey the winner, because of McVey's intrusion between the ropes. Whether McVey made a mistake, due to excitement, or, knowing that Corbett's ankle was injured, and fearing Jim might be knocked out, had deliberately entered the ring to save him from such a catastrophe, was never made clear. The latter hypothesis is the more likely, for when the incident occurred, Corbett was getting considerably the worst of it from the sturdy ex-sailor.

* * *

IT may easily be believed that seconds foregathering in John L. Sullivan's corner were not invited to express opinions as to how the big fellow should assault an opponent. Like a later occupant of the heavyweight throne, Jack Dempsey, Sullivan wasted no time figuring on ways and means of milling, but followed the simple method of storming in and eliminating an opponent as swiftly as possible.

This didn't work in his final ring encounter, when he fell exhausted in the twenty-first round at New Orleans before Jim Corbett, and relinquished his crown. On that occasion his chief second and advisor was lightweight champion Jack McAuliffe, who had just defended his title successfully by knocking out Billy Myers, the Streator Cyclone, the preceding night, in the same ring where Sully was doomed to meet his Waterloo.

McAuliffe, one of the few men who could venture to argue with John L. without getting into trouble, knew that his great pal and fighting contemporary had gone back considerably, and though, such was his faith in Sullivan that he believed the latter had a chance to win, the lightweight champion was fully aware that the Boston slugger could not afford to carry the fight to the young, slim, nimble-footed Corbett.

Therefore, Jack did his best to hold Sullivan back, telling him to let Corbett do the forcing. But despite this warning, Sullivan persisted in rushing, round following round. Corbett punished him with lightning hooks and jabs, keeping out of danger of his fierce opponent's heavy wallops. Along about the seventeenth round, Sullivan, on coming back to his corner, panting furiously as a result of his exertions, remarked to McAuliffe:

"I guess you're right, Jack. This fellow's too hard to catch. I guess I'll stay away from him!"

"The hell you will," responded the disgusted lightweight monarch. "It's too late now!"

And so it proved. McAuliffe always contended that if Sullivan had made Corbett come to him, instead of chasing him around the ring, the big fellow might have won, even though he wasn't within fifty per cent of his oldtime fighting efficiency. But that was probably wishful thinking on McAuliffe's part. Jack was a first-class second, none better, either in his time or today. But the best second on earth can't make a winner out of a gladiator who has passed his peak and has little left but gameness!

Louis' Masterpiece

(Continued from page 4)

paralleled in important heavyweight competition.

That first round knockout was the classic of all the Louis fights.

* * *

SECOND among the achievements of Joe Louis was his thirteenth-round knockout of the young, eager—in fact, over-eager Billy Conn in New York last June 18.

You know the story of that fight—how Louis was fought, toe to toe, by the lighter man from Pittsburgh, and how, with victory in his grasp, Conn lost his head, tried to exchange drives with the Negro, and found himself whipped.

The writer did not see this fight quite the way so many others saw it. Conn got a much more severe beating than reports of the fight had him taking.

However, this was one of the classic fights of the years. Louis won by a knockout with only two seconds left of that thrilling thirteenth round, the story of which follows:—

"Conn sent a right to the head. Louis jabbed a left to the face. Louis landed a right to the head. Conn scored with a left hook to the head. Louis hit a right to the head. Louis ripped both hands to the head. Joe was hit by punches to the head. The challenger tore both hands to the face in a steady stream, with no returns and seemed in command.

"Louis slammed a hard right to the jaw and staggered Conn. They swapped rights to the head. Louis slammed two hard rights to the chin and two lefts to the head. A one-two to the head dropped Conn.

"Louis won by a knockout; time 2:58."

* * *

IN reviewing the 19 fights in which Louis has defended the title, let us not overlook the battle in which he won it. Jimmy Braddock did not have the youth and speed of Conn; he did not have the formidable record as well as a previous knockout victory over Louis which were carried into the arena by Schmeling.

But Braddock had fought a beautiful battle in wresting the title from Max Baer, and he was a skilled antagonist the night Jimmy encountered Louis. But Joe gave Braddock a severe shellacking.

We would say that Joe's victory over Braddock was his No. 3 accomplishment. How this fight ended is told in the story of the seventh and eighth rounds:

Round seven—"Braddock was wild with left and two rights as Joe jabbed a left to face. Louis cut Braddock's left ear. Joe smashed another right to the jaw that made Jim hold. Louis drove hard right to the chin. Braddock was wild again with a left, as Louis kept jabbing still lefts to face.

"Braddock was short with three lefts as Braddock got a right to chin. Louis drove a left to chin, making Braddock hold. Louis jabbed three lefts to face. Braddock drove a left and right to body and another right to head. LOUIS' ROUND.

Round Eight—"Louis jabbed a left to face. Joe drove left and right to head as Braddock was wild with a right. Jimmy was short with two more rights as Joe hooked a hard left to body. Louis cut Braddock under the left eye. Joe dropped Braddock, falling on his face, in which position he was counted out."

* * *

AND now, let us not forget Louis' victory over Tony Galento, in four rounds. Tony, you will recollect, had to get quite a stitching job on his face after that one—23 stitches, to be exact.

Joe's triumph over Two Ton stands out as the No. 4 achievement mainly because in the round before the last, in the third—Galento had floored Joe.

There was a lot of hysterical writing after that engagement. Galento was painted in all the colors of furious and glorious achievement, when as a matter of fact he was just a second rater who, with a lucky swing, had put the champion down.

The story of the fight is told in the last two rounds, as follows:—

"Joe snapped Tony's head back with two tremendous lefts. Joe continued to pump his left into Tony's bleeding nose. Tony's wild left hooks were missing by a full foot. The fight was very clean. All blows were fair. Tony hooked left high on Joe's cheek. Joe was floored by left to chin. He arose at the count of two and was again staggered by a hard left hook and forced to the ropes. Tony smashed Joe about the head with more left hooks and right chops. Tony was now on the offensive, bullying his man against the ropes and slugging him with wild rights and lefts. Tony again staggered his man with lefts. Joe appeared to have an awfully weak chin and staggered to his corner. The crowd was wildly cheering Tony as the round ended.

Round Four—"Joe came out after inhaling smelling salts and ran into another barrage of Galento's hooks. Joe bounced a terrific right off Tony's chin. A left hook staggered Tony. Joe caught a left. Joe scored hard right to head. Tony began to bleed from Joe's left jabs. Joe was desperately trying to end it in a hurry. Tony caught a terrific right to chin. Tony stood helplessly against the ropes as Joe rained blows over him. Joe forced Tony to the ropes, throwing punches to the head and body. Tony staggered across the ring to his own corner and fell into the ropes. The referee picked Galento off the ropes and stopped the fight."

And so the record stands:— 1, The Schmeling knockout; 2, the Conn knockout; 3, the victory which shifted the title from Braddock to Louis; and 4, the knockout of Galento.

And now we will leave Joe Louis to his destiny, with the feeling that in those 19 defenses, the best part of his record already has been written.

The Ring's Quiz

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HOW much do you really know about fights and fighters. If you can come through with three out of five you can pat yourself on the back as an expert in the history of the game. The answers will be found on page 45.

1—Was there ever a fight in which more than $2,000,000 was collected at the gate?

2—What was the weight of John L. Sullivan when he fought James J. Corbett? What did Corbett weigh?

3—Who was the referee of Dempsey-Willard fight? The second Dempsey-Tunney fight in Chicago?

4—What was Joe Louis' first fight in defense of his title? Where was it staged? What was his last? What were the results?

5—Name six world champions in the heavyweight division who won their title via the knockout route?

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

DES MOINES, IA.—The Des Moines amateur boxing team won the first team decision ever recorded against the famed C. Y. O. squad from Chicago. Several of the judges' decisions were loudly booed by the fans.

The Des Moines team won 5 to 3 but its upset victory was dimmed by the fact the fights which brought disagreement from spectators were decided in its favor. One of the disputed fights was between Morton Graves, Des Moines, and Freddie Dawson of the C. Y. O., in the bantamweight division. Graves, who had the reach on Dawson, appeared to tire rapidly in the third round and took a beating near the finish. Graves, however, won the decision.

Booes were even longer in the lightweight tussle between Bob Anderson, Des Moines, and Melvin Johnson of the C. Y. O. The Chicago boxer dropped Anderson for no count with a left to the head in the third, but Anderson was awarded the decision. The results: judges' decisions—

112-pound class, Harold Dade, Chicago, defeated Al Bartholomew, Boone, Ia., by decision.

118-pound class, Morton Graves, Des Moines, defeated Freddie Dawson, Chicago, by decision.

126-pound class, Tony Bausone, Chicago, defeated Paul Powell, Iowa City, by decision.

135-pound class, Bob Anderson, Des Moines, defeated Melvin Johnson, Chicago, by decision.

135-pound class, Don Hudson, Davenport, defeated Frank Bausone, Chicago, by decision.

147-pound class, Tommy Campbell, Davenport, defeated Joe Dugo, Chicago, by decision.

175-pound class, Vance Basler, Des Moines, defeated Mike Sarno, Chicago, by technical knockout in third round.

Heavyweight class, Hubert Hood, Chicago, defeated Don Turner, Des Moines, by decision.

Remember the address of the writer is 2206 N. Lafayette, Sioux City, Ia. Please have your news for the spot in the writer's hands by the fifth of each month.

Des Moines, Ia.—Al Bartholomew of Boone, Ia., won the Iowa amateur flyweight title by a win over Hank Ulrich of Des Moines. Both men scaled in at 112 pounds.

The nine-bout program at the Des Moines Athletic Club also saw three Marshalltown, Ia., fighters lose their fights. Buddy Atkins, 128, Des Moines, decisioned Gil Coffman, 128, Marshalltown, in three rounds; Kenneth Mitchell, 174, of Oskaloosa, knocked out Tom Yendel, 175, Marshalltown, in the first round. Vern Buford, 145, Des Moines, decisioned Jerry Kirgel, 145, Marshalltown, in three rounds.

Omaha, Nebr.—Sebastian Diagiacamo, former holder of several A.A.U. boxing titles and Paul Hernandez, who piloted Jesse Salzar to a number of amateur titles, have been named boxing instructors for the Omaha Recreation Department. Jesse Salzar, who was rated highly as a flyweight in the amateur ranks for several seasons, is now campaigning as a professional with great success. Salzar is also an assistant to Joe Abboud, who is boxing instructor at the Y.M.C.A.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS . . . . J. E. "Ed" Hawkins, who was well known to several boxing men throughout the country, passed away at Mitchell, S. D., after a short illness. He was buried in Sioux City from the home of his brother "Bill," where the body remained until services at St. Joseph's Catholic Church.

From Camp Claiborne, La., we have the following: Company B of Des Moines and the 168th Infantry, has a three-man boxing team every member in the company feels will win division honors.

Fighting at 126 pounds is Private Frank Perry of Fort Dodge who competed in the Sioux City tournament two years ago. At 135 pounds is Corporal Dick Green of Des Moines, a Golden Gloves finalist in 1940.

Sandy Senaright, Duluth welterweight, knocked out Freddy Arnold of Sioux City in three rounds at Duluth . . . . Panther Williams, Des Moines, heavyweight comer, scored a kayo in eight rounds over Harry Cooper of Brooklyn at St. Louis . . . . Sioux Falls, S. D.—L. F. S. Look over the RING Book Shop.

New Faces

(Continued from page 25)

Only 20 years old and with a smart manager like Al Weill to pilot him, Hernandez should be in with the featherweight king, in the near future, fighting for the title.

* * *

BUSTER BEAUPRE

BUSTER BEAUPRE, welterweight champion of Vermont, is considered by New England sports writers as one of the best looking lightweights ever developed in this sector. Beaupre who has been meeting welterweights, lightweights and middleweights, is proving himself one of the biggest attractions in the game. He is a real club fighter that has plenty of speed and a terrific wallop.

Beaupre's record is dotted with many knockouts and his recent victim at Burlington, Vermont, was Felix Garcia of Brooklyn.

Beaupre has knocked out Nick Sullo, Jackie Taylor, Frankie Webber, Eddie Otash, Babe Martin, Kid Forkus, and won over Felix Garcia, Harry Martin, Ken Bushway, and many others.

Beaupre is raring to meet the better boys in his division and looks forward in another year to meeting the top-notchers in the game. Beaupre is being taught the fine points of the game by Bill Leonard, former trainer of Lou Brouillard, Mickey Page, Young Caputo, Babe Lamontaine. In the hands of Leonard, Beaupre will be able to make his debut in and around New York and Boston, and he sure will be a welcome addition for this youngster is only 21 years of age and loves to fight.

Burlington, Vermont, boasts one of the best clubs in New England right now, drawing 1400 to 1600 people every week when Beaupre is on the card. He loves to fight and the fans love to see him in action.

This is one youngster you will hear from in the coming year.

* * *

EDDIE WILEY

THERE are several good reasons why Harry Meyers thinks he has a promising lightweight in the solidly built 130-pounder, Eddie Wiley. This powerful young man, who started to work at the age of 15, helping his father as a cement mixer, has one of the best developed bodies among the newer crop of fighters. His arms are hard as rock—and when he strikes an opponent, the latter falls as if hit with a rock. Wiley is truly a wily battler—being amazingly quick and cunning—which makes him a difficult target to hit.

Eddie Wiley acquired his interest in fisticuffs when he worked in a gymnasium as a masseur of boxers. After acting as sparring partner for some of them, he decided to try the amateurs. He did so—with success—winning all of his 15 bouts. As a pro his record to date is two four-round victories, one loss and four draws. Considering his lack of pugilistic experience, Wiley gives a satisfactory account of himself. Fight fans like his speedy style, his courageous battling and the power he puts into his blows.

Eddie is happily married, is a clean living fellow and loves to fight—good reasons why he should make good.

BOBBY LAKIN

BORN in Jamaica, L. I., 19 years ago, Bobby Lakin began to box as an amateur at 17—winning 26 out of 30 ring battles. This flashy young Negro, during his short career as an A.A.U. boxer, developed into a big attraction. So speedy and spectacular was his style that he was in constant demand to box "special bouts"—which is a distinction not many amateur battlers enjoy.

So quickly did Lakin learn the scientific end of boxing, that he had little trouble in winning the Metropolitan A.A.U. 147-pound class title. And in 1940 Bobby reached the finals of the National A.A.U. championship, in Boston—losing the title by a very narrow margin.

Lakin made good as soon as he turned pro in May, 1941. His style "clicked" with the devotees of fisticuffs, not to mention promoters and matchmakers. They liked Bobby's blitzkrieg action, his efficient manner of throwing innumerable punches at swift-moving foes, the way he slips punches or rolls with them, the agility with which he can get out of tight places. His thrilling action has "stolen" the show from many main event fighters on whose cards he has appeared in a four-rounder. Lakin's left jab is something to watch.

Among the nine victims out of his ten pro battles are: Larney Moore—a clever boxer; Marty King—a terrific puncher; Leo Piero—a rugged scrapper; Willie Calhoun—an experienced battler; Johnny Yellovich—a tough, hard-punching fighter. Up till now Lakin's most important weapon has been dazzling speed and boxing science. But Bobby is concentrating on developing a punch. His manager, Dick Vick, who groomed the crowd-pleasing colored lad since his first amateur bout, is confident that Lakin will be one of the big cards in the welterweight division next year.

* * *

JESSIE HENNIE

SOUTH CAROLINA has a youngster in Jessie Hennie who is rapidly developing into one of the best light-heavyweight attractions in his part of the country. Jessie started boxing as an amateur back in 1937 and as a simon-pure he engaged in 53 bouts and lost only one. He was one of the best boys at his weight in the A.A.U. ranks and it was only after he found himself tops, with little opposition, that he decided to turn professional on April 1, 1941.

Hennie has engaged in ten battles at this writing and has won six via the knockout route and four by decisions. His best pro fight was that with Kid Jersey of Newark, N. J., an eight-rounder which Hennie won in thrilling style at Fort Jackson, S. C. Watch this lad.

* * *

EZZARD CHARLES

CINCINNATI has a colored middleweight who seems destined to go a long way if the opinion of fistic experts who have seen him in action is a criterion. His name is Ezzard Charles and he is managed by Williams and Dyer, who are in control of the Williams Athletic Club. Ezzard, former Golden Gloves and National A.A.U. middleweight champion, is a real threat to the crop in that division now parading before the public.

He started boxing as a welterweight and won the Diamond Gloves tournament in 1937 and the championship of the division. The following year he won the Golden Gloves and Diamond Belts tournament of the American Legion and the State A.A.U. championship at Boston. He then became too heavy to continue as a welter and joined the middleweight ranks and repeated his 1938 record by winning every amateur championship in which he took part, including two national titles. He beat Dan Ely, amateur national champion of Canada in two rounds. He had 60 fights without suffering a defeat, 42 as a simon-pure and 18 as a professional. His professional record follows:

Medley Johnson, K.O., 3 rounds; Jimmy Brown, K. O., 2; John Reeves, won, 6; Charley Banks, won, 6; Kid Ash, K.O., 3; Charley Banks, K.O. 2; Remo Fernandez, K.O., 6; Eddy Fowler, K.O., 3; Pat Wright, K.O., 4.

Franky Williams, K.O., 7; John Reeves, K.O., 4; Bradley Lewis, K.O. 3; Marty Simmons, won, 10; Al Woodridge, K.O., 3; Billy Hood, K.O., 2; Charley Jerome, K.O., 2.

Billy Bengels, won, 10; Slak Cavrick, K.O., 2; Floyd Howard, K.O., 7; Joe Sutka, won, 10; Rudy Kozole, won, 10; Ken Overlin, lost, 10; Al Gilbert, T.K.O., 5; Pat Mangini, K.O., 1.

* * *

STEVE RIGGIO

ALTHOUGH fighters from the East Side are usually the boxing type as has been proved in most cases down through boxing's annals, Steve Riggio, belting Ghetto lightweight newcomer, is the exception to the rule with the result that he bids fair to become one of the best club fighters in years to come punching his way out of the teeming Ghetto.

Turned 21 this past October, Riggio has already made his mark in the preliminary ranks as a game, rough and aggressive battler, who would take a punch to get in one of his own lethal wallops and the result is that at this writing, he has already beaten such good youngsters as Petey Bayron, Davey Cohen, Frankie Ray, Artie Tedesco, Lloyd Laskey and Pete Geno among others, in the twenty some odd fights he has had in the professional ranks. Socking Steve has had no amateur experience.

Although he spent three years at Textile and De Witt Clinton high schools, Riggio preferred a boxing career to a college education and he is well satisfied to learn his lessons in the college of hard knocks. He has placed himself under the management of Frank King and Ray Muscarella.

Although Steve is the two-fisted style scrapper and a great crowd pleaser, he has never been hurt in a ring fight and takes an exceptionally good punch. The 21-year-old east side youngster has no fistic idols to speak of, but says that he admires all fighters who swing into action and give the best they have every minute of the time they are in competition.

Riggio is imbued with a fighting heart and fine spirit and with these qualities intends to punch his way to the top before another year has run its course. Managers King and Muscarella have high hopes for their youngster.

Golden Glovers

(Continued from page 9)

Of the recognized world's champions of today, Louis, Lou Salica, Gus Lesnevich, are bona fide graduates of the Golden Gloves.

All of them gained their first claims to fame in the monster simon-pure tourney. Tony Zale, middleweight title claimant, is another Golden Gloves alumnus. A list of other outstanding former Golden Glovers now plying their trade professionally, sounds like a roll-call of the boxing elite. Tami Mauriello, Booker Beckwith, Bob Pastor, Ray Robinson, Pete Scalzo, Franklin, Maxim, Jimmy Bivins, are all knocking on the champion's door in their respective divisions.

Beckwith particularly is the subject of raves all throughout the middle west, all kinds of extravagant claims are being made for him. As this is written before his acid test against Bob Pastor, we should all have the real lowdown on just how good Booker is by the time this article appears in print.

* * *

WITH the exception of Louis, Barney Ross was the greatest boxer to ever come out of the Golden Gloves. The dark-haired Chicagoan, an invincible amateur, was Golden Gloves lightweight kingpin in 1929 and went on to great glory in the professional ring, winning championships in both the lightweight and welterweight classes. He renounced the 135-pound crown after taking the welter title from Jimmy McLarnin and ranked as one of the world's outstanding boxers up until the time he was beaten by Henry Armstrong for the 147-pound laurels in 1937. Bob Olin was another ex-glover to ascend the title throne. The game and hard hitting New Yorker won his crown from one of the most amazing fighters in history when he defeated Maxie Rosenbloom for the light-heavyweight laurels in 1934.

Returning to present day scrappers, there is of course the incomparable Louis, Golden Gloves light-heavyweight champion in 1934, and a strong contender for the right to be called the greatest fighter of all time. If the Gloves had turned out no one else, the Brown Bomber alone would be sufficient to give the tourney a lasting reputation as an incubator of boxing stars, but it is beginning to appear that Franklin may go on to achievements that can be compared with those of Joe.

* * *

WHILE on the subject of Franklin, a gentleman who must be congratulating himself on his farsightedness as Lemuel scores kayo after kayo, is canny Ray Carlin, manager of Lou Nova. When it appeared that Nova was slated to be shunted aside in favor of a fall bout between Conn and Louis last summer, Mr. Carlin was propositioned on a Nova-Franklin bout in Cleveland or Chicago. Ray lost no time in turning thumbs down on that one with these words: "What, take a risk like that when I still figure to wind up with a big shot at Louis? I'd be crazy to risk losing that kind of a chance and that kind of dough for small change boxing a puncher like that fellow. Not me, come around and see me after Lou wins the title from Louis."

Ray was quite a bit off as far as winning the title was concerned, but he certainly had Mr. Franklin pegged right in the light of later developments. The firm of Nova and Carlin wound up with $77,000 for that lucrative Louis shot, which is just about ten times what they might have gotten for exposing Lou's chin to Franklin's blasts.

In a short while the Golden Gloves tourneys will be rolling across the country again, and if past performances mean anything, they will prove the same annual tonic to boxing that they always have been.

N.B.A. Aids

(Continued from page 13)

of Columbia Boxing Commission, sponsored and awarded the medals to go to the champions of the Seventh Regiment, commanded by Colonel James W. Webb U.S.M.C.

Division Special Troops, including the parachutists, engineers, tank men and similar units, under Colonel William G. Hawthorne, U.S.M.C., will receive titular medals awarded by the Wilmington (N. C.) *Star-News.*

The Charleston (S. C.) *Post-Courier* awarded the medals for the champions of the 11th Regiment, basing at Parris Island, S. C. They will come to New River, N. C., for the finals.

The Variety Club of Washington, D. C., has awarded medals and will sponsor the regimental championships for the Division Service troops under Colonel Martin J. Kelleher, U.S.M.C. This unit includes truck drivers, Navy medical troops and similar units.

* * *

IN the Division finals, only regimental champions will face each other.

The tournament, to be conducted similar to an intercollegiate meet, will be under the supervision of Lieutenant Colonel Harvey L. "Heinie" Miller, U.S.M.C., who, in addition to being the First Marine Division's morale officer, is executive secretary and past president of the National Boxing Association, as well as boxing coach of the University of Maryland.

"The prime purpose of the Marine ring tournament," said Miller, "is to provide high grade athletic entertainment for the thousands of Marines in the First Division, and we should uncover some great ring prospects from among that many combatant volunteers. Once the champions have been crowned, it will be up to them whether they wish to box as amateurs or professionals. If any choose the latter course, it will be our responsibility to see that they are not exploited by incompetent so-called managers. We may produce a future world's champion and whether we do or not we'll handle our fighters as though they were champions. We'll do the best job we know how with the talent we produce."

Radio Orations

(Continued from page 21)

The dog greeted arrivals at the camp with a broadly wagging tail, and a welcoming aspect that put most folks at their ease, despite his evident physical ability to pull down a man, had he been so disposed. But if Bob touched him on the shoulder, Yarrum immediately became transformed into a fighting demon, displaying two white rows of large, sharp fangs, foam dripping from his jaws, and his deep, rumbling growl threatening all sorts of destructive things.

This was all comedy stuff, of course, but Yarrum was such a good actor that those who knew no better thought he was a veritable man-eater. Fitz greatly enjoyed putting on the Yarrum act for the benefit of new arrivals at the training quarters. Here and there he encountered men who were dog-lovers, knew them and didn't fear them, and wouldn't fall for the canine bluff. But most people were really scared by the ponderous mastiff, until Bob slapped him on the back, and the dog stood up on his hind legs to receive merited applause.

* * *

THE late George Siler had been appointed to officiate as third man in the ring. The day he arrived in Carson City the veteran referee dropped into Fitzsimmons' camp, and found Bob and Yarrum alone. Siler had never seen the dog. In response to his master's touch, Yarrum started his hostile demonstration, and Siler edged rapidly toward the door.

"Great Scott! Where did you get that killer?" shouted the startled visitor. "Call the brute off, Bob!"

Yarrum, with blazing eyes fixed on his quarry, advanced menacingly, uttering terrifying growls. Siler stared at the beast in fascinated horror, and again loudly appealed for protection.

"Why, you ain't goin' to show the yellow, are you, Gawge?" laughed Fitzsimmons. "It's all right, blimey. I know 'e won't 'urt you!"

"That sounds good," retorted the indignant Siler, "but it's not good enough for me. Maybe you know he won't hurt me, but I'm not sure the damned dog knows it!"

At this juncture Bob gave Yarrum the "cease firing" signal, and the four-footed Thespian went into his begging act, much to Siler's relief.

Stories without end have been told of Fitzsimmons' propensity for playing practical jokes, and the same tendency has been observed with regard to many other star glove-performers. A merry time was had by all in the training camps where Jack Johnson presided, with his fondness for playing the big bull fiddle, and happy-go-lucky ways peculiar to his easy-going race. Jeffries was a rather morose type when in training, as was Jess Willard. Corbett and Tunney were "betwixt and between," inclined to be a bit serious, yet not above joining in a light-hearted jest. Max Schmeling continually wore a mask of true Teutonic gravity.

There were gay times around the camps of Mickey Walker and Primo Carnera. Jack Dempsey's reputation as a practical joker is on a par with that of Fitzsimmons, and the irrepressible Max Baer was forever clowning in ring, training quarters and private life.

Present leaders of the fistic brigade go about their training in a strictly business sense, with no time off for fooling. Joe Louis isn't exactly melancholy, but he rates as the very antithesis of the ever-cheerful Jack Johnson. Joe can smile and enjoy a quiet jest with anybody, but isn't given to "cutting-up" stunts. In and out of the ring, the heavyweight champion maintains an air of polite dignity, and the "poker-faced" expression so often noted by sport-writers.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 38)

feat will do nothing more than stir him along to the heights again because he possesses every asset of a good fighter except one—he doesn't know how to get out of range of a punch and he will learn that soon enough.

* * *

BY far the greatest contribution made to boxing from the point of view of national publicity, an aid to a worthy cause, is that of Mike Jacobs' decision to turn over one of the biggest fistic attractions of the year, the return Joe Louis-Buddy Baer world heavyweight championship fight, to the Navy Relief Fund. This contest, which normally figured to fill the Garden to the rafters, should not only develop into a thrilling affair, but should yield more than $200,000 to this great charity.

When Admiral Andrews of the third naval district and commander of the North Atlantic Naval Coastal frontier, clinched that bout for his charity show, he landed an ace and when Mike Jacobs consented to turn over the entire receipts other than Joe Louis' expenses, he performed an act of charity that will long be remembered by those of the Navy Fund who have done such noble deeds in caring for their needy.

When it comes to charity, boxing, more so than any other sport, is always in the front line trenches. During the last world war, it was boxing that contributed millions of dollars to all funds, and the Louis-Baer fight will undoubtedly be the forerunner of a number of other gigantic fistic shows that will be launched throughout the country for the benefit of the men in the service. That a capacity crowd will view the Louis-Baer return encounter, is certain regardless of the admission prices. The fund, last year, handled more than eleven thousand cases of needy seamen and their dependents at an expenditure of a half million dollars.

* * *

RICHIE LEMOS may not be the best featherweight in the world, but the Californian, who is recognized by the National Boxing Association as world champion, is a crowd pleaser and a good fighter, besides being a consistent winner. When he kayoed the aggressive Jimmy Florita in 2.33 of the seventh round at Los Angeles with a solid right to the pit of the stomach, he hurdled his thirteenth Olympic Auditorium battle without a single loss. He has lost only one fight out of 11 this year. Though floored twice in the first heat and losing the opening two sessions by wide margins, the N.B.A. king showed true championship spirit by coming from behind to give his opponent a lacing.

A fight between Lemos and Chalky Wright, the internationally recognized world feather king is in order. Such a match should be made for the Coast where it would draw well and through such a contest, the ridiculous situation of having two champions, a legitimate one and a commission made one, would be eliminated. I am for any contests that will eventually lead us back to the good old days of having one man head each division.

Boxing has lost one of its staunchest supporters in Biddy Bishop, a friend of many years standing. Biddy, whose fight for clean sport was nation wide, and whose work as fight manager and promoter focused international attention upon him, passed away in San Francisco on October 21. He was 73 and for more than 40 years was one of the outstanding figures in boxing on the Pacific Coast.

Bishop came into the fight game as a writer on the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and the Tacoma *Tribune*.

As a manager, he had great success with the Mexican lightweight, Aurelio Herrera. As a promoter, he ranged over the Pacific Coast and was particularly active in Oakland. With him honesty was the best policy and for years he was recognized by the sports fraternity as a man who loathed the dishonest promoters and managers who thrived on milking the boxers from their just dues. Biddy was known wherever boxing thrived.

To Freddie Cochrane, welterweight king, goes the honor of being the second world champion in the history of American boxing to enlist in the service of his country while holding a title. The first was Mike O'Dowd, middleweight king, in 1918. Cochrane, who joined the Navy shortly after he had gained the crown, took the oath on October 22 and is now an athletic instructor at Newport Naval Training Station. His work consists of teaching boxing and general physical conditioning to the recruits who are sent to that station for preliminary training.

The Navy, through the office of Gene Tunney, commander of the athletic forces, has garnered some of the best boxing talent in the country. Through the efforts of these young men, not only is the morale of the station where they are harbored kept at high pitch, but most helpful instruction is given the men in the art of self-defense. Tunney is doing a great job and thanks of a nation are due him for his efforts on behalf of the youth of America.

* * *

AUSTRALIA, like South Africa and New Zealand, has the cream of the sportsmen in the service of the King, but this does not prevent these countries from carrying on their favorite sport—boxing. In many cases, veterans like Ron Richards, Tod Morgan, Purcell, Fred Heneberry, among others who had retired, are back in the fold giving some fine entertainment to the died-in-the-wool boxing fans, to take their minds off the worries of the great world conflict.

Among the most popular fighters now showing their wares Down Under, are Mickey Miller and Jackie Clements, two of the biggest favorites; Young Jocker, Kid Young, Al Basten, Terry Reilly, Vic Patrick, Ron Conybear, Ron Richards, Tod Morgan, Jack Young, Billy Buddle, Bert Osborne, Max Raynor, Kid Delaney and an American fighter who has done swell work in Australia, Alabama Kid.

In the entire British Empire, even in the training camps and on the back stretches of the battlefields, boxing still retains its interest for the service men. It is the one sport, above all others, that finds a warm spot among the British regardless of world conditions.

* * *

JACK JOHNSON, like many other of the old timers, still refuses to concede the greatness of either Jack Dempsey or Joe Louis as compared to the men who thrived in his days as a fighter. Arriving in California recently to show his new fighter, Lee Ross, a twenty-two-year-old Detroit heavyweight, Jack declared in an interview with the newspapermen that in his opinion neither the Manassa Mauler nor the Brown Bomber figured among the first ten in his list of world famous heavyweights.

Discussing the situation that now confronts boxing, the former heavyweight king declared that with the exception of Louis there isn't a representative of the heavyweight division who could have stood the gaff against any one of twenty heavyweights who were in the spotlight between 1900 and 1912. As for Dempsey and Louis, Johnson named Sam Langford, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Corbett, Jim Jeffries, Tom Sharkey, Sam McVey, Joe Jeanette among the heavyweights of the past who could have outscored the two wonders of the last two decades. In his opinion, Johnson also named Dempsey as a sure victor over Louis had this pair faced each other when both were in their prime.

Of course, the general public will argue this point pro and con and probably for as many supporters of Louis and Dempsey, one would find an equal number who would side with the opinion of the Galveston Negro. As for me, I repeat what I have so frequently said—I believe, as does Johnson, that in a fight between Louis and Dempsey both at their best, Dempsey would have whipped Louis because of his tearing-in blasting style of attack and terrific punching power combined with the killer instinct, one of the greatest assets Dempsey possessed. It would have been a case of victory for the one who scored the first powerful blow and that man, I believe, would have been Jack Dempsey.

Johnson also declares that the greatest heavyweight champion of all times was Jim Jeffries, with Bob Fitzsimmons rating behind him. Of course, there can be no doubt that Jeffries and Fitzsimmons rated among the world's greatest heavyweights, but I think that Jack Johnson is entirely too modest by not mentioning himself. There was no greater all-round fighter than the former world heavyweight king.

The Ring's Quiz Answers

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HERE are the answers to the questions printed on page 42.

1—Yes. The Dempsey-Tunney fight at Chicago. Receipts were $2,658,660.
2—Sullivan weighed 214 pounds; Corbett, 178.
3—Dempsey vs. Willard, Ollie Pecord; Dempsey vs. Tunney at Chicago, Dave Barry.
4—Joe Louis' first defense of crown was against Tommy Farr, August 30, 1937, Yankee Stadium, 15 rounds. His last was against Lou Nova, Polo Grounds. Knockout scored by Louis in sixth.
5—Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Eillard, Dempsey, Carnera, Baer and Louis.

Carney Passes On

(Continued from page 7)

looked like victory for the Briton was transformed into a very dubious draw.

"But in that case at all events, Carney was guilty of frequent and indiscriminate fouling, so there wasn't too much sympathy wasted upon him. Abbott, however, fought a clean, game fight against a tough who repeatedly broke all the rules of the game, and did everything but bite or kick him. Judging by the way the referee ignored Everhardt's flagrant violations of the Queensberry rules, he could have committed mayhem without risking the disapproval of the third man in the ring. If Stanton Abbott had suffered permanent crippling injury when he was thus manhandled, there would have been many witnesses only too anxious to testify on his behalf, if the English boxer saw fit to bring suit in the courts against the club executives."

* * *

IN what some well-meaning folks call "the good old days" of the Horton Law, but which those in the know are inclined to rate as "not so good!" there was plenty of skulduggery both as regarded dubious rulings by referees, and pressure brought to bear on fighters by secret, and sometimes almost open intimidation. None of this crooked work was so raw as the methods employed in the Carney-McAuliffe battle, but it was quite powerful enough to get desired results for the gambling element, backed by "higher-up" politicians.

On August 27, 1900, Joe Walcott was fighting Tommy West before a New York club. Walcott, undoubtedly one of the greatest of the welterweight champions, was in grand shape that night, and though West was by no means an adversary to be despised, it was generally expected that the colored crack would defeat him.

It looked that way for several rounds. But just before the bout went into the eleventh session, Tom O'Rourke, manager of Joe, who was in his corner, whispered something in his fighter's ear. In that eleventh round, West had everything all his own way and Walcott did not come up for the twelfth. It was claimed that Joe was suddenly disabled by a cramp in his right leg.

The real truth of the matter was that O'Rourke was given a message at the ringside, shortly before he issued private orders to Walcott. The message was to the effect that Walcott must lose—or else—and it came from a quarter that O'Rourke knew he must pay attention to. Not long before his death, O'Rourke admitted to me that this was what caused the unexpected slump in Walcott's fighting form and West's victory.

"Compared with what a fight-manager had to buck in those misnamed 'good old days'," said the veteran, "the chap handling boxers today has a cinch. There were good fighters then—but, man, there were some infernally bad bozos in the background!"

* * *

RINGSIDE riots were not unknown ing the Horton Law period, but these disturbances did not involve gunplay and threats of homicide, such as lent color to the Carney-McAuliffe fistic festivities. There was another difference, too, for the bluecoats once dreaded foes of pugs and promoters, were always on hand to play protective, instead of raiding roles, and restore peace to contending factions, even if they had to club belligerent heads in so doing.

When Joe Gans stopped Spike Sullivan in 14 rounds before a Manhattan club on February 9, 1900, there was a rush made for the ring by Spike's Celtic followers, threatening revenge on the referee, and a very pretty free-for-all scrap started. This was speedily quelled by the attendant cops, who swung their locusts impartially on Gans and Sullivan yelpers alike, until the rough-and-tumble battlers ceased operations.

Carney was no stranger to American ways or American rings, when he fought Jack McAuliffe. Five months prior to that affair, he knocked out Jimmy Mitchell, a Philadelphia lightweight, in eleven rounds, with skintight gloves, this mill taking place on a barge anchored in Long Island Sound, thirty miles from New York.

His first visit to this country was in 1881, when he was accompanied by three other Birmingham fighting men, Sam Breeze, Charles Hipkiss and Jim Walder. The members of the quartette put in a couple of months filling an engagement at the notorious saloon run by Owney Geoghegan on the Bowery, where they boxed daily and nightly. Carney also gave boxing exhibitions in Boston and Philadelphia, but returned home to England before the year ended.

When Jem lost his English lightweight title to Dick Burge on May 25, 1891, he was disqualified for repeated perpetration of the offenses he committed during his battle with McAuliffe. These included biting, wrestling and back-heeling. Carney simply couldn't refine his scrapping methods in accordance with modern demands. Referee Peggy Bettison, after administering frequent warnings to the rough-and-ready Brum, lost patience altogether when Jem back-heeled his opponent for the 'steenth time in round eleven, and declared Burge the winner on a foul.

When a return match with Burge was proposed, Dick was willing, but insisted that the bout take place at the National Sporting Club of London. That didn't suit Carney. Jem wanted a scrap in an open field, with no purse, but for a stake. Burge offered to wager $5,000 on himself in a match at the National, but Carney declined. The modern club atmosphere was too much of a handicap for this tough throwback to oldtime milling styles, who had done time in an English jail, following the death of an opponent, Jimmy Highland, in a forty-three round bare knuckle battle lasting one hour and forty-five minutes, in 1881.

* * *

WHEN Carney retired from the ring, having finally realized that he was too far out of date to compete successfully according to the new school boxing methods, he became henchman-in-chief to the eccentric millionaire, George Alexander Baird, better known in sporting circles as "Squire Abingdon." Jem officiated as his employer's bodyguard, and as might have been expected, proved himself an extremely efficient one.

The pugilist's adventures in this capacity would make colorful and thrilling reading if they could be published, for the Squire was constantly involved in escapades with underworld desperadoes of both sexes, and frequently the object of attempted blackmail. Baird was never averse to getting into a fist-fight himself. He had some skill with the gloves as an amateur, and was not wanting in courage. But on more than one occasion it was lucky for him that the iron mawleys of Jem Carney were in evidence to back him up. London's worst ruffians feared the ex-lightweight champion, as well they might, for there was nothing Jem loved better than a knockdown-and-dragout scrap, with no rules to hamper him.

Baird was an enthusiastic patron of the ring, but singularly unlucky as regarded the men he backed. He pitted Jack Burke, the "Irish Lad," against Ted Pritchard, and the latter won. He took Pritchard into his stable and put him against Australian Jim Hall, and the man from the antipodes put out Pritchard in four rounds.

The Squire then got a match for Hall with Bob Fitzsimmons before a New Orleans club. Hall had kayoed Fitzsimmons in Australia, just before the latter went to the United States and won the world's middleweight title from Nonpareil Jack Dempsey. Fitz was only too willing to accept a chance of getting even with his conqueror and the fight took place at the Crescent City on March 8, 1893, with Baird and Charlie Mitchell in Hall's corner. Fitzsimmons scored a clean knockout in the fourth round.

Carney did not accompany his patron on this American trip, and shortly after the defeat of Hall, the Squire was taken ill and died in New Orleans.

* * *

JEM'S activity in Abingdon Baird's exacting service got him into trouble more than once, but notably in connection with the fight at Bruges, Belgium, between Jem Smith, English heavyweight champion, and Frank P. Slavin of Australia. This was declared a draw in the fourteenth round, after the ring had been broken into by a gang headed by Carney. Slavin was attacked and struck with knuckle dusters, and clubs, just as he had Smith staggering on the verge of a knockout.

The affair created a big scandal in British sport circles. Lord Lonsdale, head of the extremely autocratic Pelican Club of London, which practically controlled boxing in England, started an investigation into the Belgium battle. He fixed the responsibility for the work of Carney and the latter's band of plug-uglies on Squire Abingdon, and demanded the latter's resignation from the Pelican, as "one unfit to associate with gentlemen!"

After his patron's death, Jem Carney settled down in London, and became a familiar figure at the racetracks, for, like his old antagonist, Jack McAuliffe, he liked to bet on the horses. For many years following their seventy-four round combat, Jem and Jack nursed a mutual grudge.

But eventually, the oldtime gladiators were reconciled. In February, 1914, McAuliffe and Carney appeared in a joint benefit held in Jem's native city. Birmingham sports packed the Gaiety Theatre and gave a rousing welcome to the two ex-champions of the *ancien regime*, both of whom have now passed on to the Valhalla of all true fighting men.

The Bigger They Come

(Continued from page 15)

the men would continue on the following day. To this the men agreed but owing to police vigilance and other interference, they did not meet again until a fortnight later, December 20. By that time Freeman had increased his weight to 348 pounds and had also increased his fighting knowledge through a special, systematic training. After thirty-nine minutes of burlesque, the Slasher dropped without being hit and the stakes were awarded to the American.

Drink finally caused Freeman's death. He was lured to go the pace and when repeated colds, caught from his carelessness and recklessness, produced lung trouble, this great big fellow had no more stamina left to resist the attack on his constitution and he died from pneumonia.

His huge frame soon dwindled with the loss of 150 pounds and he passed away in Winchester Hospital in 1845, a victim of "wine, women and song."

Such was the sad ending of the tallest man that ever graced a prize ring. When John C. Heenan was in England he caused a monument to be placed on Freeman's grave.

* * *

SOME fifty years later, another behemoth appeared on the scene in the person of Ed Dunkhorst. He weighed in at something like 290 pounds and in a circus tour of the country had racked up some 17 consecutive kayos over an assortment of farmers, iron-puddlers and the like. They labeled big Ed with the tag, "The Human Freight Car."

So absolutely positive that Ed could lick anything on two legs, his handlers jumped at the opportunity to pair him against freckled Bob Fitzsimmons. The knock-kneed New Zealand blacksmith was the personification of ring perfection. Over a ring career that stretched over a period of 34 years, he flattened nearly 400 assorted opponents.

Sports writers of the period howled that it was nothing short of murder to let Dunkhorst fight the little 168-pound Fitzsimmons. Fitz, upon hearing the laments of the wiseacres, nonchalantly coined the now famous phrase, "The bigger these guys are, the harder they fall."

And Fitz lost but little time in proving that he was right. In one of the early rounds, Bob slithered inside a wild Dunkhorst right, and buried his left elbow-deep in the giant's blubbery tummy. Being human, Dunkhorst went the way of all flesh that caught a Fitzsimmons wallop in the guts.

Came the "white hope" days, and with them came to the ring wars the towering Minnesota plasterer, Fred Fulton. He stood an even 6 feet 6 inches, and sagged the Fairbanks to 225 pounds. He was a good boxer, and possessed one of the finest left hooks we've ever seen in a piece of fighting mechanism. Some idea of Fulton's punching power is shown in a glance at one of Tom Andrew's old record books. Carl Morris in four, Jim Flynn in two, Gunboat Smith in two, Arthur Pelky went out in five and Texas Tate in two. The paralyzing Plasterer also managed to hang a technical kayo on old Sam Langford and Frank Moran, and was standing in the shadow of the championship throne when, one summer afternoon, he agreed to swap wallops with a rough-and-ready young mauler from the Rocky Mountain region, a black-thatched kid by the name of Jack Dempsey.

As is usually the case, Fulton was a prohibitive favorite in the betting. Even as the din of the opening bell sounded, the fans were arguing about what round Fulton would stow the newcomer away in.

Fulton stepped out, let loose a wicked left that overshot the mark. Dempsey ducked under it, ripped in close, and shot a left to the Plasterer's under-slung chin. Though the blow traveled a scant eight inches, Fulton nearly tore a hole in the ring floor when he crashed like a dynamited smokestack. They could have given him ten minutes to get back instead of the ten seconds, and it would have been all the same.

And that one wallop on the whiskers ruined Fred Fulton as a first-class fighting man.

* * *

AT the same time and era, the huge Kansas cow-puncher, Jess Willard, was the kingpin of all pugdom, by virtue of a 26-round knockout over Jack Johnson down in Havana, Cuba. Willard was a towering behemoth of 6 feet 7 inches in height, and weighed no less than 245 pounds. He had nothing but utter contempt for an under-sized heavyweight of Dempsey's 187 pounds, but yawningly admitted that if anyone was foolish enough to put up a cool $100,000, he would take time out to whale the daylights out of this Dempsey kid.

They clashed one sultry afternoon in an outdoor arena at Toledo, O. And what a mill it turned out to be! The crowd was a rabid Willard one, and they lost no time in making him the favorite at odds as high as 4 to 1.

The scrap wasn't seconds old till the arena was a madhouse. Dempsey tore from his corner like a wounded leopard and floored the towering Kansan almost before he was off his stool.

Willard climbed back up, but he wasn't anything but a punching bag any more. Riflelike rights and lefts to the jaw tumbled Jess to the canvas again and again.

Six times in all, Willard explored the canvas in that wild opening session. Then a left hook to the chin dropped big Jess for the seventh time. Ollie Pecord tolled off ten seconds. Dempsey was out of the ring and halfway down the aisle to his dressing room when he was informed that the bell had stuck and that Willard had been saved at the count of seven! An exhausted, armweary Dempsey was returned to the ring to resume the massacre.

Willard had regained a portion of his wits by now, but Dempsey toyed with the gangling giant, feinted him into knots, bouncing him off the ropes going and coming. When the bell clanged ending the third round, Willard was all in. While sitting in his corner he announced he was through, and Dempsey received credit for a three-round kayo.

* * *

NOR are these all. Carl Morris, the 245-pound "Sapulpa Engineer," who was boxed silly by 180-pound Jim Flynn, and who finished with his nose in the resin no less than half a dozen times. And the lumbering Englishman, Tom Cowler, who invaded these shores with championship ideas, only to run into a dozen different knockouts.

And coming down to the more modern era, there was the 265-pound snaggle-toothed Italian, Primo Carnera. At various times through a hectic career, a cement finisher, circus strong-man, carnival wrestler—and eventually world's heavyweight champion. But Carnera's huge amount of beef and brawn wasn't enough to get him by. A year after stopping Sharkey to win the title, Max Baer smashed Carnera into the resin eleven times in as many rounds to lift his crown. And essaying a comeback, Primo was clubbed into unconsciousness by the pistonlike shots of Joe Louis in six brutal one-sided rounds.

* * *

AND so the ambling giants come and go through the doorway of pugilistic fame. And out in the hinterlands, someone is always on the lookout for these mammoth human beings that imagine their strength and size can get them by in ring warfare.

One of the latest to make an attempt at the ring game was a giant shot-putter by the name of Jack Torrance. He held half a dozen world records at tossing the 16-pound shot. Then it was decided to make him over into a fighter. They pared his 330 pounds down to a mere 280, and let him cuff over several round-heeled gentlemen of no fistic import. But when it came time to feed him more durable opposition, the giant fizzled in no uncertain fashion.

A two-round kayo at the hands of Abe Simon convinced the giant Torrance of the error of his ways, and he had the good sense to lay aside the padded mittens in favor of a regular policeman's beat in his native Baton Rouge, La.

The latest dreadnaught heavyweight to be uncovered is a lumberjack by the name of Leo Batiste, that somebody has uncovered up in the logging regions of Idaho. They tell me he stands no less than 6 feet 10 inches and weighs 315 pounds.

Dapper Dans

(Continued from page 16)

another prevented him from going along.

The club then decided to try its hand alone again with Rooney and McGinley acting as partners. Pennsylvania Boxing Commission laws require a local promoter to be used in a case of this kind.

Abrams went ahead and signed former welterweight champion Fritzie Zivic to meet Milt Aron of Chicago in one of four all-star ten round bouts. The second found Harry Bobo, Pittsburgh colored giant in with Bill Poland, New York Jewish heavyweight. The third, Mose Brown, colored slugging sensation in with Jimmy Webb, light-heavyweight contender and the fourth, Mike Raffa facing former featherweight champion Petey Scalzo.

With born showmanship, club officers began to smoke up the card until interest was red-hot again, despite the fact that not one champion, or really big name fighter was on the card. 24,972 fans paid $68,200 to see the second show and once again the boxing world was amazed.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By MEYER ACKERMAN

THE shadow of Joe Gans flitted across the ring at Madison Square Garden as youthful Ray Robinson, the Long Stick of Chocolate from the streets of Harlem, proved he is the best welterweight in the country by the decisive manner in which he whipped aging Fritzie Zivic before a turnaway crowd of 20,551 paying patrons who tipped the till to the gross tune of $61,651. By so doing, Ray kept his unbeaten record intact.

The general consensus was that rollicking Ray has but to force Red Cochrane into the ring with him to insure the Harlem Trip Hammer ownership of the coveted welterweight crown.

Zivic turned back the pages of experience and used every trick in his book of ring guile against the flashing attack of the Negro youngster, but nothing that the ex-champion tried could rile Robinson, with the result that Sugar Ray outfought, outsped, and outmaneuvered fearless Fritzie to earn a comfortable majority in five of the rounds, with three even and two going to the Pittsburgher.

It was a story that has repeatedly been written into ring lore—that of youth triumphing over age, with Robinson representing the former and Zivic being shackled by the latter. In spots, the cagey cutie from the smoke-stacked city of Pittsburgh used an effective left jab to set up the ex-Golden Glover for perfect right-hand counters, but every time that Zivic was faced with this opportunity, age gripped his shoulders in a tightening vise and slowed his reflexes just enough to allow Robinson to fight his way out of these traps.

Ironically enough, the punch that Zivic used to win the world welterweight title from a fading Henry Armstrong, a looping right-hand uppercut thrown in bolo fashion, proved one of Robinson's best weapons. On several occasions, Ray jolted Fritzie's head back with these blows and twice staggered the Pittsburgher.

Only in the sixth and seventh rounds did the ex-champion excel. He scored with savage left hooks to Ray's midsection that caused Robinson to gasp and pounded both hands to the head that forced the Harlem Negro to clutch. From there on, however, Zivic faded. Robinson turned on the heat in the last three rounds and won going away.

Robinson scaled 139¼; Zivic, 145¾.

The fight was a hard one throughout, with the work of Referee Arthur Susskind, nee Young Otto, a standout. Otto, a former great knockout artist himself, let the boys battle away to the delight of the fans. Never once did he allow the fight to get out of hand. He broke the boys only when he had to and didn't hamper the gladiators with repeated warnings. They were in there to fight, and "let the best man win," and that's just what Otto allowed. It was the first main bout since 1926 that Otto had refereed in Madison Square Garden, although he has proved in smaller clubs on many occasions that he is one of the finest referees on the staff of the New York State Athletic Commission.

In the semi-windup of eight rounds, Lenny "Boom-Boom" Mancini swarmed all over Joe Peralta to win a comparatively easy decision. Mancini scored with repeated left hooks to the jaw that staggered the Mexican and prompted the spectators to ask just how the latter had upset Chalky Wright in a previous fight. With Mancini, Peralta showed nothing. Each weighed 136¼.

In another eight, Beau Jack again proved his superiority over Guillermo Puentes, this time winning very much as he pleased. Unlike their first encounter, which was a decidedly close affair, this one showed the colored lightweight from Springfield, Mass., win in a cakewalk. Jack, at 135, outweighed his opponent by 4¾ pounds.

In fours, Ruby Garcia, 127½, triumphed over Frankie Gardea, 129¼, and Frankie Rubino, promising Brooklyn featherweight, 125½, knocked out Georgie Coyle, 127, in the fourth round.

A crowd of 3,000 saw Patsy Giovanelli bid farewell to the ring for at least a year as he entered the Service, closing out for the time being his sensational boxing career with a hard-earned eight-round decision over durable Mexican Joey Silva in the feature bout at Ridgewood Grove.

The fight was Giovanelli's thirty-eighth victory in thirty-nine professional encounters. Off to a fast start, Silva staggered the East New Yorker in the second, however, and almost toppled Patsy. Giovanelli came back in fine style through the next two rounds and hammered the Mexican with a punishing attack to the jaw. Joey cut Giovanelli above the right eye in the fifth but continued the aggressor through the final three rounds to earn the decision. Giovanelli weighed 135½; Silva, 134.

In the six-round semi-final, Frankie Rubino outpunched Joey Stack to win easily. Rubino, who scaled 125½, spotted his opponent a pound. In another six-round tussle, Larry Fontana, 153, defeated Meyer Seigel, 155½.

Pete DeRuzza, 148, Mamaroneck veteran, handed young Arthur Dorrell, 144½, his initial defeat in twenty-nine contests in the feature eight-round battle at the White Plains County Center. It was one of the most sensational scraps witnessed at this arena in years with no quarter asked or given as the boys slugged each other to a fare-thee-well.

They set a terrific pace with DeRuzza's experience standing him in good stead. Pete got down low from the firing range of Dorrell's straight right-hand punches and countered with sickening left hooks to the jaw as the youthful Texan could not find a method with which to cope with DeRuzza's bobbing and weaving style. Both Dorrell and DeRuzza were hurt many times during the hectic battle, but they slugged away to the delight of the near capacity house. A last round rally by the veteran DeRuzza clinched the verdict.

In sixes, Henry Vasquez, 129, pounded out a victory over Chico Hernandez, 125¼, and Danny Kapilow, 146¼, triumphed over Freddy Lewis, 148, by the knockout route in the fifth round.

Lou Schwartz, highly heralded Brownsville middleweight, defeated Saverio Turiello, veteran Italian campaigner, in the feature bout of eight rounds at the Broadway Arena. Schwartz, who had an advantage in every physical department, dropped Turiello for a count of two in the third frame and from then on was never headed. Schwartz scaled 163¾; Turiello, 154½.

In the first six-rounder, Joe Torres, 139¾, trounced Jimmy Pierce, 139¼, scoring several knockdowns, while in the other six-round fight, Steve Vacarelli, 128½, outpointed Harry Diduck, 126¾.

Buddy O'Dell, promising California middleweight, won a hard-earned decision over Izzy Redman in one of three feature eight-round bouts at the Ridgewood Grove. O'Dell, 158, forced the fight throughout with the Brownsville Hebrew content to hold. Redman weighed the same.

In another eight, Jimmy McDaniels, also from California, made his Eastern debut a successful one by belting out Mike Angieri in five rounds. McDaniels had a little too much on the ball for Angieri, who, though he never stopped trying, was a little outclassed. The Californian, at 153, enjoyed a two-pound pull in the weights.

In a third eight, Pedro Tomez, 147½, upset Ernest "Cat" Robinson, same weight, to score handily although a decided underdog in the betting.

Young Kid McCoy, one of the leading contenders for world welterweight laurels, found an easy mark in Buster Carroll and scored a knockout in the third round of a scheduled main eight-round battle at the White Plains County Center. The end came in 1:23 of the third round when McCoy crossed a hard right to the jaw of Carroll that floored the Lowell, Mass., welterweight for the full count. McCoy weighed 148¾; Carroll, 150¾.

Bobby Ruffin, Astoria Irishman, knocked out Frankie Conn in the third round of a scheduled eight-round bout at the Ridgewood Grove Arena. Conn, a last-minute substitute for Chief Crazy Horse, did his best under such circumstances, but could not match Ruffin's fine condition. Ruffin weighed 134½; Conn, 140.

In a six-round semi-final, Johnny Aichers, 190, whipped Johnny Cihlar, 182½, while Frankie Gardea, 132½, stopped Frankie Puccia, 135½, in the second round of another scheduled six-round fracas.

Gus Lesnevich, after receiving from Nat Fleischer a world light-heavyweight championship belt, the 106th that THE RING Editor has given to title-holders since 1922, proceeded to demonstrate to a gathering of 12,213 fans in the Garden on the night of November 14 just why he has been designated as the division's crown wearer, by defeating Tami Mauriello, leading challenger, in a savage fifteen-round battle. Unlike their previous affair, in which Gus won a disputed decision, this time the Jersey Russian took the unanimous verdict in the best showing of his career.

Lesnevich, on the short end of the betting, with Mauriello made a 2 to 1 favorite because it was thought Gus was having trouble making the weight, came through like a real champion. He plastered his man with perfect blows that left their mark, hooked vicious punches to the body, had his left working overtime with precision, and otherwise did everything that could be expected from one who heads his division.

Turning in his classiest performance, Lesnevich convinced both his opponent and Tami's huge following that so far as the championship is concerned, the challenger will have to develop a little more before he can be considered a title threat. Tami exhibited loads of gameness, a sturdy fighting heart, an assortment of lefts and rights that landed at times with jarring effect, but just lacks the experience against a veteran campaigner, a shrewd, methodical fighter like Lesnevich.

Gus punched perfectly, his blows frequently sending Tami clear across the ring into the ropes. Three times his left hook, followed by powerful right crosses, almost put Tami down. Only the challenger's perfect physical condition kept him on those occasions from being knocked out.

Tami went right-hand crazy. He thought he could win with one punch, and though the blows hurt Gus, he kept moving forward, fists cocked, and never faltered in his attack on the challenger. Gus got the jump on his man at the very start, and in my count, won nine rounds, with four for Tami and two even.

It was a great battle, a duplicate of their first affair, but even more stirring in several sessions. The bout established Lesnevich. The bout also proved that the victor can make the division limit. His mentor says that Gus will now go after the heavyweights, but he should not be permitted to do that while there are some good light-heavyweights in the field entitled to the same crack at the crown that was given to Gus. Billy Soose, Booker Beckwith, Tommy Tucker and Ken Overlin, among others, are deserving of a title shot.

Lesnevich weighed 173¾; Mauriello, 173½.

The big surprise of the night was the knockout of Izzy Jannazzo, Baltimore's version of world welterweight champion, by Coley Welch. Izzy, a hot favorite, had the advantage as the boys entered the seventh round, when Jannazzo walked right into a solid right to the jaw that dropped him on his face for a count of nine. When Izzy got to his feet, he was groggy and was met with an avalanche of lefts and rights, all carrying dynamite. One blow hurled him against the ropes. Izzy was falling to the canvas when Referee Joe Vaccarelli leaped forward, caught him, and halted the bout.

The knockout left the betting gentry in a complete daze as they had made the victim a big favorite and much money was wagered on the result.

Tony Ferrera of Mount Vernon, N. Y., beat Jimmy McDaniel in a thriller over the six-round route.

Petey Scalzo, former featherweight champion, now fighting as a lightweight, won his fourth straight victory in that division by scoring a fine five-round knockout over Curley Nichols, in what was scheduled as the feature event of eight rounds at the Broadway Arena. Scalzo had too much class for his Bensonhurst opponent.

Although Nichols made a game try in the second round by scoring with repeated left hooks to Scalzo's jaw, Petey stayed on top of his man and hurt him with hard right-hand shots to the body. Scalzo took command from the third round on, belting Nichols with savage right-hand punches to the jaw and when the Italian staggered Nichols with a hard right smash to the jaw in the fifth, Referee Joe Vacarella wisely intervened to save Curley from further unnecessary punishment. Scalzo weighed 131; Nichols, 128.

Frankie Ray gained a split decision over Steve Riggio in the six-round semi-final that was decidedly unpopular. The worst that Riggio should have gotten was a draw. Ray had to concede his opponent, who weighed in at 146½, a pound advantage. In another six, Roman Alvarez, good-looking East Side lightweight weighing 137½, looked impressive scoring over Joe Torres, 140¼, Puerto Rican.

Jerry Fiorello, Brooklyn Italian, stopped Irwin Kaye Kaplan with a cut eye in the feature tussle at White Plains. In a second-round mixup, Kaplan emerged with a badly lacerated left eye and he could not answer the bell for the third round. The weights were: Fiorello, 150¼; Kaplan, 153¾.

Dom Fiantini, Reading, 130¼, decisioned Harry Diduck, Boro Park, 125, in the semi-final bout of six rounds. The fight was a close affair.

Beau Jack, classy Springfield, Mass., lightweight prospect, had an easy time of it with Tommy Speigel over the eight-round distance at the Broadway Arena in the main event, although the fight was anything but interesting to look at. Jack tried to make a fight of it all the way, piling in aggressively, but Speigel would not open up and was content to hold on, which brought boos from a capacity house. The only round that could be awarded to the Uniontown, Pa., boxer was the fourth, which was taken away from Beau Jack for an unintentional low blow. It was the first time in which Jack showed here that he looked anything but impressive, and that was due, more than anything else, to Speigel's cautious tactics.

However, what action was lacking in the main event was provided in the opening six-rounder between Marty Gordon and Johnny Cihlar, which went to the former after a hectic session. They pounded each other for six punishing rounds without a let-up.

The semi-final was also a disappointment in which Morris Reif was awarded the fight over Chico Pacheco on a disqualification in the seventh round.

Steve Belloise, Bronx middleweight now a first-class boatswain, triumphed over Jerry Fiorello in the eight-round feature at the White Plains County Center before a capacity house. It was estimated that a thousand spectators were turned away. The fight was a gruelling affair all the way, with Belloise putting on a final spurt to take the decision. In the semi-final, scheduled for six rounds, Joe Torres knocked out Jimmy Pierce in the fifth round.

Pete Scalzo won his fifth consecutive start as a lightweight but the victory was indeed an expensive one for the former ruler of the featherweight class. The West Side Italian suffered a bad eye injury which he claimed came as a result of continuous thumbing from the open gloves of Nat Litfin, and after the bout, an eight-round feature at the Broadway Arena, Scalzo was advised by his physician that he would need a four months' layoff, during which time the injured optic would respond to treatment.

Although the fight was won handily enough by Scalzo, the real fireworks started under the showers in the dressing room, where there were no judges to officiate or a referee to break them in the clinches. Petey accused Litfin of using his thumbs and when the Bronxite retorted snappily, Scalzo rushed Nat and scored a knockdown with a hard right to the jaw. Friends of both fighters got into the argument and a free-for-all ensued that had to be broken up by the special police.

In two six-rounders, Joey Varoff, promising East Side lightweight youngster, pounded out a victory over Joey Agro, and Roman Alvarez stopped Ernie King at the beginning of the fifth round.

An injury jinx seemed to be hovering over the main bout principals in the Broadway Arena. Making his first start in several months, Danny Bartfield, East Side lightweight, won an eight-round decision over Carmelo Fenoy, but in scoring his victory, Bartfield again became the victim of a fractured right hand and the result is that young Danny may once more find himself on the sidelines for another period of seven months.

Showing his old speed, the youthful East Sider started fast and floored Fenoy for a short count with a beautifully timed right hand to the jaw midway through the second round. It was this blow that snapped the bones in his hand and Bartfield, showing gameness, relied on good legs and a snappy left jab to retain his lead. The triumph, however, was indeed a costly one.

In the semi-final eight-round battle, Sammy Magro, a Chris Dundee protege making his Eastern debut, showed to advantage by taking the measure of Vinnie Rossano. Magro, Birmingham welterweight, scored his twenty-fifth consecutive triumph.

In a six-round tussle, Tommy Campanella and Don Neratko went to a fast draw.

Two local youngsters, Augie Angarano and Jack Kenny, battled the main event of six rounds at the White Plains County Center to a turnaway crowd with the decision going to the former after a hard fight. It was the fourth consecutive show staged at White Plains that produced sellout houses.

In other six-round tussles, Danny Kapilow won the decision over Ray Novelli, Randy Brown took the measure of Larney Moore, and Dom Fiantini scored a five-round knockout of Frankie Carto.

Joey Fontana, hustling Brooklyn lightweight, scored an eight-round decision over Mexican Joey Silva in the feature event at the Ridgewood Grove. Fontana, a last-minute substitute for Terry Young, who hurt his right hand while boxing with Joey in the gymnasium while preparing for this fight, outboxed the Mexican all the way to win in easy fashion. Although Silva never stopped trying, Fontana moved too fast and punched too cleanly to win the unanimous verdict of the officials.

In the semi-final bout of six rounds, Tommy Hogan, colored protege of Bill "Bojangles" Robinson, scored a spectacular knockout over Joe Torres in the second round. In two other sixes, Roman Alvarez stopped Joe Gillis in a round, and Al Maggi made a belated finish to shade Joe Morris.

Johnny Colan now feels that he should never have left Chicago.

Home after a sensational tour of the Windy City where the boxing gentry had been acclaiming him as another Dempsey, the former West Side youngster came, saw, but was conquered by tireless Tommy Tucker after eight rounds of fighting when Colan could not answer the bell for the ninth round upon orders of Dr. Alexander Schiff, who ruled that his eyes were too badly cut to continue. The fight had been scheduled as the main event of ten rounds at the reopening of the indoor season at the Royal Windsor Palace.

For one round young Johnny made a punching bag of the erstwhile sailor, belaboring Tucker with a vicious three-minute attack that left Tommy reeling like a 52nd Street drunk at three in the morning. But Tucker, whose heart beats with gameness, apparently had not read the clippings of the Hell's Kitchen Italian.

Launching a counter-attack of his own, Tucker floored Colan in the third round and then came on to batter Johnny unmercifully through the eighth frame, closing the West Sider's left eye entirely and pounding his right optic into a purple slit when the club physician examined Colan and ruled that he could not continue. Colan tried desperately to turn the tide of battle but he fell victim to an unmerciful beating. As for Tucker, Tommy has seldom showed to better advantage in fights in which this correspondent has seen him.

In the semi-final of eight rounds, Mickey Farber returned to the ring wars after a long absence and took the measure of Mexican Joey Rivers via the decision route.

THE NEW YORK VERSION—Lem Franklin knocked out Ample Abe Simon in five rounds in Cleveland after the hard-hitting Negro had floored the New Yorker in each of the previous rounds. The aftermath could have been more serious, however. Following the bout with hammer-fisted Franklin, Simon was rushed to a hospital where he underwent an appendectomy.

According to a local doctor, big Abe's appendix was inflamed before the fight with the sturdy Negro and Simon had no business in the ring. Simon, however, allowed his gameness to outweigh his better judgment and luckily for him, he escaped fatal injury. The important issue on the subject revolves around the medical staff of the Cleveland Boxing Board, who allowed Simon to go through with a fight for which he was in absolutely no condition and which may have ended in dire consequences.

This is not an attempt to detract from Franklin's ability. Just for the records, we have him rated with the three best heavyweights in the world. It is, however, a warning for commission physicians to examine fighters with more thoroughness than they do. For every time a fighter crawls through the ropes, he invariably places his life in danger. Anything can happen in the prize ring. Let us at least make sure that a boxer is physically fit for the stern competition the ring offers every time the bell sounds sending fighters into action. It only means a few minutes more time on a doctor's part for a complete examination.

The fight, incidentally, drew the biggest gate for an indoor fight in Cleveland, 13,256 people paying $31,623.80 to witness the heavyweight struggle . . . . Ervin Berlier ended his twelve-year ring career in dramatic fashion following his battle with Harry Weekly in New Orleans. The veteran was twice battered to the canvas in the fifth and what proved to be the deciding round, and when he tried to arise following the second knockdown, he plunged through the ropes into the hands of ringside spectators, from where he was counted out. While Weekly was being pronounced the winner, Berlier asked Duke Durel to make the announcement of his retirement from mid-ring . . . . It's been a long time since the Gunnar Barlund-Billy Conn fiasco, in which the former's purse was held up pending investigation. The Supreme Court of Illinois, however, recently overruled the Illinois Boxing Commission and ordered the Gunnar paid his purse of $2,954.95, contending that legally, the fighter was not suspended.

Boxing commissions throughout the country, please note: Jaime Marine, head of the Cuba Sports Commission, has organized a school for referees and judges, who must meet once a week for improvement. Truly an idea that should become contagious . . . . Lou Salica lost his second overweight battle in Honolulu to David Young, Chinese bantamweight contender, in a fight that drew 7,000 fans who paid a total of $13,000. Previously he had been beaten by Rush Dalma. Salica was on the verge of a knockout several times during the fight, but made a game last-round rally, the only one he took. Although New York papers generally credited each fighter as weighing 119 pounds, the correct weights were Young, 119⅜; Salica, 118⅛ . . . . Jem Carney, recognized at one time as lightweight champion of the British Empire, during the bare knuckle era, died in a London hospital recently at the ripe old age of 84.

One of boxing's finest men passed away during the month in Lou Brown, veteran fight manager, who succumbed to a heart attack in his home. At one time Lou was a partner with Jimmy Bronson in the management of Pete and Jack Zivic, Allentown Johnny Leonard, Bobby Garcia and many others. He was 49 years old and is survived by a widow, Hattie, and a son, Stanford . . . . During the compilation of Editor Nat Fleischer's RING Record Book, it was ascertained that of the 5,000 names, the majority began with the initials M and S . . . . Richie Lemos finally succeeded in knocking out Jimmy Florita in seven rounds, but not before the 19-year-old youngster, who had been engaging in but his second main ten-round bout, had floored the N. B. A. featherweight champion in the first round for counts of one and seven . . . . Jimmy Tarantino, well-liked New York sportsman, is looking after the pugilistic future of Paddy Muldoon, Irish light-heavyweight from

(Continued on page 64)

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

JIM BRADY of Dundee, holder of the bantamweight championship of the British Empire, sprang a surprise on 7,000 enthusiastic fight fans at Belle Vue, Manchester, when he gained a ten-round decision over the featherweight champion of Great Britain and the Empire, Nel Tarleton of Liverpool.

Brady fought the right way to defeat the clever Tarleton. He forced the latter to retreat under pressure of a two-handed attack to the body, and although Tarleton swayed, ducked and twisted his body to avoid the Scottish lad's onslaught, he nevertheless was unable to make all the blows go astray.

The featherweight champion at times fought with ease, relying on his long left to Brady's face to keep Jim from connecting, but even as clever as Tarleton was, in trying to make the aggressive Brady miss, the latter kept to his work, and never ceased or eased up in his attack. At the end of ten rounds Referee Eugene Henderson rightly gave Brady the decision.

Jackie Paterson of Glasgow, British flyweight champion and challenger for world title, fought a great bout to outpoint Kid Tanner of British Guiana in a terrific ten-round contest.

These two have met several times, with the crowd getting full value for their money, and this meeting was no exception to the rule. For the whole of the ten rounds there was cyclonic action—no clinches, no mauling, but dyed-in-the-wool slam-bang action, as soon as they were in position to connect with their flaying arms.

When in the sixth session, it seemed that Paterson might score a K.O. victory, after scoring with hard hooks to the colored lad's jaw, the latter came back in the following round with redoubled energy.

Tanner made a do-or-die effort in the last round to pull the verdict out of the fire, and he nearly succeeded when the gong sounded the end of a rip-roaring battle between two gamecocks. The Scottish battler deserved the decision for he had built up quite a big lead early in the bout.

Jimmy Gill of Nottingham, well known as one of our leading jockey boxers and now serving with the R.A.F., gained a clever points victory over Hugh Cameron of Glasgow, the newly-crowned flyweight champion of Scotland, at the end of eight rounds.

Although Dave McCleave was the cleverer of the two in his bout with Paddy Lyons of Manchester, the latter was far away the harder hitter, and after taking a battering for five rounds, McCleave retired, leaving Lyons a good winner and a step nearer his goal for the middleweight title.

Kid Tanner, "the Busy Bee," was again seen in action at the Stadium, Liverpool, when he met Jimmy Stubbs, the fast rising bantamweight, over ten rounds.

Tanner has been meeting featherweights with success, and although on the losing side once or twice, he nevertheless is always a match for any of Great Britain's leading flyweights and bantamweights, and on this night he was full of action against the clever Liverpool lad, who, although able to frustrate many of Tanner's body blows, was forced to hold at times. Still, there was never a dull moment throughout the ten rounds, with Tanner receiving the decision.

Gordon Ashun (Bootle) came in as a last-minute substitute to meet Joe Royce of Manchester over eight rounds and won cleverly on points.

A newcomer to the Stadium ring was Private Jack Walsh (R.A.O.C.), who slam-banged his way to victory over the local Joe Samuels, who was obliged to take the full count after two rounds of heavy hitting.

George Gale of Peterborough, a protege of Jimmy Wilde, made short work of Driver Bobbie Clouston of the Army, as the latter was knocked out in the first round.

The curtain-raiser was in keeping with the rest of the card, as neither Johnny Lawrence (Birkenhead) or Bryn Griffiths (R.A.F.) spared each other for the whole of the six rounds, with Griffiths being named the winner. What a battle these two boys put up.

Norman Lewis (Nantymoel) scored a T.K.O. victory over Jack Tyler (Birmingham) in the second of a ten-round contest at Pontypool, when the referee intervened with Tyler in a bad way.

Harry Stone (Pontygarseg) and Cliff Morgan (Pontypool) fought hard in their six-round contest, which made up for the top-liner ending early, and the fans enjoyed a fierce encounter before Stone rightly received Referee Jerry Welsh's decision.

Another good bout was that between Ted Davies (Birmingham) and Jim Jeffries (Bargoed) over six rounds, which ended in a draw.

A large crowd turned out to witness their local favorite, Freddie Simpson of Basingstoke, ex-amateur champion, meet Jordan Tarone (West Africa) over ten rounds at Basingstoke. Although the contest was by no means one-sided, the former well earned the decision.

Fred Chapman (Woking) outpointed Bill Hawkins (Watford) in a splendid ten-round contest with both men coming in for a great ovation from the fans as they left the ring after a hectic battle.

The Stadium, Liverpool, was again tested to hold a capacity house when two popular fighters were matched over ten rounds, namely Jimmy Moore (Birkenhead) and Bob McLuckie of Scotland. As these two are noted for their heavy hitting, the fans were in for a treat—and they were not disappointed, for after a great bout, Moore received the decision.

Freddie Dixon (London) upset the betting when he outpointed Peter Barrett (Wigan) in a hard-hitting eight-round contest.

Frank Duffy (Bootle) knocked out Billy McLean (Bathgate) in the fourth of an eight-round contest.

Alex McBride (Birkenhead) defeated Joe Firth (Rochdale) by a T.K.O. when the latter failed to answer the bell for the fifth round after he was heavily battered in the previous round and failed to recover during the minute's rest.

Jimmy Smith of Tipperary came, saw and conquered, for this Irish featherweight was given a stiff test in his first professional contest, when he was asked to meet Jackie Malloy of Bootle in a six-round contest.

Smith displayed a grand knowledge of the game, for the blows he landed on Malloy were of the championship calibre, and with a little more experience you will be hearing more of Jimmy Smith of Tipperary.

Promoter Fred Charlton picked a winner when he matched two Newcastle favorites for his chief bout of ten rounds at the new St. James' Hall, Newcastle.

Sergeant Tom Smith of Sunderland and Billy Charlton of Gateshead, also serving with His Majesty's Forces, put up a good scrap for five rounds with neither proving that they were superior to the other, when in the sixth session, Charlton received a badly cut eye from a collision of heads and the Gateshead lad was forced to retire, leaving Smith as the winner.

As I hastily jotted down for our last issue, just in time to get the Clipper, Sergeant Ernie Roderick of Liverpool and the R.A.F., made the Lord Lonsdale Challenge Belt for Welterweights his own property when he easily defeated Sergt. Arthur Danahar of Bethnal Green and the Irish Guards in a championship battle in defense of his title.

A large crowd packed the Royal Albert Hall on this occasion when the show promoted by Air Craftsman John Muldoon of the R.A.F. in aid of the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund.

Before the chief bout, Master of Ceremonies Colin Symons and Patsy Hagate made an appeal from the ring, with splendid results, the sum of £2,000 (10,000 dollars) being handed into the ring, which makes a big sum handed over to the deserving cause.

But to get back to the show, proceedings opened with a four-round bout that soon put the large crowd in a good mood, for the contestants, Rory O'Connor of Ireland and the Army, met a fighter after his own heart in Bill Hawkins of Watford, and when one meets that kind of fighter, fur is sure to fly, and fly it did, for it was a great battle for the whole of the time, with Hawkins being declared the winner on points.

Then came Tommy Martin of Deptford, weighing 186 pounds, against Sergt. Freddie Mills of Bournemouth and R.A.F., who hit the beam at 180 pounds, and they were sent on their way by Referee Charles Thomas of Wales to contest ten rounds.

Martin has recently returned from U.S.A., where he had several contests in and around Sunny California with varying success.

In meeting Freddie Mills, who by the way reminds me more of Mickey Walker than any fighter I have seen, for he is of the same build as Mickey and has his left hook down to a tee, and although I do not think he can hit as hard as Mickey of Elizabeth, New Jersey, Tommy Martin by now thinks that he hits as hard as anyone he has met in the ring, for although the contest was scheduled to go ten rounds, Mills set about his job in a very workmanlike manner, tearing after the taller colored heavyweight, and dealing out considerable punishment that must have Martin think that there were no other punches in the book of fighting or boxing, other than left and right hooks.

Mills would not let up once the gong sent them on the way, and in the second round a left hook put Martin on the decks for a count of four. Rising slowly, he weathered the storm till the fifth session, when the sergeant went after Martin with a vengeance, crashing left hooks to his jaw from which he took a count of eight—nine—just beating the count, but he was again put down, the referee wisely stopped the contest and declared Freddie Mills the winner.

Then came the chief contest between Roderick and Danahar. At the weigh-in the champion nearly forfeited his title when he came to the scale three-quarters of a pound overweight, but according to British rules, the contestants have an allowance of an extra hour to make the correct poundage. Roderick, with his manager brother-in-law, Nel Tarleton, featherweight ace of Great Britain, went off to the Turkish baths to take off the extra weight. Meanwhile Danahar had scaled over one pound inside the scheduled 147 pounds.

With five minutes to spare, Roderick again went on the scales, but the inspector in charge of the weigh-in declared that he was still one ounce over the prescribed 147 pounds, and Tarleton put his charge through an exercise that soon had him OK, with only one minute to spare.

When these two met early in the war, Danahar won a clever points decision after ten rounds, but on this meeting Roderick fought a more brainy contest, taking the offensive from the first bell, he drove Danahar around the ring, well winning the round.

The second round was the same as the first, with Danahar backing away from the Liverpool man's straight lefts and right crosses, and in the fourth round Roderick came very near getting himself ruled out for a low blow that put the Irish Guardsman on the canvas, and the referee strongly reprimanded the champion after Danahar had taken a count of six.

Roderick kept up his attack in the ensuing rounds, and then in the unlucky thirteenth round, he unleashed a terrific left hook that landed on the challenger's chin, spilling him on the canvas for a nine-count, he only just beat the fatal ten, and then another right to the point caused him to take another nine and only his fighting instinct kept him from suffering a K.O. defeat, but although he lasted the distance, he nevertheless had taken considerable punishment.

The courage of Danahar was magnificent. He took all that came his way without flinching. Many times he tried hard to stem the heavy attack of the champion, but to no avail. When the gong sounded the end of the contest, it was only a matter of course, that Referee Barrington Dalby raised the hand of Ernie Roderick as the winner and still champion of all welterweights in Great Britain, and to make him the owner of the championship belt.

The fans had seen a great afternoon's fighting, but they were treated to another fistic feast, for Ronnie James of Swansea, a sergeant in the Army, and Air Craftsman Johnny Ward of the R.A.F. were scheduled to combat ten rounds, and one knows that when the Welshman and the Irishman would get together there would be fireworks, as this contest had a bearing on a championship contest with Eric Boon's lightweight title.

We were not disappointed, for they did let all their power go in their blows, but James was the cleverer in his work and hit harder than the Irish lad, who is a sticker to the end, although a long way behind on points, he made James pull out all he knew, before he earned the referee's decision.

Sergt. Tom Smith of Sunderland repeated his London win over Jackie Rankin of Southall when they met in a return contest over ten rounds at Fred Charlton's show at Newcastle. Smith proved too versatile for the hard-hitting Southall lad and won with a bit to spare.

RING readers in England desiring to purchase THE RING Magazine or any of the books advertised in THE RING should write direct to John S. Sharpe, 3 Edwin St., London, E. 1, England.

Pilot Officer Len Harvey sprang a surprise on the boxing fans recently when he declared that he had accepted terms to defend his titles against Tommy Farr, but said Len, Tommy would not sign.

This last remark brought a quick reply from "Tonypandy" Tommy, saying that he had told Len Harvey that he was to undergo a slight operation and as soon as he has recovered, he will be prepared to meet Len Harvey for the titles that the B.B.B.C. deprived him of when he went to America to meet Joe Louis for the latter's world title.

Tommy followed up his statement with a challenge to Harvey for a side stake as big as Len would like to put up, also that the contest should be for one of the services charities, and knowing Tommy as I do, he means every word he has said.

Jem Carney, fighting hero of the bare-knuckle days, passed away in a London hospital after a short illness at the ripe old age of 84 years.

Jem Carney was at one time lightweight champion of Great Britain and visited America in 1887, where he met Jack McAuliffe in a battle that lasted five hours, and a total of 74 rounds.

Jack Merino, Bridgwater's promising welterweight, gained another good win when he defeated Gunner Connelly of the Royal Artillery in a smashing slam-bang contest over ten rounds at Bideford.

In the supporting contest, Herbie Smith (Gloucester) defeated Harry Fry (Bridgwater) in the fourth of a ten-round contest, when the latter received an injury to his jaw and he was forced to retire, leaving Smith as the winner.

Johnny Downes, the Manchester welterweight, who has been scoring victory after victory at Liverpool, where he has become a firm favorite, but when he met Bob McLuckie of Scotland he met one after his own heart, for the Scot loves a fight, and took all that Downes dealt out, and then surprised every one besides Downes, when he let fly a hard right to the Manchester boy's jaw in the eighth that put him down as if shot. The game lad rose and charged in to battle, but fell without a blow, and the referee stepped and ruled that Downes was disqualified for going down without a blow.

The end to this hard-hitting contest caused a little excitement amongst the fans, who showed their dissent, but Johnny Best came to the rescue when he announced that he had rematched them.

In the eight-round supporting contests, the re-

sults were as follows: Tommy Granton of Birkenhead stopped Joe McQuirk of Scotland in the fifth round. Willie Smith (Dundee) and R.A.F. knocked out Jack Parnell (Birkenhead) in the third, and Andy Bride (Birkenhead) was a trifle lucky to receive the full honors over Ldg A/C Barton of the R.A.F.

In the opening bout over six rounds, Paddy Nolan and Alf Gidman, both Liverpool lads and former amateurs, fought a sizzling bout to a draw.

Dick Corbett of Bethnal Green and George Williams of Wales fought a clever 12-round contest at Barnstable before a good crowd, and ended with Corbett receiving the decision of Referee Tommy Little.

In the chief supporting contest, Jack Merino (Bridgwater) stopped Sergeant-Instructor Harvey of the Army in the seventh of a ten-round contest when the referee intervened.

Syd Worgan (Llanharan) outpointed Kid Tanner (British Guiana) in a sparkling ten-round contest at Ebb Vale.

Cuthbert Taylor (Merthyr) scored a clever points victory over Freddie Dixon (London) after ten rounds.

George Thomas (Merthyr) disposed of Johnny Byron (St. Helen's) in the second of a ten-round contest. Thomas' southpaw style puzzled the fighting collier, who was in trouble from the first gong.

Arthur "Ginger" Sadd of Norwich was hard pressed for the whole of the ten rounds in his contest with Sergeant Jimmy Meadows, R.A.F., and when the referee gave his decision to Sadd, a cry of dissent went up from the crowd, who thought that the Air Force fighter had at least deserved a draw. This bout took place in the open air at Dereham, and was attended by a big crowd.

In a cruiserweight contest over six rounds, Cpl. Stan Nash (R.A.F.) was too strong a puncher for L/Cpl. George Hall (Royal Norfolk Regt.) and the latter wisely retired at the end of the third round, leaving Nash as the winner.

AUSTRALIA

Glove Gossip From Down Under

By GEORGE E. PORTER

RON RICHARDS proved that he is far from a back number by the manner in which he won in five rounds from Al Basten at the Melbourne Stadium before the biggest house in years. Basten was in trouble in the first round, when a beautiful cross started an eye swelling. Richards knew too much of the game in all its phases. He made Basten come in, and at almost every approach either crossed or hooked him. The fight could have ended in the third round had Richards desired. He caught Basten coming with a short right. Basten fell, but struggled up and stood with hands down near the ropes. Richards apparently did not want a sitting shot against a helpless foe, and stood off. Basten went through the fourth round, and seemed to be doing a bit better, when another cross dropped him on his face, obviously out, but the bell saved him. After Referee Carroll had visited him the "wipe" was thrown in.

Ron Richards, who once was the Australian triple-title holder, gave another fine exhibition when he faced Max Raynor of New South Wales, and drew in a 12-round bout at the Adelaide Stadium. Richards, who worried Rayner with lightning left leads, scored most points during the early rounds, but the New South Welshman frequently rocked him with heavy right crosses, and made up a lot of ground in the latter stages.

Although Al Basten was K.O.'ed by Ron Richards, Basten's manager advised Stadiums Ltd., that Basten would carry out his agreement to give Richards a chance to regain the Australian middleweight title. The fight may be put on early in December.

Les McNabb, the 294-pound boxer, scored his seventh successive K.O. victory at the Leichhardt. He defeated Buddy McMahon, 216 pounds, in the first round.

When Terry Reilly, Victorian welterweight champ, fell through the ropes at the Melbourne Stadium before a rushing attack by Alan Westbury of Newcastle, in the fifth round of a 12-rounder, Referee Jack Carroll stopped the fight and crowned Westbury. His intervention surprised a big section of the crowd. Reilly had taken severe punishment but was not hurt when he went through the ropes.

The Alabama Kid defeated Max Rayner on points in a 12-rounder at the Adelaide Stadium. The Negro scored a narrow victory by aggressive tactics. Rayner outboxed him for long periods, and clever rope work alone saved the kid from a K.O. in the eighth round.

Giving the finest display of his Australian career, Young Frisco, the Filipino middleweight, completely outclassed Australia's light-heavyweight champ, Cec. Overall, at the Brisbane Stadium. When Referee Pat Hill crowned Frisco the winner on points at the end of the 12-round contest, the 6000 spectators cheered the verdict.

Overall's disappointing display, especially as he had the assistance of the former national champ, Ambrose Palmer, in his corner, was hard to understand. Frisco won eight of the twelve, the Victorian taking a great deal of punishment.

Wild scenes marked the close of the contest between Hockey Bennell and Ron McLaughlin at the Leichhardt Stadium. Bennell and the referee came to blows, and both boxers and their seconds fought. Police and officials had difficulty in restoring order. The referee disqualified Bennell in the sixth round. At the time Bennell appeared to be ahead on points. The referee had cautioned Bennell for illegal punching when the mêlée started.

Major Fred Craig, D.S.O., who refereed boxing contests at the Brisbane Stadium for nearly 20 years, died last week. He handled many Australian championship bouts, including the Bradley-Collins, the Ambrose Palmer-Jack O'Malley, and the Bradley-Wren contests. Other famous fighters who fought under him were Pete Sarron (U.S.A.) and Dick Corbett. The late major served in the South African War, and the Great War, and saw service at Gallipoli and France.

Vic Patrick, Australian lightweight champion, kayoed Jimmy Dundee in the eighth round of a 12-round fast-moving contest at the Rushcutters Bay Stadium. Patrick's title was not involved. Only on one occasion Patrick appeared to be in danger. That was in the seventh round when Dundee's right swing floored him. He was on his feet quickly and was troubling Dundee before the round closed.

A melee in the ring, and a hostile demonstration by the crowd, marked the end of the fight at the Adelaide Stadium, between the Alabama Kid and Max Raynor. The fight was awarded to the American after a foul in the seventh round.

Former lightweight champ of Australia, Paddy Boxall, the West Australian state welterweight champ, kayoed "Snow" Clarke in the eighth round of a title fight.

Tommy Burns, Queensland welterweight champ, staged a brilliant finish to gain a narrow margin points verdict over the Newcastle welterweight, Tommy Hunter at the Brisbane Stadium. A draw would have had a more popular reception. There was no doubting Burns' finish, when apparently beaten, he came back with a vengeance over the final three rounds.

The seventh round was particularly willing, and in a mixup a low punch by Burns dropped Hunter to his knee, but he was up again before the count started. After a quiet patch, in which both men showed a desire to claim their opponent, Burns came with a great burst.

In the eleventh round Burns slogged at Hunter's eye, which he opened in the earlier stages, and the Newcastle man took a lot of punishment in this and the final round.

Lisle Law gave his supporters a fright at the Brisbane Stadium, when he fell well behind on points in his fight against George Elliott, but a perfectly timed right to the Sydney man's chin ended the bout midway through the sixth round. Law was outboxed during the first five rounds, but again his right hand carried the winning punch. Law is rivalling Patrick as a K.O. artist.

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

WINTER boxing looks more of a likelihood for Montreal this year than it has for many a moon. Outside of small shows at small halls, Montreal has had no winter boxing for years. As we go to press with this, Montrealers are preparing to witness, in a few days, their first November show at the Forum in years, with Alec Moore making his return to promotorial activities after nearly a decade of devoting his energies exclusively to operating his Outremont Club. Moore starts off with a pretentious offering, too, a doubleheader, with Dave Castilloux, Canadian lightweight and welterweight champion, displaying his skilled wizardry against Frankie Jacob's "Boom Boom" battler, Lenny Mancini, and Harry Hurst, Maurice Foreman's sensational socker, hurling his heavy artillery at shifty Julio Gonzales, who gave Castilloux a very, very close battle here last year.

Harry Hurst made a tremendous impression in Holyoke, Mass., when he handed a trouncing to Carmelo Fenoy, South American and Spanish lightweight champion, in a thrilling ten rounder. Holyoke papers, particularly the *Sentinel*, raved about the young Montrealer's all-round ability. and gave him a margin throughout over his shifty, game and smart rival in a battle that had 'em literally tearing the Arena down. It was only Hurst's fourth ten-rounder, but he set a blistering pace from bell to bell. The lad gets better every time out and is going to take some stopping—if any.

Johnny Greco, promising local 140-pounder, has gone under the direction of Desse Greene, retired Canadian flyweight king, and Pete Audette, and celebrated his first appearance under their banner by scoring a five-round knockout over Ronnie McNeil, Maritime welter king, in a scheduled ten-rounder at Halifax. The Halifax Commission wasn't too sure about Greco's qualifications upon his arrival and made him work out in the gym before passing him as a qualified opponent for the hard hitting McNeil. Greco undoubtedly convinced them more thoroughly when he outsocked McNeil to flatten him.

Jack Allen promoted a show headlined by Bob Pastor and Al Delaney, the first heavyweight attraction in five years there, in Toronto, that attracted over 6000 fans. However, Delaney proved far inferior to the classy New Yorker who twice made Joe Louis look rather bad, and after several knockdowns in the fifth round was halted in the sixth by Pastor, who is noted for his boxing ability rather than punching prowess. Bob must have been letting 'em really go when he saw Delaney was on the run.

Sonny Jones, classy colored Vancouver welter, kayoed Lou Severo, Syracuse, in 1:55 of the second round of their semi-final setto, while Katsumi Morioka, Jones' Jap bantam stablemate, scored over Tommy Mack, of Syracuse, in a six-rounder. Sonny's uncle, Jimmy Jones, manages the pair and the trio has done considerable globe-trotting. In the other prelims, Jackie Joad, Toronto, kayoed Joe Parsy, Niagara Falls, in four rounds, and Simeon Waithe, Toronto, stopped Patsy Zaicano, Brantford, in two sessions.

STRAY SHOTS . . . . Eddie Quinn, Forum mat maestro, clicked the turnstiles again by bringing Billy Conn to referee the Yvon Robert-Cy Williams clash . . . . around 8,000 paid their their way in to see the popular "Billy the Kid" do his stuff . . . . as a referee Billy makes a good fighter, but he proved to be a pleasing personality and was mobbed by autograph hounds . . . . he even assured Pat Lynch, local sportsman, that he would gladly box an exhibition here just for expenses if a show was run for the benefit of St. Mary's Hospital . . . . Jimmy Braddock had just passed through town the day before Conn arrived . . . . Braddock was on his way back home after refereeing a mat bout in Halifax, where he donated a cup for the boxer displaying the best sportsmanship in an amateur ring tourney being staged there in mid-November . . . . Leo Maher, promising young French Canadian heavyweight, is now under the management of yours truly in conjunction with Sylvio Mireault, former noted lightweight boxer who is now running the Champetre Club . . . . Maher looks good in his workouts and may prove to be the most popular heavy Montreal has had in years . . . . Oliver Shank took a ten-rounder at Chicago's Marigold Gardens and was kayoed in the fifth round by Joe Maxim, rising Clevelander, who rose from a second round nine-count knockdown to win.

Notice to Correspondents Of The Ring Magazine

Starting with the February issue, THE RING Editor will appreciate if all correspondents sending in news of fights will place in their notes the dates of these fights so that we may keep same for our records. Please don't fail.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

JOE LEGON, Cuba's welterweight champion, takes the spotlight this month, and has proven to be one of the greatest drawing cards seen in Havana in many moons. Legon decisively defeated Tony Mar of Mexico, taking nine of the ten rounds, and also scored a quick one-round knockout over Gene Molnar. As this goes to press, it is rumored that Legon's next opponent will be Antonio Fernandez, the Chilean flash. Anisio Orbeta, Legon's pilot, has lots of offers for his star battler.

Lorenzo Safora, bantamweight champion of Cuba, in an overweight match, easily defeated National Kid in ten rounds. Safora 121, National Kid 125. Safora displayed cleverness and speed and won hands down. They will be rematched next month. Eligio Alvarez, 120, scored a four-round kayo over Miguel Acevedo, 122, and Juan Villalba, 126, outpointed Vicente Yince, 128, in eight good rounds.

Harvey Twin Weiss, 138, New York, lost a close eight-round decision to Joe Pedroso, 131, lightweight champion of Cuba. Harvey's style of battling was well liked and was asked to stay. A week later he decisively outpointed Luis Diaz, one of Cuba's toughest lightweights, in eight rounds. Relampago Espirituano scored a three-round kayo over Sergio Napoles, and Kid Pelusin, 117¾, drew with Armando Santos, 116, in four.

Moe Twin Weiss, 131, New York, drew in eight rounds with Pedrito Martinez, 132. Moe's classy style of boxing made a hit with local fans, and Marty Fuller, who handles the twins, was flocked with offers for several contests. A week later Moe lost a close decision to Reunaldo Puente Pi. Moe suffered from a swollen nose obtained in his workouts, and bled from the first round on. Both the Weiss boys will be seen in Havana rings soon, as they are a good attraction here.

Pedrito Martinez, 130, Cuba's sterling boxer, easily defeated the tough Kid Jabao, 127, in eight rounds. Martinez used a good left hook to take the play away from Jabao. Joe Dundee, 129, defeated Jack Santiago, 127, in six rounds, and Juan Guerra, 146, had little trouble in defeating Rafael Tamayao, 147, in another six-rounder.

Juan Serrano, 150, won an eight-round decision over Andres "Indian" Gomez, 154. Serrano should be in line for a crack at Cuba's middleweight title now owned by Manuel Sanchez, who is in Panama. Alfredo Castro, 144, in his first pro fight, easily defeated Angel Lorenzo, 147, in four rounds. Bull Terry, 140, scored a three-round knockout over Roberto Martinez, 141, and Humberto Sierra, sterling Cuban bantam, knocked out Robert Silveiro, 114, in the first session.

Eladio Secades, Cuba's popular sporting editor, just returned from his trip to New York, where he went to report on the Louis-Nova fight and the world's baseball series. Secades' writeups are always interesting because he knows his stuff.

Antonio Fernandez, the Chilean star performer, is scheduled to meet Joe Legon, the Cuban welterweight champion, some time in November. The fight will be held at the Sports Palace in Havana, and should go over big. Sammy Scheer, the Chilean's manager, will accompany his fighter to Havana.

Johnny Cruz, Cuba's former star featherweight, and now referee of note, will enter the matrimonial ranks on November 15th, the lucky girl being Juanita Rivera Marin of Havana. A huge banquet is being prepared in their honor, and we wish them all the luck in the world.

Jaime Marine, top man in charge of Cuba's Sports Commission, has organized a school for referees and judges and timekeepers, and weekly meetings will be held under the supervision of Fernando Rios, for the purpose of improving the work of all concerned. We think it's a grand idea and hope it works out.

Amateur results—Jose Alvarez, 116, beat Joe Lopez, 114; Armando Labarrere, 119, beat Juan Campos, 118; Raul Hernandez, 100, beat Domingo Oropesa, 100; Joe Prado, 91, beat Cirilo Barreto, 90; Cristobal Perez, 126, kayoed Rogelio Cespedes, 121; Alberto Santana, 118, won from Bartolo Molina, 118; Alberto Porto, 110, won from Rene Camacho, 112; Melquiades Diaz, 136, beat Venerando Soria, 134; Miguel Rodriguez, 118, kayoed Armando Rodriguez, 122, in two; Jose Gonzalez, 126, defeated Delfin Mesa, 128; Roberto Cardenas, 109, won from Manuel Gonzalez, 114; Alberto Santana, 118, won from Baby Chango, 117; Baby Grillo, 113, beat Santos Gonzalez, 112; and Jose Castaneda, 120, a mighty classy fighter, easily beat Bartolo Molina, 117.

Amateur results—Hilario Mestre, 121, beat Tom Menendez, 121; Antonio Cruz, 108, beat Armando Labarrere, 109; Enrique Perez, 105, kayoed Jose Martinez, 103, in two; Manuel Herrera beat Jose Duany, 119; Jorge Cruz, 118, beat Esteban Valdes, 117; Gilberto Dominguez, 113, beat Rufino Jimenez, 113; Alberto Nunez, 136, beat Melquiades Diaz, 138; Rafael Diaz, 122, beat Evelio Duran, 125; Hector Delgado, 117, beat Sergio Prieto, 118; and Sergio Prieto, 117½, beat Joe Pena, 119; Manolo Fernandez, 118, lost to Luis Sosa, 118; Francisco Berrio, 112, beat Jose Sosa, 112; Julio Pedroso, 144½, won from Bobby Pancho, 139¾; Manolo Fernandez, 117¾, won from Bebo Fernandez; Manolo Fernandez, 118, drew with Luis Sosa, 119; Carlos Carrillo, 102, beat Bernardo Morrell, 104; Raul Morales, 125, won from Fco Escalona, 124; Sergio Prieto, 116, won from Joe Campos, 118; Eladio Miranda, 115, won from Orlando Rodriguez, 113; and Fausto Banderas, 135, easily beat Serafin Fernandez, 130.

Adolfo Giz, known as National Kid, met his first setback at the hands of Lorenzo Safora, Cuban bantam champion, but the Kid is not going to let that stand in his way. His manager, Anisio Orbeta, is getting the youngster in shape and will put him through a series of contests that will lead him to a shot at the featherweight title of Cuba. The Kid is a nifty performer and has a big following.

Kid Espinosita, Cuba's flyweight champion, is out in the mountains resting and will soon be seen in action against formidable opponents from the U.S.A.

Jose Castaneda, bantamweight, is a fine prospect. Manolo Fernandez is another corking bantamweight, and Julio Pedroso is a good welterweight.

Pablo Roca, Ramiro Almagro, Baby Chichi, Saturno Rico, Chino Buides, Rene Cantero, Chile Cantero, are some of Cuba's good boxers who are fighting in Panama, South America, and Mexico.

IN HAMMOND, INDIANA
By SAMUEL THOMPSON

THANKS to Bill Rand, Chicago Stadium, for his courtesy to me.

At the Civic Center George Mitchell, colored Detroit Golden Gloves middleweight winner, beat Johnny Barbara, South Bend, a nationally known fighter, in 8. Gene Spencer, Chicago lightweight, beat Bill Reardon Three Rivers, Mich., T.K.O., 2. Hezzie Williams, 1941 Golden Gloves heavy winner, beat George McFarland in 4. Mike Sopko, Harbor middle, who gets on the right side of the win column often—did it again with a one-round kayo over Joe Caputa. Bill Cowan, 218, Elgin, Ill., K.O.'ed Joe Thompson in 2. Ray Olcott, bald lightie from Roseland put the chill on Jimmy Parks in 2.

NEWS ITEMS—Duke Calloway, Booker Beckwith's manager, has about 40 pros and amateurs working out at his gym . . . . Jimmy Joyce, Willies' brother, is under the Calloway banner and doing O. K. for himself . . . . In Laverne Labror, 138, Calloway thinks he has a boy that will stop Joey Pirrones' winning streak in a month or two . . . . The Duke tells me that his heavyweight, Arthur McWorter, was "jobbed" out of the decision when he met Hezzie Williams, 1941 Chicago Golden Gloves winner, in September. Hezzie recently made a sensational pro debut at the Civic Center . . . . In East Chicago, THE RING Magazine can be purchased at the Nassau-Thompson newstand.

Theodore F. (Duke) Calloway, colored manager of the sensational Booker Beckwith, Gary colored light-heavyweight star, campaigning as a flyweight, bantam and feather from 1930 to 1936, won an even 100 battles. He fought 9 draws and lost only 7 fights. Thirty-seven of his wins were via the kayo route. He fought such well known fighters as: Franklyn Young, Marty Gold, Bobby O'Dowd, Louis Carpentero, Guy Stubbs, Jimmy Fox, Frenchy Belanger, Young Cortez, Henry Hook, Frankie Jarr and Jimmy Perrin. An operation forced the genial Duke to retire at the height of his career.

Ringside, Civic Center, Oct. 29—Chicago Billy Miller came from behind in the fourth of the opener and had Ray Olcott, Roseland lightweight, reeling all over the ring, to earn a draw in a sizzling bout.

Hezzie Williams, one of the best looking prospects seen around here for several years, used his educated left on Tommy Johnson, at will, and stopped him in 2:42 of the second. Both are colored light-heavies.

Probably remembering the shellacking he received from Anthony Jones a year ago and his collapse at the end of the fight, George Mitchell, Detroit, was content to swing his vicious right from the floor and dive into a clinch. Jones couldn't get loose long enough to work him over. What action there was, was supplied by Jones who was declared the winner in six.

Bill Peterson, Harbor heavy, knocked out Dick Howard, Columbus, Ohio, in the first. Buddy Knox did likewise when he caught Lou Flowers with a punch to the midriff.

HOOKS FROM HULA LAND
By KEN MISUMI

BANTAM champion Lou Salica scored a perfect record in two starts here in Honolulu. Two fights—two defeats.

It was Honolulu's first opportunity to see a world bantam champ in action and to say that the natives were disappointed is putting it pretty mildly.

Rush Dalma copped a close 10 heat verdict at the Honolulu stadium October 6 in a non-title fight.

The house grossed something like 8,000 bucks, with Lou working on a $3,500 guarantee. Promoters went in a hole on this to the extent of a thousand smackers.

Lou got a decisive thumping against David Kui Kong Young, Honolulu born Chinese southpaw, on the night of November 3 at the Honolulu stadium. About 7,000 trekked over to see the outdoor show with the gross take amounting to exactly $10,613.90. Payoff figure was $9,021.81. Salica got a $4,000 guarantee in this fight. Which shouldn't be called a bad arrangement as far as the champ is concerned even in defeat.

Lou has demanded a $10,000 cut for a title fight here against Dave Young, but it's doubtful whether local promoters will go for this, considering Lou's listless performances in his two fights.

The Chinese southpaw assumed the responsibility for Lou's $4,000 take just so that he could get a crack at the Brooklyn boy. But beating Lou was all the satisfaction that Young got out of the fight. Financially, Young took plenty on the chin.

Young had to pay Lou's guarantee from the 45 per cent cut he got from the net take. That left him $124.33, which wasn't enough to pay for Young's training expenses.

Salica weighed 118⅛ while Young scaled 119⅜ for the non-title scrap.

Young took seven rounds easily with but two heats going to Lou. One round was called even. Young dropped Lou in the eighth, once for a no-count with a left to the tummy. The local battler proved too strong and hit too hard for the Brooklyn boy. Dave forced the fighting most of the way.

In the Dalma fight, Salica made the mistake of trying to outbox the Manila bantam. That is Dalma's specialty—boxing, and the Filipino boy clicked consistently with straight rights to the jaw and a fast left jab that was parked on Lou's face practically all of the way.

Yasu Yasutake, Japanese kayo sensation, won his ninth straight kayo win in as many pro starts against Eddie Salazar in a six-rounder on the November 3 card. Clever Henry stopped Young Moore in the semifinal.

Dado Marino, another promising ex-amateur flyweight champ, made it his 10th straight pro win as he copped a good decision over Toy Tamanha in a six-heater.

Both Marino and Yasutake are managed by Sam Ichinose, prominent local fight manager and coach.

Leo Leavitt is matchmaker for Promoter Augie Curtis at the local fights. It looks like Leo will definitely make his home here. A veteran fight handler, Leo has done right well himself with the fight game here.

Leo Leavitt says he has received an offer to have N.B.A. flyweight champ Little Dado meet Luis Castillo, Mexican champ, in a title match in Mexico City . . . . Pilot Leo says he is giving the matter due consideration but won't make any definite commitments until later . . . . A $7,500 guarantee has been offered Dado for the match, it is reported . . . . Al Richardson, manager of Rush Dalma and Flash Sebastian, is now on the coast . . . . Both of his fighters, however, are still in town here.

Richardson says he has just about lined up a title bantam match between Salica and Dalma for Manila in January . . . . This chap, Yasutake, scales around 124 pounds and has had but nine pro fights, but Kui Kong Young's manager is showing plenty of reluctance about signing up his southpaw against Yasutake in a featherweight match . . . . Young normally scales around 120 when he doesn't have to make the bantam limit.

At least two prominent coast fight managers have wanted to take Yasu over to California but Manager Sam Ichinose says he'll have his boy over here for more seasoning before bringing him to the states for any campaigning . . . . Georgie Crouch is on the shelf currently with eye trouble suffered in his bout against Flash Sebastian some weeks back . . . . Georgie's physician diagnosed his case as ruptured retina . . . . The Crouch-Sebastian fray, incidentally, was called a no-contest in the eighth round.

Sebastian was well in the lead up to the eighth and forcing the fight all of the way when the ref stopped the battle. Georgie got a stiff fine for his listless showing against Flash by the local boxing commission . . . . But it's too bad just the same that the fight was tagged as a no-contest considering that Flash was robbed of a well-earned verdict.

Dencio Cabanela and Flash Sebastian fought to a slashing draw in a 10-rounder at the Civic Auditorium . . . . Both boys dished out plenty of action and the draw was well received . . . . Chico Romo, Los Angeles welter, left for the coast several weeks ago after fighting twice . . . . He was stopped by Sebastian and Clever Henry in these two bouts . . . . Chico suffered a fractured skull in his first fight against Sebastian before the kayo but the Mexican boy didn't realize his predicament until his second match with Henry . . . . That undoubtedly accounts for Chico's poor showing here . . . . He'll be on the shelf for many months now before he works again . . . . My address: Ken Misumi, P.O. Box 3080, Honolulu, Hawaii.

BOXING IN MAINE
By DAVE SILVERMAN

PORTLAND—Coley Welch of Portland, holder of the New England middleweight crown, repeated his victory over Jose Basora, the Puerto Rican, in a spirited battle, winning the decision by a unanimous vote. The battle was close going into the last two rounds, but Welch cinched it by a hurricane finish that had the fans standing on their chairs.

In the prelims, Harry Hitlian of Waterville gained a decision over Bobby Roberts of the U.S. Navy in a fast six-rounder, while in the four-round bouts, Tommy Bonn of the Navy defeated Raymond Ladd of Westbrook. Dave Lawrence of Fort Williams earned the decision over Al Remilliard of the Navy, and Ernie Swan of Portland knocked out Stan Siviski of Waterville in one round.

Augusta—Jackie Fisher of Waterville outpunched and outboxed Tiger Lambert of Biddeford in the eight-round feature in the monthly show being staged by the American Legion. Fisher, a southpaw, had things his own way most of the time, with Lambert coming to life in the last round to stage a rally. In the semi-final, Al Couture of Lewiston knocked out Kid Norment of Waterville in five rounds, and in a six-rounder Young Ted Drew of Lewiston defeated Mike Green, also of Lewiston.

Lewiston—Lefty Lachance of Lewiston won a 10-round decision over Mexican Joe Rivers in the first show of the fall season. It was a good bout all of the way. In the semi-final, Al Couture of Lewiston won from Duke Demers of Sanford, in a sensational duel, with Couture making a strong finish earning him the award. In the other bouts, Young Beauchance of Brunswick and Kid Norment battled to a draw, and Young Frisco knocked out Pete George of Waterville in one round.

Presque Isle—Gilbert Williams of Presque Isle knocked out Eddie Daigle of Fort Kent in three rounds.

Lewiston—Jackie Fisher of Waterville won a close one from Tommy Musto of the Coast Guard in an eight-rounder at the City Hall. In the semi-final Al Couture of Lewiston defeated Billie Knapp of Boston in eight rounds, and in a six-rounder Young Drew of Lewiston and Norman Villineauve of Berlin, N. H., fought six even rounds.

Rockland—Tony Thomas, a young colored welterweight, has won six straight battles by knockouts, and boxing fans throughout the state are wondering who this young colored star is. Among the better Maine boys that he defeated are Billie Lancaster, Stan Siviski, Johnny Lawless and Eddie Latourneau.

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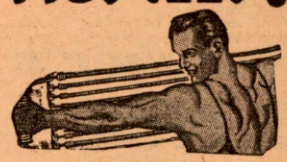

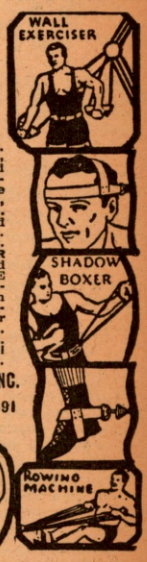

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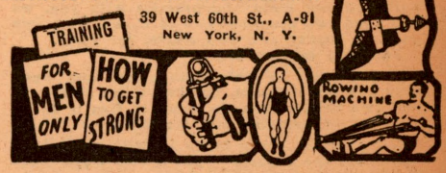

Westbrook—Jerry Martin of St. Francis knocked out Bill Holstein of Lowell in two rounds. Raymond Ladd and Norman Villineauve battled six rounds to a draw, and Roland Palmer of Westbrook defeated Young Peloquin of Berlin, N. H., in a six rounder.

Bangor—Charles Babcock of Bangor, who looks like a comer, fought his first main bout and defeated Tiger Lambert of Biddeford. After a slow start Babcock came fast to win the last three rounds, scoring a knockdown in the fifth. Gilbert Williams of Presque Isle, a heavyweight, knocked out Jerry Martin of St. Francis in four rounds, and Harry Hitlian of Waterville edged out Henry Lagasse of Oldtown in a six.

Lewiston—Lefty Lachance of Lewiston, rated as Maine's best featherweight, won the unanimous decision over Harry Hitlian in a fast eight-rounder at the City Hall. In the semi-final, Billie Knapp of Boston edged out Dave Lawrence of Fort Williams in an eight, and in the sixes, Young Kid Drew of Lewiston won from Kid Norment of Waterville, and Mike Green of Lewiston edged out Bill Jordon of Freeport.

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MARYLAND AND WASHINGTON
By NATE PHILLIPS

AT the Century Club's weekly show Red Burman and Buddy Walker hooked up in a main go of twelve rounds. What a show it turned out to be! One of the best heavyweight bouts that Baltimore fans have seen in years. A show that would have done justice in Madison Square Garden.

Red started off in his usual methodical body attack, but midway Walker caught up with him to even up the bout, with the last two rounds the best fans have seen in some time. This fight could have gone either way. In fact a draw in the writer's opinion would have been a just verdict, but Red was declared the winner at the end, that had the fans in an uproar.

Red was the aggressor throughout and most likely that was the deciding point in his favor. A return bout between these two should draw more than $15,000, as this show grossed over $13,000.

In sixes, Al Cortez was declared the winner over Phil Enzenga and Pee Wee Lewis was the winner over Norman Fleming via a T.K.O. in the second round.

The Century A. C. showed four of the better known featherweights in a double windup of ten rounds each, in which the first one showed Sal Bartola a one to five shot go down to defeat against Pedro Hernandez. Sal was on the deck in the first for a count of nine, and tried hard to fathom the peculiar style that Hernandez employed. This fight was very close, with Hernandez's roundhouse punches finding their mark most of the time.

In the other half of the windup, Jimmy Hatcher beat Billy Speary. Three fours rounded out the card.

The Century A. C. showed Tommy Forte and Lou Transparenti hook up in a main go of ten rounds, with Lou going to the front for the first three rounds, only to have Forte pull up even with him, and then win going away. This was a very hard fought battle with Lou's side a red one, from Tommy's hard rights that landed quite often.

In the six-round semi, Johnny Brown continued his win streak when he won over El Brookman. In a six Al Cortez and Phil Enzenga battled to a draw, and in another set for six Nick Manefredo won via a T.K.O. over Taylor Miller in the second, when Miller sustained a cut nose.

Also at the Century Club's weekly offering, Slugger White and Jimmy Leto matched strides over the ten round route with Silent Sam Lampe's Slugger coming out on top to win the unanimous decision over his much heavier foe. After an even first round, White went out in front to win an easy duke. He was on top of Leto most of the way, forcing the fight from the start. White was the underdog at 1 to 4. The semi set for ten rounds, also produced a surprise when Lou Brooks stopped Johnny Kapovich with two sharp left hooks in the first round. There was much dispute as to the count, but it was official, and the management to please the fans, have them rematched as an extra bout to the next show. Three fours filled out the card.

FISTIANNA ALLEY: Frankie Garcia is now the manager of Baltimore's leading colored middleweight, Johnny Brown. Issy Silbert is back in the fight game again. Eddie Ross is out of the hospital following his recent operation and is coming along fine. Heinie Blaustein was set down for thirty days by the Commission for his all too much coaching in the Burman-Walker fight. Harry Himelfarb, one of Baltimore's leading radio merchants, is taking a fling at the promotional game. He will run colored fights and has that capable Pete Jubo as his matchmaker. By the time this goes to press, Johnny Kapovich will be a member of Uncle Sam's large stable of fighters. Harry Schuchman is one of the busiest men on the commission, always ready to help some fighter or manager.

Baltimore continues to stage shows regularly and draws well. Red Burman, though beaten several times this year, likewise continues a big drawing card in Baltimore.

KENTUCKY NEWS
By JOE FRENCH

THE first of a series of weekly shows held in Louisville this past month was headlined by K.O. Borrado, 135, rugged puncher from Mexico, who won the decision over Jimmy Maddox, 133, of Oklahoma, after ten close rounds of thrilling action that had the fans standing up.

Herschel Joiner, 145, outstanding colored prospect of Cincinnati, was featured in the semi-final set for eight rounds and made quick work of K.O. Lee, 148-pound Negro of Macon, Ga., knocking him out in session two.

The second Louisville boxing program featured Mike Raffa, hard-socking featherweight ace from Fort Knox, Ky. Weighing 127½, who fought Jue Yee Kong, 127, of San Francisco, in the ten-round headliner. Bomber Mike finished Kong in short order, putting the Chinaman in cold storage in the second round.

Tommy Yaroz, 157, Pittsburgh youngster with much promise and a stablemate of Raffa, appeared in the semi-final of ten rounds and banged out a decision win over rough and rugged Gib Jones, 159, Cincinnati puncher. In another glove whirl down for ten rounds, Jimmy Grimm, 143, young Louisville boxer, outpointed K.O. Borrado, 134, Mexican warrior.

The following week, hard-hitting Jackie Callura, 126½, ranking Canadian star blasted out Frankie Garcia, 128½, Bridgeport, Conn., in the second round of their main event billed for ten sessions.

In the semi-final, also scheduled for ten heats, Jimmy Grimm, 143, fast-moving Louisville youngster, punched out a six-round T.K.O. over Willard Brown, 136, former college boxer from New Orleans.

Jimmy Grimm, 146, Kentucky's top ranking welter, was billed in the top bout of the next Louisville boxing show and continued on his winning streak by winning a tenth-round T.K.O. over Willie Cutsinger, 149, game and rugged schoolboy battler from Cincinnati. In the semi-final, Bob Garner, 166, local colored whirlwind, banged out a six-round decision over Floyd Howard, 166, Cincy Negro. In another scrap down for six heats, Jim Polk, 160, local colored puncher, knocked out Arthur Harris, Cincy Negro 150-pounder, in three sessions.

An unfortunate ending occurred in a preliminary bout on the above card when Lenny Grace, local colored lightweight, was knocked out in the fifth round by Tommy Parker, Lexington, Ky., Negro, and never recovered. Grace was carried from the ring by his handlers, and after unsuccessful efforts to bring him to his senses in the dressing room, he was sent to the hospital, but died before reaching there. When Grace fell in the fifth round from a right hook to the heart, his head hit the floor with much force and this apparently caused his death.

He was popular with the fans, fighters and managers and was a clean, willing, hard-fighting performer. His passing brought sadness to many followers of boxing and he will be missed in the local ring. Tommy Parker was not at fault in any way for this unfortunate accident, as he was making a clean, hard fight and was behind on points when the fatality occurred. Parker was in great sorrow when he was informed of Grace's death and we hope Tommy will be able to forget this fatality and continue his boxing career.

Louisville was visited by a number of popular boxing figures from out of town during the past month. Among them was Ray Foutts, fight pilot from East Liverpool, Ohio, who had his Mike Raffa and Tommy Yaroz in winning matches . . . . Leo Bradley, veteran New England manager, was also here with his crack featherweight, Jackie Callura . . . . Gus Wilson, popular Los Angeles manager, drops us a letter saying his welter star, Larry Cisneros, was recently drafted into the Army and is stationed here at Fort Knox, Kentucky . . . . Cisneros is one of the best boys on the Pacific Coast and has a fine record . . . . The managers of Bob Garner, local colored light-heavy prospect, have brought in Ed Wall, experienced colored handler from Memphis, Tenn., to supervise Garner's training. Garner is a former Golden Gloves champ and has been boxing only a short while but has seven knockout wins to his credit, five being scored in the first round.

Charley Jones, Louisville manager, had two winners this past month when his lightweight, Sammy Angott, kayoed Chino Lopez in six rounds at Pittsburgh, and his bantam socker, Freddy Pope, won a ten-rounder over Chiquito Sanchez at Akron, Ohio . Any unattached fighters with good records who want to show around this section get in touch with the writer at 1015 Tenth St., Jeffersonville, Indiana . . . . So long until next month.

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IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

BILL RAND, Chicago's boxing magnate, won and lost in his most recent Chicago Stadium presentation when Booker Beckwith, sensational Gary light-heavyweight and one of Rand's mainstays as fistic bait, was handed out a fashionable boxing lesson and lacing by Bob Pastor, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., champion light-heavyweight. On the other hand, 9,881 boxing fans contributed to a huge gate, totalling $25,315.24, which rewarded deserving Bill with a handsome return for this venture. But, henceforth, Rand, for the present at least, will have to confine Beckwith along the building-up process again.

Beckwith's weight, as announced by Announcer Pep Kerwin, was 168 pounds, four pounds less than his regular fighting weight. This, however, cannot be any excuse for the lambasting that the fiery college bred New Yorker dealt out. Pastor never looked better.

Except for the first and third rounds, Pastor beat a tattoo on the gangling Booker. In the opening heat, and with the fight but a minute underway, Booker cracked Pastor with a long right hand, which made Bob's knees buckle and almost placed Bob on the verge of taking a count. However, the cagey and ringwise Easterner regained his composure and held his own for the duration of the round.

The Hogue twins appeared on the program and emerged victorious. Willis (Shorty) Hogue, 160-pounds, battered Andre Jessurun unmercifully after Jessurun, from New York City, had made a fight for the first three rounds. The bout was halted by Referee Davie Miller at the gong signalling the seventh round. Jessurun was in no condition to absorb any more of this lambasting assault.

Twin brother Williard (Big Boy) also showed the way in an interesting tiff against the game George Mitchell, a strong physical specimen himself; but found in Big Boy an even more sturdy foe and he, too, Mitchell, Detroit 157-pounder, had his bout stopped in the eighth and final round. Incidentally, the Hogue vs. Jessurun contest was scheduled for ten rounds and held down the semi-windup spot.

These Hogue twins possess abnormal strength. Their bodies are moulded along the lines of a heavyweight and possess stamina to burn—the two of them at the sounding of the 10-second whistle get off their stools and walk to the center of the ring awaiting their prey. However, Referee Miller wouldn't allow that gesture by Shorty; but Big Boy, with Johnny Behr as third man, repeated this tactic in every round.

Matt Daugherty, THE RING correspondent for Wisconsin and a tough Irish lightweight, settled a draw verdict with Jimmy Joyce of Gary, this time outpunching to the extent of gaining the laurels at the end of six frames.

In an emergency bout that came off, Jo Jo Passante, Houston, Texas 134-pounder, won a spirited four-rounder over Joe Law, Chicago 127-pound Southsider. And, oh, yes, I almost forgot, Marcillino Barrado, tough Mexican, from Mexico City, made an auspicious debut by stowing away "cold," Joey Pirrone of Cleveland, Ohio, in round three. The Cleveland lightweight had accomplished four straight knockouts here and was being primed for more important engagements, when "Bloop"—the bottom fell out. This was also scheduled for eight rounds. The windup of this highly-entertaining boxing show was over the air lanes via Adam Hats.

Lem Franklin, formerly of Cleveland, and who has been a Chicago resident for the past three years, gained the most important niche in his heavyweight campaign for challenging recognition to Champ Joe Louis' laurels by rubbing out the herculean-built Abe Simon of New York City in five rounds, in Cleveland.

Over in Hammond, where yours truly punches out the press notices for the Hammond Boxing Club in the Civic Center Building, George Mitchell, Detroit middleweight, received a gift victory over Johnny Barbara, in the eight-round feature.

Gene Spencer, elongated South Chicago lightweight, won on a T.K.O. in two heats over the ever-willing Bill Reardon, in a semi-attraction slated for six stanzas. Reardon received a severe gash on his forehead and the attending physician wouldn't permit the proceedings to continue.

And in the four-round prelims, Mike Sopko stopped incompetent Joe Caputa, of the Southside, in round one. Bill Cowan, Elgin 215-pounder, put the skids on Joe Thompson of the Windy City, in two cantos. Hezzie Williams emerged victorious after four spirited rounds with George McFarland, Chi Southsider, and Ray Olcott, Roseland 140-pounder, scored a two round kayo over Jimmy Parks, Negro Southsider.

Ross Miller, formerly a guiding hand in promotional adventures in the "Brewery City," Milwaukee, presented his inaugural Chicago boxing attraction at the Chicago Coliseum.

The headlining principals involved Robert (Bobcat) Montgomery, Philadelphia lightweight and welterweight title challenger against Julie Kogon, million-dollar gym-artist, from New Haven, Conn.

The final result was a unanimous decision for Montgomery at the end of practically ten one-sided rounds. Kogon, who looked good in his tiff with Nick Castiglione—that is, the ever-aggressive Nickie made Kogon look good in defeat—did very little socking with his "Sweet William" right duke. And for not using the theory, "a good offense is the best defense," Bobcat stepped right out from the opening gong and body-slammed unerringly. Kogon had all he could do to nullify a few of these paralytic body thunderbolts.

In the ten round semi-windup, Willis (Shorty) Hogue wrote finis to Johnny Barbara's ring career and meted out a terrific lacing to the courageous South Bend middleweight, stopping him via the good judgment of Referee Walter Rightmore in round eight. Johnny was practically out on his feet.

Shorty's brother, Williard (Big Boy), also scored a T.K.O. And this was at the expense of Lou Gross' Mike Sopko, Indiana Harbor middleweight, who was sadly lacking in experience for such a tough assignment. This bout was to have gone six heats.

And in a hectic six-rounder, Matt Daugherty came from behind to gain an even-Stephen award with Jimmy Joyce—lightweights. The other sixer revealed Gene Spencer, South Chicago part Indian lightweight garner a win over Doll Rafferty, colored, Not Irish, from Milwaukee, Wis.

Leo Rodak, hustling South Side lightweight, returned to the victory column once more by beating an arch-rival, Jackie (Pittsburgh Panther) Wilson, at the end of ten rounds, in Toledo, Ohio. Billy Conn, Louis' leading challenger, was the third man.

Jimmy Bivins, once a fistic scourge, was able to bury Nate Bolden deeper into the depths of solitude, from a fame standpoint, in a slow, listless tenner.

Tito (swashbuckling) Taylor stopped Ramey McKnight, for the count in round four. Ted Christie, veteran New York 130-pounder, knocked out Joe Law in one heat. Johnny Crane, 165-pound Southsider, beat George Mericka of Detroit in five rounds. And Henry Jones, heavyweight from Detroit, conquered Bob Smith of Pittsburgh.

Leo Rodak, experienced campaigner for the past eight years prior to his latest victory over the Pittsburgher, Wilson, was declared the loser to Chalky Wright, New York and Maryland recognized world's featherweight champion, at the Capital City, Washington, D. C., along the ten-round route.

Eddie Lander, Chicago Hebrew youngster, proved that Billy Seward is getting nowhere fast. Eddie handed the street-brawling Seward, from Ingomoor, Montana, a neat pasting for eight rounds. Lander sliced Seward's eyes as though he was peeling an onion. They are lightweights.

In the eight round semi-windup, Ernie Pelaia, 155-pounder of Beaver Falls, Pa., held George Nyberg, Port Arthur, Ont., Canuck, to an eight-round draw.

Joe Maxim, cocky Cleveland 180-pounder, is the latest boxing sensation here. Joe's latest conquest was a snappy five round kayo of Oliver Shank. Shank did, however, spill Joe for a short count in the second round. This only prompted Joe to get even and subsequently he did—but for keeps.

George Nyberg, Canadian middleweight, outpointed Pet Spotti, in the eight round semi-affair. And in the other bouts Ted Christie decisioned Bobby Root. George Feltes, Great Lakes Naval gob, defeated Johnny O'Brien—middleweights. And Johnny Abbot won over Isadore Miner.

Buddy Knox, good looking Dayton, Ohio, heavyweight blond bomber, made his Hammond debut when he collided with Lou Flowers, substitute for Jimmy Boyle, and both out of New York. Knox finished Flowers in but 2:32 seconds of the opening frame of a scheduled ten-rounder.

Bill Petersen, likable Indiana Harbor 204-pound prospect, stiffened Dick Howard of Columbus, O., also in the opening canto.

And in the added attractions, Anthony Jones, now of Chanute Field, Rintoul, Ill., an Air Corps training sector for future Uncle Sam pilots, hammered out a sterling six round triumph over George Mitchell, Detroit 158-pounder, who always gives his best.

Hezzie Williams and Ray Olcott defeated Tommie Johnson and Bill Miller, respectively—the former a light-heavyweight and the latter a lightweight. Correction—Olcott and Miller went four rounds to a draw.

Leonard Bennett, veteran Detroit 144-pounder, ventured over to the Crescent City, Cincinnati, O., and gained a creditable ten-round victory over Herschel Joiner.

In the final show of the month, Harvey Dubs, in-and-out Detroit welter, defeated Tito Taylor, who was engaging in his first ten-round contest here in Chicago.

Nate Bolden, who is now playing runner-up roles on fight cards, defeated Jack Whittinghill, southpaw, from Bloomington, Ill.

Stanley Murczek returned to the squared circle after a year's layoff and earned a four-round achievement over Mike (Sherman) Edwards. Vincent Calzaretta, West Side light-heavy, won over Larry Russell, and Joe Law, South Side featherweight, eked out a win over Bill Hawkins.

You can obtain your copy of THE RING up at Trafton's Gym, 180 West Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill., and at all greeting card establishments. However, provided you are a monthly RING reader, you would be wise to subscribe—and that way you will receive 12 monthly copies for $2.50. Thus your fifty cent saving plus prompt delivery before they reach the stands.

Managers who failed to heed the request of Nat Fleischer to forward complete, itemized records of their fighters, showing date of birth, place, weight, height and manager's name in addition to the dates and places of each fight, should do so now. Rush them in. Nat is waiting for them.

KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY
By MAX YEARGAIN

THE boxing lid was lifted on Kansas City's amateur fistic season, on October 13 in the Municipal Auditorium's new fight bowl before a packed gathering that witnessed an entertaining program of twelve bouts.

Honored guest for the show was Lieut. Comdr. Gene Tunney, retired undefeated world heavyweight boxing champion, who was introduced by Lieut. Comdr. R. W. Holt. Tunney, greeted with a tremendous round of applause, responded with a short talk, explaining the value of amateur boxing in developing the American youth.

He bemoaned the fact that in America, which boasts virtually all the world's champions in sports, the percentage of physical defects in young men has been found to be alarmingly high.

"It is because we as a nation watch sports and don't take part in them," Tunney said. "We should have more boys boxing and less watching."

In the bouts, the Municipal Athletic Club outscored the Gateway A. C. rivals in the featured bouts, winning three of five encounters.

Henry Martinez, M. A. C. flyweight, stopped Gerald Roulette in the third session. Levi Southall kayoed Hal White. Eddie Freeman, M. A. C. bantamweight, won a technical knockout over Carl Hughes in the third frame. Roy Miller of the G. A. C., gained the verdict over John Spurlock. Herman "Rocky" Tolbert, M. A. C. welterweight, outslugged Christofer Adams. Ray Spurlock, welterweight; Bob Ingersoll and Neal Finkle, middleweights, and Gene Manser, lightweight, ended their bouts in abbreviated periods.

Bill O'Malley, 193 pounds, showed promise in pounding out a decision over James Flannagan, 191½. Mike Hernandez, clever Mexican featherweight, decisioned Larry Burns.

Sammy Angott, the N.B.A. lightweight champion, downed Chino Lopez of Kansas City at the Arago Gardens, October 30, Pittsburgh, Penn., in a non-title battle. Troy Sheffield, manager of Lopez, would like to obtain another match in the near future.

Harry Mills, sharp-shooting Kansas City redhead, was the most impressive winner of Mique Malloy's fight card at the Arena, St. Louis, Mo., October 28. The Kansas City welterweight beat Ralph Gujarto, soldier, 149-pounder, of Chanute Field, Ill., in a six-rounder. Mills scored a nine-count knockdown in the fifth, but Gujardo, a rugged foe, arose and was on his feet when the bout ended. The superlative quality of boxing displayed by Mills enthused St. Louis boxing patrons and the rangy youngster, a former Golden Glove champion, is wanted back in the Mound City.

Fort Riley's Cavalry Replacement Training Center mitt tossers, coached by Lieut. William P. Jones, invaded Wichita, October 29, winning five out of eight bouts from Eddie Zonker's Wichita boxing club at the Forum.

Climaxing the evening's entertainment, the only knockout was scored by Ray Stanifer, Wichita's classy colored heavyweight, who was twice a runner-up in the National A.A.U. tournament. Stanifer flattened Willy Hays, colored soldier, in the third round after a great battle.

Other results: Duane Hoage, Wichita, won decision over Speedy Elliott, McPherson; Donald Hanes, McPherson, won decision over Charlie Young, Wichita; Lloyd Lucero, Wichita, won decision over Joe White, Ft. Riley; Bingo Bassett, Ft. Riley's star, won decision over Gilbert Whiteside, Wichita; Jim Hanson, Ft. Riley, won decision over Howard Henderson, Wichita; George Lucero, Wichita, won decision over Al Brant, Ft. Riley.

The battling soldiers, under the direction of Boxing Officer Lieut. William P. Jones, will fight in Topeka on a stellar professional boxing show, sponsored by the American Legion, November 20. This card will be broadcast by WIBW, Capper's station, and will be the first ever sent out over the air lanes from the Capital City.

Send sports news from this section to Max Yeargan, 710, Monroe, Topeka, Kansas.

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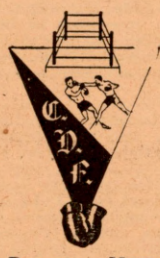

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UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By TOM EPHREM

GEORGIE ABRAMS, your best middleweight bet, laced Gene Molnar in his initial Florida appearance, a ten-rounder held at Miami Beach. Georgie's next is with Tony Zale, the N.B.A. dominator, with the winner here to be recognized as the world's champion. THE RING Editor, Nat Fleischer, will present the lucky fellow with THE RING Belt, signifying the honor.

With good reason to postpone his pro boxing shows at the Armory until this month, Promoter-Matchmaker Jimmy Finley goes to the post with colorful Steve Belloise, THE RING's No. 5 middleweight, to oppose Jose Cabellero of Cuba for the top spot. Finley has something that will make Jacksonville a leading standout in the sport throughout the U. S., and that is, the fistic talent that surrounds the city, at Camp Blanding and the local Navy Air Base, not to forget the boxing names that are native Floridians and those who make the state their winter home during the season.

It is known, wherever a promoter or matchmaker is located, that he has to build up local talent. In Jacksonville, it is not necessarily so. Such fistic stars as Georgie Abrams, Cal Cagni, Frankie Poreda, Tommy Tucker, Steve Belloise and Al Nettlow, produce for the Navy here, while Florida's shining heavyweight, Tommy Gomez, leads for Camp Blanding. Still, there is talent in the city of Jacksonville that means good at the gate and many that are both in the two Service camps outside Jacksonville.

Tommy Gomez, the Blanding "Blitz Boy," got back in action and in three rounds kayoed Jimmy De Sola at the Coliseum in Tampa. Let's interrupt to congratulate Tommy and his bride, Mrs. Gomez, upon their recent wedding.

The Jacksonville City Council passed Sam Butz's boxing bill by the score of 14 against 2. The bill is a honey and a perfect prescription for the way boxing has been run during the past number of years, that provide the sport with a bad name; with the poorest matchmaking; without a house medico to look after the boxers who are in reality (most of them) inexperienced and know not who they meet until almost clash time. The admission of two bits is a disgrace to the game and cannot provide the boys who fight with a decent payday. It isn't the boxing game that is bad; it's the persons who run it (plenty of them) that cause people to look down on the game. That's the way to look at it in Jacksonville. But the Jimmy Finley-Lefty Yero combine should pave the way to a clean, decent and major league run professional fight shows at the good spot, the Armory.

It was one great fight, the Tommy Gomez-Tiger Neville Beech brawl, taking place in Tampa and one that the Cigar City citizenry will not forget. After several tame, opening rounds, Gomez got going in the third and led into the fifth. The Tiger from Memphis, Beech, started his own in the sixth and began spearing Tommy with long lefts and retreating, keeping the heavy-hitting Gomez away until the eighth, his best round, and right there put up a strong encounter that the fans figured on an upset.

But no, Gomez came right back in the ninth and rushing from his corner at the bell, crashed a right uppercut on the Tiger's chin and the latter went down, bringing Tommy down football fashion with him. The referee, capable Young Raymond, went down also as he tried to pry the boys apart. In the concluding chapter, Gomez had the Memphis fighter down twice more for counts, while the latter fell down on several other occasions from exhaustion, this from the terrific pace the boys had set.

THE RING Editor, Nat Fleischer, and his forthcoming All-Time Boxing Record Book, are receiving much mention in papers throughout the country as we see by clippings sent here from RING readers. It's one thing that a promoter and matchmaker, plus the fight manager, can't do without. Fighters who have not yet sent in their records to Nat, should do so now. THE RING has two swell boosters in Barney Bogan, amateur boxer and O. R. Stark, both from Quitaque, Texas.

Ray Foutts, well known fight manager, writes in on his Teddy Yarosz. The former middleweight champ and Mrs. Yarosz are proud parents of a little champ, 10 pounds of bouncing pride . . . . The same also goes for Marvin and Betty Cumbie of Jacksonville. Marvin, formerly fighting under "Joey Dunne," are taking in a little roomer. The little fellow's name is Marvin LeRoy Cumbie. Carriages of congratulations to both the happy families.

More RING readers in Jacksonville . . . Earl Mitchell, head timekeeper at the Navy's new base, (Cecil Field); Bill Baker, timekeeper at the same place; ditto for Joseph E. McBride, former St. Louis Browns, big league ball player and also with the Oakland, California, team; the four Fraden brothers, Willie, Abie, Joe, Louis, and EACH gets a RING; Alfred Rosenthal, assistant manager of Baker's Shoe Store in Jacksonville. Rosenthal was given a few words about THE RING by chum Jack Morris, speaking especially of the magazine's quality; a young lady fight fan and reader is Miss Clyde Murphy; Jimmy Finley and Lefty Yero, promoters of the pro fight game here; Jimmy Reed, ex-local boxer who was tops back then; Jack Martin, fight manager who is known in Jacksonville and up North . . . . Yucatan Kid stopped Joey Raymond in Miami Beach in the sixth round . . . . Tommy Pauley is a promising prospect down Miami way.

To Florida's "Jimmy Kidd Hatcher Fans": Hatcher decisively defeated Billy Speary in 10 rounds in a Baltimore ring. The fight was a rough-houser and you could have seen almost everything in the books. It's a good win for Jim.

At New Orleans, Harry Weekly, leading Southern welter, kayoed Ervin Berlier in the fifth round. Harry may fight in Jacksonville rings directly . . . . Al Caroly, Connecticut matchmaker, will do that for ex-Senator Harry Durant, same state, as the season approaches for West Palm Beach . . . . The Tampa *Daily Times* in an article by Woody Thompson, of that paper, gave good space for THE RING's recognition on Claudio Villar in having received the Best Heavyweight Prospect mention . . . . Jack Lazarow, manager of Tiger Beech, Southern heavyweight, drops word from Indianapolis, where the Tiger faces Lou Thomas . . . . Keith Ludlow of Alliston, Ontario, Canada, is a RING fan ace high . . . . Abe Elkin's young featherweight, Ruby Garcia, is a coming youngster and Abe's latest, Russell Ramirez, 140 pounds of good club-fighting actioneer, should be an attraction. Ramirez is a Texas-Mexican boy.

Popular Chris Dundee, Southern fight manager and one of the world's best, writes that he has taken up the good Birmingham welterweight, Slingin' Sammy Magro. Magro should hit the spots under Chris' management and be in the money . . . . Florida expects Al Weill in her midst very, very soon. His Jimmy Kidd Hatcher to be along, no doubt . . . . Joe Leto, who manages Tommy Gomez, had his fighter's boxing record in before all for THE RING Editor's compiling. Bill Reppenhagen came in second for Frankie Poreda; Meyer Sable took third place for his Leo Center; Roy Hensley was in fourth place for Baxley Hardy; Anton Pappas copped fifth slot and Bill Gore sent Billy Murray's and Jimmy Lowery's records all the way from Hollywood, California, for number seven.

Lew Burston and Chick Bogad may have some of their fighters going on in Florida rings this season . . . . Was glad to hear from RING representative Archie Pirolli, of South Jersey and Delaware notes . . . . Bill Gore's promising welterweight, Billy Murray, has rolled up four straight in California rings . . . . Dave White of Miami has a nice colored middleweight in Kid Ferguson, who has a record of nine kayoes in 13 battles. Ferguson should be getting good action in sections where colored cuffers are in progress, maybe New Orleans.

With the pro game ready to start in Jacksonville, we believe it's the city's best chance to get back into the fistic spotlight. I would like to hear from fighters who are unattached and managers who want action for their boys. All fight news and info are welcome. Address: Tom Ephrem, 605 W. Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Florida. Get your RING at Jake's on Forsyth and Hogan Sts., and at Pop Von Reedon's newsstand, Main and Adams Sts. THE RING is selling better than ever down here. Books written by THE RING Editor are toppers and can give you info on them. Well, folks and everyone, a Most Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year to all.

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IN SOUTHERN U. S. CAMPS

By TOM EPHREM

GEORGIE ABRAMS and Steve Belloise, both of the Jacksonville Naval Air Base, wracked up wins during the past month. Abrams defeated Gene Molnar in Miami Beach and Belloise had a tough fight with Jerry Fiorello in White Plains. Steve had the best of the first five rounds and had to stave off a rally from Fiorello in the ending chapters. Frankie Poreda promising young heavyweight, and Tommy Tucker, two more lads at the same base down here, are to face Buddy Knox in Newark and Johnny Colan in New York City, respectively. Then, Steve Belloise again jumps into action in Jacksonville and tangles with Jose Cabellero, to start off the city's pro shows at the Armory. Georgie Abrams then gets the real test with Tony Zale in New York City for the world's middleweight title. .

The Clouting Corporal, Mike Raffa of Fort Knox, knocked out Jue Yee Kong in the first round of a featherweight match. Here's how popular Mike is in camp. Over 500 soldier buddies came in from Knox to Louisville, 32 miles, in Army trucks to see him fight. The soldiers had a big banner saying, "RAFFA, CHAMP IN '42." Meanwhile, his stablemate, Tommy Yarosz, middleweight, outpointed Gib Jones in 10.

It seems that Raffa, a true American soldier boy, who is on the banks of getting higher in the game than now, is having a tough time to get into proper and decent training. Mike seldom gets to train as he really should, as he has to drill the soldier boys there around 11 hours a day. Mike isn't kicking, though. But it is a darn shame that a real title contender can't get into the MORALE DIVISION of the Army there, where he can do more good for Uncle Sam and himself.

Man howdy, it is really wonderful to hear and see from all them there reports that come in from you Servicemen. Just keep it up, fellows. THE RING Magazine wants you all to send in your fight news and results. At Maxwell Field, Alabama: Jack Dempsey paid the British Air Cadets a visit. Maybe the laddies will tell Jack a thing or two about fighting, soon . . . . Lt. George W. Seemann, former captain and end at the University of Nebraska football team, was named athletic officer of the 38th Division. Lt. Seeman has already completed tentative plans for a well-rounded winter athletic program, including boxing and other sports. Soon, a portable boxing ring and other facilities will be ready for the new field house. Boxing seats number 3,400 . . . . At the Jacksonville Base, the Trade Schools put on boxing every Thursday night and active workers are Tommy Tucker, which is swell, and Lt. Commander E. M. Shields, the athletic officer, and Chief Radio Gunner W. H. Anthony.

Anton Pappas of the Jacksonville Base is a classical boxer with a nice left jab and hook. He has good footwork and is smart. His gym workouts with Tom Sharkey, Cal Cagni and Al Nettlow will prove all that. With proper care, Anton should develop into something. He had a small number of pro bouts up North, where he came from . . . . Then Tommy Tucker and Georgie Abrams are doing nifty work with Joey Keegan of Buffalo, N. Y. Joey is a heavyweight, standing six feet, and his age—gee whiz, he's only 17. What's in store for this youngster in the future?

A RING reader from Uncle Sam's Army in faraway Hawaii is a Tampa lad, Private O. T. Castleberry, who praises the Bible of Boxing . . . . Omar Crocker, undefeated collegiate boxing champion, is now serving as an Army boxing instructor. He's from the University of Wisconsin . . . . Georgie Abrams was born on Armistice Day, November 11, 1918. Therefore his middle name "Freedom" . . . . Bill Cocke, Memphiser at Pine Camp, New York, is sold on both Mike Raffa and Jimmy Kidd Hatcher as title aspirants in the featherweight division.

Basil Laidlow of H. M. C. S. *Hamilton* at Halifax, Nova Scotia, is the latest from out of U. S. waters who sends in for Father Bonaventure's sports booklet, "Reverse Your Field." Basil wrote Pete Montesi at 316 West 25th St., New York City, for the book to help combat anti-Semitism. Swell, Basil.

Abe Elkin, New York fight manager, now has three of his boys in with Uncle Sam. Marty Servo is in the Navy. Manager Al Weill now has three of his boys in there; Cal Cagni and Al Nettlow are the other two . . . . Frankie Poreda, swell heavyweight prospect from the Jacksonville Air Base, drops in a line from Jersey City before clashing with Buddy Knox at Newark. Ditto for his manager, Bill Reppenhagen.

Fred Apostoli, formerly middleweight owner, has a banged up mitt which means a lay-off for a spell . . . . Joe Vella, manager of Light-heavyweight Champ Gus Lesnevich, has been discharged from the Pensacola post with Uncle Samuel . . . . Lt. Asbury D. Snow of Camp Wheeler, Georgia, is in charge of the Post Athletic Office and says that a sports arena is under construction to seat 2800.

An interesting letter comes in from "Ghost Writer" (br-r-r-r-r), Co. "D," 95th Engr's Bn., Fort Bragg, North Carolina. "G. W." says that Corp. Remus Smith, a leading amateur mittslinger from Pennsylvania, is doing his bit for U. S. and is stationed at Fort Belvoir, Va., with the 95th Engineers. Also that the E. R. C. hold their weekly program every Thursday night and boxing shows are whizzers. Promising material is to be found as the Recreation Officer has stated. Then, says "Ghost Writer," there's a young fellow, Jimmy (Jivin' Jolter) Murphy, to be reckoned with. Jimmy is also at Fort Belvoir, Va., and a member of the 95th Engr's Bn. (Sep). He is a former Pennsylvanian and fought out of the Middle West and the South before being inducted with Uncle Sam. Jimmy is a meek looking fellow but when he climbs into the ring, the meekness leaves and he becomes a fighting fool. Thanks, Ghost Writer.

A Navy benefit bout will take place in New York, January 2, 1942, with the principals being Heavyweight Champ Joe Louis and Buddy Baer. The deal was made by Baer's manager, Ancil Hoffman, and Promoter Mike Jacobs.

Eight bouts were held at the Jacksonville Air Base consisting of four rounds each. Judging were Ensigns D. W. Schoonmaker and R. L. Holland, and CBM P. B. Heath. Spike Murphy was the referee for all the bouts. Results: J. E. Zydell, 137, won over F. A. Patton, 138; N. A. Jones, 140, and R. C. Taylor, 135, drew; R. J. Reyes, 138, and J. H. Bonbary, 140, drew; H. DeBaby, 118, and B. Anderson, 120, drew; J. J. Kimble, 165, scored T.K.O. over G. L. Goodman (4); G. M. Kriz, 125, stopped W. J. Renner, 123, in 3; E. L. Lackey, 160, beat A. M. Cox, 160; J. A. Miessau, 140, beat Z. S. Martell, 138.

At Sheppard Field, Texas, they have a nucleus for boxing in trainer and coach, Lt. Willis H. Cavedo. Cavedo has commandeered every piece and article of fighting equipment for the training of the 89-man squad. Local patriotic citizens donated use of the Boys' Club until the Field has its own gym. Lt. Cavedo has laid down a strict schedule for the boys, who train thrice a week and go to sleep by nine each night, and have shown signs of toughening up already. Boxers showing the "promise" are Chief Merrick, a full-blooded Indian; Sydney White, former Florida champ, who has won 18 of his 20 bouts by kayoes; and R. E. Threat, a semi-finalist in the A. A. U. bouts at Salt Lake City.

At Pine Camp, New York, the camp's first championship bouts got under way before 30,000 soldiers and civilians in esven days, this fall. It was a record crowd and goes down in Pine Camp Military Reservation's sport annals as the biggest attraction of 1941. Seven cards of ten bouts each were conducted in the Camp's Amphitheatre ring, sponsored by the Morale Department. Direction was under Maj. James L. Mason. The final winner and only by a single point, was the 66th FA, 4th Armored Division. The 754th Tank Bn., GHQ Reserve, was a close second and the 80th Armored Regt. and 22nd Armored Regt., both 4th Armored Division, tied for third place. Lou Ambers, former lightweight king, refereed the finals and did fine work.

Freddie Cochrane wasn't the first world's champion to enlist while being the kingpin. Instead, the honor goes to Mike O'Dowd, who served in the A.E.F. in the first World War, while the middleweight champion . . . . Georgie Abrams, Jacksonville sailor boy, was best man at his sister Goldie's wedding to Flash Gordon, former football player, in Washington, D. C. . . . . Which reminds me of the forthcoming marriage of a well known boxer, soon as the couple agree on the date. Here 'tis: Georgie Abrams, Tommy Tucker and myself are arguing like ninety as to who is to be "best man" at the wedding. I have it over Tommy and Georgie, 'cause I got a nickel with "two heads" on it, so there.

Lou Barba, a heavyweight under the late Joe Jacobs' handling, is now a physical instructor on a ship plying the New York and South American route . . . . Alan Orr Ewing, a British soldier now confined in a German prison camp, is asking for a set of boxing gloves so that prisoners there can benefit with exercise. Address him: Alan Orr Ewing, Number 15,379, Offlag, Iv. C., Germany.

Ben Foord, the heavyweight from South Africa and a private in the South African forces in the Congo, was rejected a commission . . . . A salute to welter champ Freddie Cochrane for sticking by the side of his manager . . . . Buddy Scott, young Southern heavyweight, now employed as a civilian fire-fighter at the MacDill Field fire station (Tampa), will also coach the fliers' boxing team . . . . Linn Platner, San Diego fight promoter, is planning a series of amateur fight cards between servicemen to do the scrapping. It was from an idea of Col. H. L. Larsen of the 8th Marines and that means that the Leathernecks are not the only ones who are going to do any scrapping . . . . Corporal Cliff Johnson of Selfridge Field, Mich., was one of the very first fighters to be accepted in the White Hope Tournament in Detroit . . . . Lt. Commander Gene Tunney seemed interested in placing Billy Conn in the service before Billy got married.

Morton A. Bramson, former secretary-treasurer of the New York Coliseum and who ran boxing shows for the soldier boys at Camp Wheeler, Ga., is being transferred to Camp Upton . . . . Two hundred thousand soldiers saw Champion Joe Louis in appearances at eight army shows . . . . Goes to show you what effect boxing has on the American youths' morale.

Bill Gore of Miami Beach will be heading down back home after Melio Bettina fights in Cleveland. Bill is training Melio and is doing nifty work with the former light-heavy king.

Well, Servicemen, time to go now, but don't fail to drop in any news on boxing in your locality. Letters, etc., are welcome from any part where Uncle Sam has his boys stationed. Why not send a real gift for Christmas to your buddy or friend home? A yearly subscription of THE RING will do the trick. There are also many interesting fight biographies and technical books on the game written by the Editor. Importantly, don't fail to send to THE RING Editor for your copy of his All-Time Boxing Record Book. This will top any and every one that has come along.

To Uncle Sam's boys; to every RING reader and RING Staff Writers: A Very Merry Christmas and Most Prosperous of New Years. This writer's address: Tom Ephrem, 605 West Forsyth St., Jacksorville, Florida.

ABERDEEN PROVING GRD., MD.

By LEO "CHUCK" CONNORS

THE Ordnance Training Center has one of the best service teams in the army. The boxing is under the supervision of Lieut. Luther R. Barth, who is ably assisted by Leo "Chuck" Connors. The following bouts were conducted the past month: A team from Reading, Pa., bowed to the mighty O.T.C. champs, Irving Simonovitz K.O.'ed Johnny Walters, two rounds; Bernard Sandson, former intercollegiate champion, won by T.K.O. over Reading Carl Varish, three rounds; Todd Cole was sensational in winning by K.O. over Ken Scholkoph, two rounds; How Gum, popular Chinese boy, won all the way over Carl Hess, Reading; Mike Motsko, Edgewood Arsenal, won a tough decision over Irish Jimmy Carr, who is a terrific puncher. John Guman was the only O.T.C. boxer to lose. He lost a tough decision to George Martin over the five-round route.

The O.T.C. champions traveled to New Haven, Conn., with a five-man team, winning two and losing three bouts. Private Bernie Sandson, pride of the Superman, stole the show, winning the five-round decision over Pat Vendrillo, Manchester, 160-pound boy. Irish Todd Cole lost the decision in five rounds to New Haven Henry Badger in a great fight; Tommy Burrier, O.T.C. welter champion, battled to a draw, three rounds, with Al Renick. Private Frank Clark lost by T.K.O. to Bobby O'Brien, Hartford 126-pound champion. Irving Simonovitz won over Tim Renick, three rounds. The above show was held at New Haven Arena.

The Baltimore club, the Poodles A.C., lost the team matches to the O.T.C. champions, four bouts to three. Todd Cole K.O.'ed Bernies Michelson, two rounds; Clarence Shrout K.O.'ed Ed Thomas, one round; How Gum won a thriller over Ray Blume, Baltimore; Abe Horowitz, Aberdeen soldier, lost to Baltimore's fighting fool, Joey Longo, five rounds; Bernie Sandson won over Devinti from Baltimore, five rounds, a very easy win; Private Werner Bloch lost the decision to Johnny Longo, three rounds.

The O.T.C. champions entertained the unbeaten York, Pa., champs. The results were as follows: Bernie Sandson won an easy five-round decision over York's unbeaten middleweight champion; Todd won all the way from George Miller five rounds; Clarence Shrout, O.T.C. heavyweight champion, boxed an exhibition over another Aberdeen boy, Steve Dziadik; Abe Horowitz lost a tough fight to Dick Billett, former A.A.U. champion, in five rounds; Al Ellis won in three rounds over Charley Jones.

The O.T.C. boys traveled to York, Pa., and broke even in six bouts. Todd Cole won in three rounds over Jake Loftus; Bernie Sandson lost to Howard Berger, three rounds; Frank De Rose lost to Lot; Werner Bloch lost by T.K.O., two rounds, to Lancaster's K.O. king, Louis Scheuchenzber; Joe Suizdak won the decision over Dorsey Lay.

Here are results of bouts staged at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds: Private Dan Arnold lost by K.O. to Al Ellis; Private Werner Bloch lost decision, three rounds, to Mickey Stichak; Corp. Thaddeus Lane won in three rounds over Wm. Ishman; Private Robert Lewis lost, three rounds, to Frank De Rose; Corp. James Carr, K.O., one round, over Earl Hoyt; Private Frank Clark lost, five rounds, to Abe Horowitz; Corp. James Liggins, K.O., four rounds, over James Burnett; Private Esmond Music lost, three rounds, to Nello Assalito; Private How Gum, Chinese, lost, three rounds, to Irving Simonovitz; Private Bernard Sandson, won, five rounds, over Steve Dziadik.

BOXING IN PANAMA CAMPS

By PVT. P. L. CAPARELL

IN view of the fact space is limited, and this column is mainly dedicated to the boys of the service—for the boys of the service—I will have to eliminate further Panamanian boxing material and devote my attention to the Army bouts. However, I will accumulate all the Republic results and present them during the mid-winter months when leather-pitching, both military and civilian, has ceased.

The 14th Infantry at Fort Davis on the Atlantic section opened its 1941 smoker with virtue of three K.O.'s and four decisions. The results are as follows: 147 pounds, Baushman K.O.'ed Nodine in 3; Collins K.O.'ed MacOneghy, 3; Sprezke won from Warren in 3; Udvari K.O.'ed Punchy Waples, 2; Ovellette won from Kid McCoy, 3; and Petra won from Pastrell, 3.

Main event—126 pounds, Clark decisioned Fiore, four rounds.

In the three-round exhibition bout staged at Fort Amadov, Paul "Cyclone" Cook chalked up his first victory of the season by decisively defeating Hawaii's former bantam king, Private Wheeler, in a contest well supported with speed and effective hitting power.

Fort Randolph, also on the Atlantic section, boomed successfully with its post title events, drawing an excellent crowd. Results:

112 pounds—Duate defeated Allev, 3.

126 pounds—Bwalacque defeated McBurnie, 3.

135 pounds—DeMaria defeated Woody Woodcock, 3.

147 pounds—Price K.O.'ed Grurinovich, 3.

160 pounds—Bartholomew K.O.'ed Lewandowski, 1.

175 pounds—Gillette decisioned Sinclair, 3.

Heavyweight—Price won by default.

(Bartholomew and Price both represented the Service Battery.)

In another exhibition, but this time staged at France Field (Atlantic), Pvt. Price copped the nod over "Coporal" Murry.

The Amadov team (Pacific Section) came over the top with ten wins, three draws and only two defeats. The 4th C. A. copped all the honors.

The winners are as follows: Philips, Duffy, Elkins, Drachmus, Brown, Born and Molina. Thorn and Usach drew. Usach and Molina are attached to the 73rd C. A. You'll hear plenty about this Amadov team later. They are well trained stock, and should prove dangerous competition. Lt. Barlatti, a competent instructor who held possession to a West Point title, is doing a fine job on these fellows and should turn out champion competition.

To the South End boys in Boston, with whom Frankie Mazzoni was raised, this column is dedicated. He died from an accident on October 13. The boys down here who come from Boston were shocked to hear of Frankie's death.

CUFF NOTES—Walt Disney and staff paid a visit here and were guests to the top soldiers of the Panama Canal Dept. Our own Amadov post commander, Brig. Gen. Myers was among those that entertained the visitors.

Henry Armstrong has not forwarded any word as to his desire of fighting down here. He turned down an offer for a fight . . . . V for victory—purchase THE RING and be victorious in the timely information you gain from this "pugilistic dictionary."

At the Balboa Stadium, Pacific Section, the following were the results: P. W. (Pursuit Wing), P. B. (Parachute Batt.), A. B. (Airborne Infantry).

126 pounds—Simmons, 5th Inf., decisioned Runz, 33rd Inf., 3 rounds; 130 pounds—Cables, 73rd C. A., beat Thurston, 501 P. B.; 130 pounds—Marsola, 12th P. W., won from Iorio, 33rd Inf., 3 rounds; 135 pounds—Veshheuk, 33rd, won from Huck, 550th A. B., 3 rounds; 135 pounds—Dickey, 73rd C. A., won from Hanna, 12th Pur.

147 pounds—Dummas, 501 P. B., K. O.'ed Angel, 5th Inf., 2 rounds; Antinucci, 33rd Inf., was K.O.'ed by Sarviskis, 5th Inf., 3 rounds; Prieto, 4th C. A., lost to Nickerson 2nd. F. A., 3 rounds.

160 pounds—Viar, 5th Inf., won from Kopan, 5th Inf., 3 rounds; Ashfield, 501 P. B., won from Ammons, 5th Inf., 3 rounds; Olezy, 550th A. B., won from Everet, 12th P. W., 3 rounds. 175 pounds—Blazer, 550th A. B., won from Rosenbald, 5th Inf., 3 rounds. (Blazer, Ashfield, Antinucci are good prospects.)

P. B. (Parachute Batt.), P. W. (Pursuit Wing), F. A. (Field Artillery).

112 pounds—Niger, 550th A. B., won from Favescich, 3 rounds; 126 pounds—Ashley, 12th P. W., K.O.'ed Le Fevre 73rd C. A., 3 rounds; 143 pounds—Whedon, 4th C. A., K.O.'ed Remmsins, 12 P. W., 2 rounds; 144 pounds—Lauitarra, 4th C. A., K.O.'ed Gibson, 5th Inf., 1 round.

133 pounds—Fenton, 5th Inf., won from Shaka, 73rd C. A.; 135 pounds—Cappaccione, 5th Inf., won from Elkins 4th C. A., 3 rounds; 147 pounds—Becker, 501 P. B., won from Paquette, 73rd, 3 rounds; 160 pounds—Racine, 73rd C. A., won from Gordon, 501 P. B., 3 rounds.

160 pounds—Gleason, 501 P. B., won from Wills, 12th P. W.; Strazza, 4th C. A., won from Coffin, 33rd Inf., 3 rounds; 170 pounds—Brown, 4th C. A., was K.O.'ed by Andrews, 2nd F. A., 1 round; 175 pounds—Burn, 2nd F. A., K.O.'ed Whitten, 73rd C. A., 1 round; Heavyweight—Brewster, 501 P. B., won from Gormon, 12th P. W. (Ashley best on card; Brown excellent prospect.)

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112 pounds—Kelly, 501st P. B., won from Barnes, A. F., 3 rounds; 135 pounds—Tavaris, 5th Inf., won from Delenco, 33rd Inf., 4 rounds; 142 pounds—Doer, 73rd C. A., won from Bauserfield, A. F., 4 rounds; Molina, 73rd C. A., won from Giguerri, 5th Inf., 4 rounds; 147 pounds—Jones, 73rd C. A., won from Countryman, four rounds. Silvers, 83rd C. A., won from Davis, 12th Pur., 3 rounds.

160 pounds—Callutti, 550th, won from Guess, 73rd C. A., 3 rounds; 175 pounds—Baggart, 2nd F. A., K.O.'ed Zimmer, 4th C. A., 3 rounds; 160 pounds (main event)—Paul Underberger won from George Vasillo, 73rd C. A., 5 rounds.

Underberger needs no introduction; Vasillo copped the 1938 New York Golden Gloves; Delenco is still a good prospect.

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112 pounds—Wheeler, 73rd C. A., won from Marks, 4 rounds; 126 pounds—Duffey, 5th Inf., won from Corbin, 3 rounds; 132 pounds—Fortini, 550th, won from Billiotti, 3 rounds; 135 pounds—Ramsey, 550th, K.O.'ed Choate, 3 rounds; Shoemaker, won from Goodman, 501st, 3 rounds.

142 pounds—Coffin, 33rd Inf., won from Born, 4th C. A., 3 rounds; 147 pounds—Thom, 4th C. A., won from Baumgartiner, 2nd F. A., 3 rounds; 160 pounds—Singleton, 501st, won from Sarrocks (Albrook), 3 rounds; Barrouse, 73rd C. A., won from Monroe, 33rd Inf., 3 rounds; Cairns, 550th, won from Daley, 5th Inf., 3 rounds; Brinkly, 83rd K.O.'ed Weedmark, 73rd, 1 round. Heavyweight—Jones, 2nd F. A., won from Hirsch, 73rd, 4 rounds. Outstanding bout—Wheeler, ex-Hawaiian king, who defeated Duffy, the 1940 champion.

145 pounds—Woodcock, won from King, 3 rounds; 160 pounds—Borzi won from Marciente, 3 rounds; Buchell won from Karvin, 3 rounds; 175 pounds—Powell won from Shelters, 3 rounds. Heavyweight—Gummond won from Dafee, 3 rounds; Brown won from Delk, 3 rounds; Rankin won from Costello, 3 rounds; Farry K.O.'ed Reluga, 3 rounds.

Woodcock and Rankin—best boys.

14th Inf. Ft. Davis, Atlantic Section—118 pounds—Langford won from Holland, 3 rounds; 133 pounds—Cox won from Consolo, 3 rounds; 135 pounds—Stiles won from Oullette, 3 rounds; Duenges won from Neal 3 rounds; Udvari K.O.'ed Mintz, 4th round.

145 pounds—La Ploca K.O.'ed Placa, 2nd round; 143 pounds—Kid McCoy K.O.'ed Spezke, 2nd round; 147 pounds—Robie K.O.'ed Baushman, 2nd round; Andrick won from Fiure, 3 rounds; 160 pounds—Kriess, K.O.'ed Petra, 2nd round. Walker won from MacOneghy, 3 rounds. (Kriess, Andrick and La Ploca best bets.)

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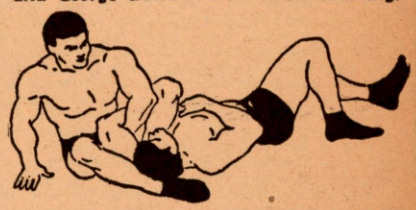

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

IN a slam-bang bout, replete with in-fighting, Joey Pirrone was awarded the decision over Pete Galiano of Baltimore on Oct. 23 at Memorial Auditorium. Pirrone had been knocking out all comers and despite the fact that he won his 23rd straight victory, Joey knew he had been in a terrific fight and plans for matching him with Lew Jenkins are up in the air for the present. Many admirers of Pirrone figure that the sharp-punching Cleveland lad should not be rushed. Joey is an embryo champion, but will require careful handling.

In preliminary bouts on the Q. A. C. program Harry Teany defeated Smoke Robinson, six rounds; Jimmy Winters won from Mexican Joe Rivers in another hectic six-rounder, which had the fans standing on their heads. Billy Adams won five of six rounds from Steve Kahley, and Benny Arnold whipped Rudy Spain in a listless affair. The curtain-raiser went to Dick De Lotto, who won over Frankie Rich. Luke Carr was the referee and he handled himself very well.

AROUND THE TOWN—Jackie Donovan has quit the ring . . . . The Irish kid from South Buffalo, after a good start in his early ring days, says he now realizes that he will never amount to much and doesn't want to get punched around . . . . Jackie will go to work, probably in defense industry . . . . Donovan made up his mind to quit after Henry Chmielewski stopped him in eight rounds at Boston . . . . Bert Finch, one of the smartest handlers of fighters in these parts, believes that Donovan would have fared far better if he had had a break around Buffalo and had continued to be built up in his home town . . . . When Jackie quit Billy Michaels, he went under the management of Eddie Meade, one of the greatest managers in the country . . . . Meade did his best for Donovan, but couldn't win the fights . . . . that was a job Jackie had to do himself . . . . Donovan is popular in Buffalo and the fans are sorry to see him leave the ring . . . . Chick Johnson, well-known second, has a new job with the city water department . . . . Chick continues to work in corners with well-known boxers whenever the Queensberry Club runs a boxing show.

Jack Singer passed up a chance to be Rochester matchmaker when he learned that boxing talent was very, very scarce in the Flower City.

Buffalo's mayor-elect, Joseph J. Kelly (Democrat), will be the first of Irish extraction to sit as chief executive at City Hall. Judge Kelly has been on the City Court bench for eight years, and during this time he has made a world of friends. An enthusiastic boxing and all-around sports fan, Judge Kelly will be a most popular mayor.

Charlie Murray is negotiating with Sammy Angott to fight in Buffalo, and the N. B. A. lightweight king may show here soon. Murray is also angling for a top-notch heavyweight match, which should pack the Auditorium.

HERE AND THERE—Eddie Borden writes that he never felt better in his life than he has since "joining up" with the Canadian Army . . . . The Elks will run weekly boxing shows, with Police Captain Marty Mulligan and Father Francis Kelleher doing the matchmaking . . . . The Eagles, too, plan amateur shows for Eagles' Auditorium, and the big *Courier-Express* Golden Gloves tournament is set for December 3 . . . . Billy Kelly, sports editor of the *Courier-Express*, announces that this year's Golden Gloves will surpass any tournament yet staged.

Good boxers, who have records and can win, can make plenty of money in Buffalo. The town is ripe for real fighters. Those writing should be free from managerial contracts and tie-ups. Write Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

FORCING the fight all the way, Bomber Al Bernard, Texas middleweight, punched out an easy eight-round decision over Bobby Britton of Miami at the Coliseum. Bernard brought the fans to their feet in the third when he crashed over a right to the jaw that sent Britton to the deck for a nine count. How Bobby ever weathered the round is still a mystery. The knockdown blow proved costly to Bernard, however, as Al sprained his hand so badly he was unable to punch heavily with it after having Britton on the verge of a trip to dreamland!

Belting Benny Arnold, the up-and-coming Jordan welterweight, needed only two rounds to dispose of gangly Frankie Flynn of Batavia. Benny's vicious body punching took its toll early, and Flynn succumbed in the second. A brace of left hooks and a fast right hand loaded with dynamite enabled Billy Furrone, local Negro welter, to halt Al Flora of Wilkes-Barre, in the first heat. The punch drove Flora through the ropes out into the tanbark where he was counted out by Referee Jack Michaels.

Forced to put out all he had, Joey Kushner, Syracuse portside featherweight, annexed a close six-round decision over Jimmy Winters of Buffalo, in one of the best fights on the card. In the opener, slated for four rounds, Corporal Buddy Wilbur of Syracuse scored a technical kayo over Johnny Kisselstein Brewerton welter, in the third semester. Kisselstein suffered a deep cut over his right eye which caused the arbiter to halt proceedings.

Promoter Henny Andrews spent several days in New York, signing talent for local bouts. Henny is developing some good local cards with Benny Arnold, 147; Al Bernard, 155, and Billy Furrone, 147, right up there on the top rung. Joey Kushner, crack 126-pounder, is also in line for main event recognition, when the right opponent comes along.

Patsy Perroni was slated to box Mike Alfano here but withdrew from the card because of sickness in the Perroni family.

NEW FIGHT CLUBS—Rochester has been taken over by the veteran manager and trainer, Jack Singer of Buffalo. Jack plans to operate weekly at the K. of C. Club. Fulton, N. Y., has a brand new A.A.U. amateur boxing club, sponsored by the V.F.W. and are operating twice a month at Recreation Park auditorium. Chuck Eley of Phoenix is the matchmaker.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER—Laid up with a double fracture of the left and right jaw, Al Flora will not forget his Syracuse meeting with Billy Furrone for some time . . . . At this writing Al was still under the care of a physician at Wilkes-Barre . . . . Genial Irv Robbins, sage of boxing upstate, handles some of the most promising leather-toters in the business . . . . Irv's old ace card, Belting Bert Courage, expects to be installed as a full fledged minister in his home church, come 1942 . . . . Ralph De John is reported to be accumulating considerable avoirdupois . . . . The itch to fight seems to have left Ralph entirely . . . . Joe Baker, crack North Side lightweight of a few years ago, is training amateur scrappers.

Newest addition to the local beak-busting colony is Tony Calvosa, the "East Side featherweight Slasher" . . . . Efforts are being made to have the Alhambra renovated throughout for public assembly . . . . The Coliseum will seat 10,000 for boxing and that many would be interested in a major show . . . . Leading upstate fistic attorney is Anthony Smith, who handles all the law work for the boys in the padded mitt industry . . . . Gabe Genovese is now located at 1406 Kingsley Drive, in Hollywood, Calif. . . . . Jimmy Fittipaldi, Y.M.C.A. boxing instructor, has developed two swell amateur prospects, Harold Victory, 126-pounder, and Frankie Adams, 145-pound scrapper . . . . Joe Gannon, Chicago middleweight, is training here, planning to turn pro this month. He's fast, can punch with both hands, and is as handsome as a movie star.

Red Parton, WOLF sports announcer, is a dyed-in-the-wool fistic fancier, and he gives boxing a great play on his daily broadcasts . . . . Local sports editors are anxiously awaiting the release of *Nat Fleischer's Boxing Record Book* . . . . Nat shouldn't have any trouble disposing of all he prints . . . . All fight publicity coming from the Syracuse Sporting Enterprises, Inc., is neatly multigraphed, and nearly as much press news is released from 205-206 S.A. & K. Bldg. as comes from the Mike Jacobs office . . . . Every paper and radio station upstate gets daily copy . . . . Syracuse gets that new auditorium in '42, we are told.

Henny Andrews is dickering for wrestling with the Paul Bowser group . . . . Joe Netro is preparing for a busy winter in the Scranton sector . . . . Carmen De John is in the Army . . . . Billy Shaw, Jr., home on a furlough from Gunter Field, Montgomery, Ala., let it slip that he boxed in the army tournament there, and kayoed his man in one round!

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

THE Acme Sporting Club has renewed its license to promote pro boxing and wrestling.

Promoter Jim Collins has contacted Jack Singer of Buffalo as his matchmaker. Singer is busy lining up several boxers before the new year. Its offices are at 27 Clinton Avenue, South.

Following are the results of the better amateur weekly bouts at the Elks' Club:

Lee Milo, 175, T.K.O.'ed Lloyd Williams, 185 pounds, both Rochester boys, second round; Lou Yonkers, 118, Jamestown, Pa., won decision over Jimmy Thomas, Buffalo, five rounds; Joey Paul, 145, Rochester, K.O.'ed Bud Solfky, Buffalo, first round.

Freddie Baia, 136, Amsterdam, N. Y., won decision over Johnny Green, Buffalo, five rounds; Carl Palumbo, 126, Amsterdam, won over Bill McMillan, Buffalo, five rounds; Roosevelt Thomas, 160, Chicago, won over Roman Jaworitz, Buffalo, five rounds; Joey Paul, 145, Rochester, knocked out Bill Gainsworth, Amsterdam, first round.

Joe Carter, 160, Rome, N. Y., won over Joe Gannon, Syracuse, five rounds; Tommy Rotolo, 126, Rome, N. Y., won over Bobby Lewis, Buffalo, five rounds; Joey Paul, 145, Rochester, won over Larry Adams, Rome, N. Y., in the third round.

Managers wishing to show their boys in and around Rochester would do well to contact this writer at 103 S. Union St., Rochester, N. Y.

The Rochester Elks Club resumed its promotion of amateur boxing.

NEWSY ITEMS—Pro boxing in this area should have its biggest year, both as a money year and with plenty of good talent available, as most of the good amateurs have applied for pro license . . . . Nello Nucelli, who was just released from Fort Dix after doing one year service, looms as the best looking prospect in western New York . . . . Ossie Sussman, local pride, is now a welterweight . . . . Three of the five Smith brothers, all boxers, are in the army; they are Eddie, a lightweight, Henry, featherweight, and Hubert, a welterweight . . . . Sammy Secreet, Pittsburgh's welterweight star, who is handled by Tom Walsh, made his first pro start in Rochester under the direction of Johnny Burba . . . . Ray Robinson performed many times as an amateur at the local Elks Club . . . . Dominic Angelo, a good heavyweight prospect several years back, is staging a return . . . . Al Traino, a good welterweight, is working in a defense project for Uncle Sam . . . . Johnny Flynn, local heavyweight who gave Bob Pastor and Gus Dorazio a run for their money, works in an iron foundry . . . . Jimmy Downs, an outstanding favorite of a few seasons back, is instructing boxers at the Elks Club, as are Hughie Smith, local pro welterweight star, Mike Rago, tough, rough pro belter, and Johnny Mastrella, who is now a lawyer and a former star on the Syracuse University boxing team . . . . Billy Murray, who proved a sensation in Florida rings the past winter, is a former stablemate of Sammy Secreet and has boxed as an amateur at the Elks Club. Credit should go to Alex Columbus, who really developed both Sammy Secreet and Billy Murray; Columbus is from Bridgeville, Pa. Credit should also go to Henry Routh, who first brought out Billy Soose as an amateur. Routh is out of Farrell, Pa.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

WADDELL WASHINGTON, the Springfield, Mass., middleweight, fought a draw with Al Gonzales of Providence, R. I., at Manchester, Conn., and lost a close decision to Al Gilbert of Florida at Hartford, Conn., in eight rounds. This was the first loss for Washington this year.

Jimmy Hayden, Springfield, won over Jackie Reid of New Haven in six rounds at Holyoke, but lost a close decision to Jimmy Bell of New Haven.

TIMELY NEWS—Beau Jack is still winning in New York. After his last fight he made a trip home to Aiken, N. C., for a short visit . . . . Harry Borden has taken over the contract of Johnny Green of Lewiston, Maine, and will have him fighting regularly . . . . Chief Crazy Horse of New York won a decision over George Zengaras of New York in a stirring ten-round bout at Holyoke . . . . Willie Pep of Hartford, Conn., made a trip to the West Coast but his stay was of short duration. He wired his manager for cabbage to come home after his first week . . . . Harry Hurst of Canada won a decision over Carmelo Fenoy of South America in ten rounds at Holyoke . . . . Billy Carrigan of Thompsonville, Conn., who boxed at Holyoke a few times last year, is now in the Army, teaching the boys the art. Good luck, Billy. Tallarita sends his best wishes.

Al Spoldi of Italy won over Irish Bill Carrigan of Baltimore in a ten-round main bout at Holyoke.

Mickey Canty of Springfield fought a draw with Felix Morales at Holyoke, but in a return go he flattened him in the fourth round.

Johnny Dundee of Hartford, Conn., beat Charlie Roberts in six rounds. Billy Marcus of Hartford, Conn., won over Eddie Ely of Great Barrington, Mass., in six rounds.

Tim Renick, Hartford, won a close decision over Pep McNine of Holyoke.

Leo Salvas, middleweight of Berlin, N. H., visited the writer. Leo boxed Tony Shucco, Norman Conrad, Battling Tracy, Johnny Plic, Ad Zachow, Cowboy Jack Willis and many others. He is contemplating a comeback.

Nick DeMarco also is training for a comeback. He can be reached through me. Nick has fought them all in the welterweight class and does not mind giving a few pounds. He will get busy this winter in and around Holyoke.

Joe O'Brien, the Springfield trainer, has boys boxing in the amateurs each week. At Boston, his fighters are tops. He had three winners in the last show. He has a very good colored prospect in Young Hill, a featherweight who beat the New England amateur champ in his first fight, winning three fights by K.O.'s the first night he fought. He is training Waddell Washington and Jimmy Hayden.

COVERING NEW ENGLAND
By MARK FANNON

FALL RIVER—In a fight that fans dream about but seldom see, Larry Bolvin, powerful feather from Providence, kayoed Jackie Harris, Boston, in the sixth. Jackie, who turned pro but a short time ago, knocked down Bolvin, recently ranked in the first ten, 11 times. Larry on the other hand, floored Harris nine times during this wild tussle.

Patsy Fanti, 132, Lynn, and Gene Johnson, 135½, New York, drew in the six round semi-final.

The blue ribbon of the month goes to Ernie Burke, newly crowned N. E. bantam champ. The upset caused and the manner in winning the title, is a lesson for any striving fighter.

He had never fought over six rounds. He had formerly fought as a featherweight, yet he took this match, made the weight—117, in fact—and soundly trounced young Herrick, who was ranked as a much better ringman. In 1940 Burke was stopped by Frank Mason and Lefty LaChance, but later fought a draw with LaChance. Not a very impressive record, but shows what determination can do. Thanks to Chick Hayes for livening up this class.

Mechanics Building, Boston—A new club—called the Boston Boxing Association—gave Hub fans a real show to open its weekly card. A dozen business men are behind the venture, and they have picked genial Jack O'Brien as their matchmaker. Jack gave up Mike Kaplan's contract in an effort to bring back boxing to Boston. He is a great fellow and is wished all kinds of luck. Believes in using young talent, charging fair prices and giving the fans their money's worth. Any good young fighters wishing to show at this club can get in touch with Jack at 44 School St., Boston, or to this writer at 7 Follen St., Boston.

Jack's first show had Henry Chmielewski, potent punching middleweight, battling Irish Jackie Donovan, Buffalo, piloted by Eddie Mead, in the top eight-rounder.

Donovan, being groomed for ring greatness, was rushed ahead a little too fast in taking on the veteran Pole. Donovan, tall, boyish looking, and a sweet boxer, started off in great style, riding Henry's punches and tieing him up, but hadn't the strength to keep Henry away. Henry was all power this night, as well as tireless, and kept tossing lefts and rights at Jackie without letup. Donovan was a tired lad from the sixth on. Chmielewski's body punching and consistent attack forced the Buffalo kid on the defensive.

In the eighth, Henry forced Jackie to the ropes and landed a beauty of a right. Donovan sagged on the lower rope. Another murderous right found the mark as soon as he got to his feet. Without a count the referee called a halt—justly so.

The twin eight-round main event promised to be as great as the other bout but a situation arose which caused disagreement among the fans.

The contestants were Eddie Ellis, Quincy, and Garvey "Lefty" Young, all service welterweight champion, now stationed at the Charlestown Naval Base, and the bout didn't last a round.

Ellis went after Young with murder in his eye, setting a terrific pace and keeping on top of the southpaw. As Ellis rushed in, Young hit Eddie two mean left uppercuts to the body, the last one flooring the colored lad. The referee started to count, while Eddie took advantage of all the time allowed him. Getting up at nine, the referee motioned him to his corner. Eddie told us later he thought it was the end of the round, but on returning to his corner he was rudely awakened, as Young was declared the winner by K.O. The time, 2:40. The referee's action was not a bit popular with the fans.

Johnny Seaman, 165, Quincy, opened up a cut over Roy Kelly's eye, to be awarded the scrap in the fifth, after a hard battle. Al Dutra, Cambridge lightweight, chalked up his 18th win by outboxing Bobby Allard in six. Al Sforza, 125½, Boston, stopped Al Dionne, Providence, in two.

Sal Cesario, 163, North End, outslammed Mal Smallwood in impressive style, to make his pro debut in a four-rounder. Mickey Adamick, 137¼, New Lork, and Pete Kardenes, 136½, U. S. Marines, punched each other silly for a four-round draw.

Berkeley Hall, South Cove A. C.—A second pro club also opened with weekly bouts here, having for its first main attraction Patsy Fanti, 130, Lynn, meeting Mexican Joe Rivers, 135, New York. A cut over the right eye halted Fanti in the third.

Jack Read, 154½, New Haven, and Eddie Bangs, 151, Cambridge, fought to a draw in the six round semi-final.

Al "Red" Priest, 151½, Cambridge, a lad who finds it hard to get opponents, kayoed Jim Farnum, 149, New Haven, in two frames.

Boston Arena—Over 5,000 fight fans witnessed the first amateur championship for the fall season. Some fine looking talent was brought forth at this early date, which will be good news to the new pro clubs. Golden Glove winners were: 112—Joe Hebert, Lowell; 118—Edward Gullage, Chelsea; 126—Robert Zollo, East Providence; 135—Donald Murray, Boston; 147—Willard Buckless, Saugus; 160—Jimmy Mulligan, Lowell; 175—Manuel Baptiste, Taunton; heavyweight—Edward Staskiewicz, Billerica.

Mechanics Building—Jim Robinson, 218½, Philadelphia, and Johnny Shkor, 217¼, fought the most vicious heavyweight battle in years and at the end of eight thrill-packed rounds Robinson was declared the winner. The contest was so close a draw would have been fair to either.

These two giants started punching at the opening bell and continued throughout the fight without a letup. It was a very fast match full of continual smashing blows. Shkor started off fine and seemed to be weakening Robinson at times, but Jim gives that appearance. Robinson, a powerful body puncher, played a tattoo on Johnny's body. Shkor was overanxious, missed a lot of punches, and tried to outfight the Philadelphian in close. Many times he led with a right. Most times Jim beat him to the punch with a well-directed left hook to the body, which Shkor couldn't seem to get away from. Robinson was the cooler and hit the cleaner blows.

In the fourth, it seemed curtains for Shkor as a terrific left to the jaw floored him. He was plenty hurt and tried to get his bearings. Rubber-legged he got up at nine, only to be downed again by a series of punches. Getting up, Shkor was fighting mad and tore into Robinson, not only holding his own but winning the round. Robinson also had his turn on the canvas. Once in the fifth and again in the sixth for short counts.

Bill Weinberg, with a big margin in height and reach, lost the nod to Texas Jack Marshall, in the twin eight. Bill had all the physical advantages over his opponent and should have taken the Texan into camp. It seemed that way at the start for the first five rounds. Then the stocky Marshall began to get the better of the mauling, which Weinberg always was willing to do. As a result Bill lost the golden chance to beat the Texan.

Bill Tordiglione, 148¼, Boston, knocked out Red Stevenson, 153, Providence, in two sessions.

Jack Capparelli, 160, Boston, was given the fight via the T.K.O. route, in the fifth, after cutting Johnny Studley's eye. Studley, the Brockton boy, is a throwback to the rough tough oldtimers.

Al Sforza, 124, Boston, and Billy Marcus, 127, Providence, gave a lesson in ducking and hitting. It was a slashing battle with first one hitting and ducking, then the other. Sforza got the decision.

Sal Cesario, 162, North End, flattened Sam Shumway, 165, Webster, in the second. They slugged toe to toe while it lasted.

Berkerly Hall—George Vento, 128, Cambridge, won a close hard-fought battle over veteran Bobby Allard, 134, Lynn, in eight. This was the 19th win for Vento who is a Hub boy but is seldom seen in these parts.

"Red" Priest of Cambridge, knocked down Al Evans, Newport, 149, three times to earn the six-round decision. In another six, Jackie Parker, 157, Worcester, decisioned Oscar Suggs, Newport. Francis Doyle, Roxbury featherweight, halted Johnny Dexter in one round, in his first pro fight.

RING NOTES: Buster Beaupre stopped Felix Garcia in a return go at Burlington . . . . Boxing at the Garden fell through . . . . Matchmaker Jack O'Brien really knows the game . . . . It would take a smart boxing fan to fool him . . . . Met a swell guy in the person of Joe Lynch, former RING writer from Texas . . . . Steve Casey is now out of the army due to his age . . . . Has resumed his wrestling career and lost his first match to George Macriscostas . . . . Leon Haire's decision over Abe Denner wasn't any too popular, nor was that of Hernandez over Bartola, judging by newspaper clippings on the latter.

Garvey Young won two fights at New Bedford during the month . . . . He stopped Al Shapiro in three, and won over Rego Dell in 10 . . . . Mike Kaplan looked good in trouncing highly-touted Mayon Padlo at Philly . . . . Coley Welch again beat the man who battered Holman Williams—Jose Basora . . . . There was no question that Coley won this one . . . . Howell King stopped Eddie Guerra at New Bedford in five.

Eddie Alzek, recent winner over Freddie Camuso, was the third successive fighter to stop Red Guggino, in his last three appearances . . . . The scene—Fall River . . . . We see by the papers that Jackie Donovan is giving up the prize ring as a result of his losing match with Chmielewski . . . . The 21-year-old Buffalo boy is a sweet boy to watch and his downfall at the hands of the Pole was no disgrace . . . . Henry is one tough hombre . . . . Bob Donovan, brother of Jackie, also ran into misfortune in Boston . . . . He represented Buffalo in an inter-city show at the Arena, and his opponent was Willard Buckless, perhaps the best amateur welter boxer in the East . . . . Bob, like his brother, heard the birdies sing . . . . Jack O'Brien announces that all service men in uniform will be admitted to his shows for half price . . . . Jimmy Leto's defeat by Slugger White makes it five losses in six starts this year . . . . Eddie Shevlin tries pro boxing at Lowell.

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NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

THEY called him "Punchin' Paul" in Texas and now California ring fans know young Paul Altman as the hottest young hitter on the West Coast. Altman is undefeated in five starts in California rings, flattening four of his men in impressive fashion and holding the veteran Ray Campo even in the fifth. This latter feat is all the more impressive when it is taken into consideration that Paul went in on short notice as a sub and also with both hands injured, which undoubtedly handicapped his hitting prowess.

At San Diego, "Punchin' Paul" knocked out Aurelio Tecoluz in the first heat. Frankie Antuna only lasted three. At Ocean Park, Altman needed less than two rounds to blast Billy Shaw out of the picture. Bad hands probably will keep this colorful youngster on the sidelines for the next couple of months.

Manuel Azteca, sharpshooting young Galveston lightweight who accompanied Altman west, scored in grand style in his Coast debut, punching out a decisive 10-round victory over Pedro Sanchez at San Diego. Azteca had Sanchez down for counts in the second and tenth rounds, but was unable to put his rugged foe away for keeps. In this bout, Manuel received a fractured frontal bone over his left eye, that slowed him up considerably for his two fights in Hollywood, in which he dropped a questionable decision to Kent Martinez and drew with Salas Robleto.

Mike Delia, hard-hitting young Los Angeles lightweight, has made himself quite a card in Galveston, where he stopped Felix Montalvo in nine heats and Mustang Garcia in the 15th, for the Texas lightweight title. Just how a Garcia-Delia bout was sanctioned for the state crown, when Paul Altman was rated the number one spot a couple of months ago and to date has not been defeated, is somewhat hard to understand. Maybe an Altman-Delia bout would clear up the situation and establish who is really the champion.

The writer's address: 1133 West Bell St., Houston, Texas.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

EDDIE JOHNSON, long one of the middle west's leading trainers and conditioners of fighters, has taken over the stable of the late Fred Batsche, and Johnson reports to this columnist he is out for some world honors with the stable of scrappers, headed by Herschel Joiner, crackerjack welterweight; Cleveland Brown, a good Negro featherweight socker, and Earl Campbell, the most outstanding white prospect, a heavyweight, in Cincinnati ring circles, since the coming up days of Freddie Miller.

Johnson, for more than a decade and a half, had been Batsche's right hand man. In stepping into the shoes of Batsche, Johnson is assuming a serious role of both handler and manager. One thing is certain, Eddie won't have any of his long list of fighters sidestep anyone.

No doubt but the Johnson stable of leather swatters and the Joe Basco barn out of Barberton, Ohio, are two of the largest in the middle west.

Following the lopsided result of the Ezzard Charles-Pat Mangini fight at Music Hall in which the latter was "stopped" in the initial frame, promoter Benny Becker got busy and at this writing is offering Herschel Joiner against Leonard Bennett, Chicago welter, for his top offering in November. In the latter part of the month, Cincinnati fight fans will have a chance to see a "natural" in Charles and Teddy Yarosz, former middleweight champion.

Indianapolis and Terre Haute were the proving grounds for fight activities in the Hoosier state of recent date. On September 18 at Terre Haute, Bud Cottey, snappy punching bantam from the Tommy Leeper stable, won an eight-round decision over Knockout King and Bill Reed beat Tommy Earl in six sessions.

On October 9, at Indianapolis, Ind., Tiger Beech, Memphis heavyweight, held the fast stepping Johnny Denson to a draw in 10 rounds.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS . . . . THE RING, the bible of boxing, can be purchased at all of the leading downtown newsstands in southern Ohio and Cincinnati . . . . it's one of the newsmen's "best sellers" . . . . and should be . . . . Jimmy Varketta, an amateur lightie whom Harvey Streiber of Ashtabula, O., soon plans to turn pro, must have the goods on the gloves, for he's touted as one of the finest prospects in this territory . . . . Joe French, live wire Louisville manager, has turned up with a good bantam in Billy Kent . . . . my fight flash service is going over with a bang and those interested in getting this twice a month fight information can do so, for one year for only one dollar . . . . address Jimmie Amann, 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . this address can be used also for fighters of all weights or managers of good fighters who wish national bookings . . . . Tommy Leeper, the Indianapolis, Ind. fight pilot, has a neat set of fighters, headed by Jethro Jeffers, heavy; Walt Johnson, a junior middle, and Bud Cottey, bantam . . . . Jimmy Ranking, Middletown, O., welterweight, is looking for action anywhere.

IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

PROMOTER SID BEECH of Vancouver came through with one of the best fight cards ever presented in this city in aid of the Spitfire Fund. The main event brought together Al Delaney of Windsor, Ontario, defending his heavyweight championship of Canada against the formidable Eddie Wenstob of Viking, Alberta. Delaney and Wenstob fought one of the most gruelling bouts it has ever been the pleasure of this writer to witness. Delaney fought a smart defensive fight against Wenstob and coasted through the twelve rounds to a decision. Wenstob was the most aggressive and scored the cleaner blows, but they did not seem to hurt Delaney.

The show was witnessed by more than 6,000, who paid a gross amount of nearly $8,500 to see the card. It was the biggest gate since Barney Ross fought Gordon Wallace here nearly five years ago. The Spitfire Fund made about $4,000.

Fighting six rounds on this championship card, Jimmy Chapman, Edmonton bantamweight, took a large step forward towards a match with Kenny Lindsay when he took a well-earned decision over Swede Bergstrom of Seattle. Chapman gave away ten pounds to Bergstrom and beat him decisively, this being the reason promoters can't find bantams or feathers in the Northwest to meet Chapman.

Other results—Bud Smith of Bellingham took a six round decision over Young Tommy Burns of Vancouver; Rollo Pearson of Bellingham took a four round decision from Jimmy Cowan of Vancouver; Al Burtis beat Tiny Tim Morley, four rounds.

Seattle is having regular shows with such boys as Harry Matthews, a middleweight, Hal Hoshino, featherweight, Davey Ward, welterweight, and Kenny Lindsay, bantamweight, being the chief top spot boys. Hoshino's recent wins include those over Georgie Hansford and Black Joe, while Matthews' chief claim to fame is a win over Jimmy Casino. Davey Ward recently beat Irish Johnny Taylor of Oakland.

FISTIC FOOTNOTES—Kenny Lindsay is back from Honolulu looking better than ever before . . . . a match between Lindsay and Jimmy Chapman is in the making . . . . the match will be a big hometown natural . . . . any bantamweight who would like to fight in Western Canada should send his record and details to this writer . . . . especially California bantams . . . . This writer can be reached at 1296 Hastings East, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH
By RAY M. TODD

SAMMY ANGOTT, our N. B. A. lightweight champion, had an easy night with Chino Lopez, young Mexican lad in the feature attraction of Jules Beck's opening show of the indoor season at the Aragon Gardens formerly the Moose Temple. Angott won via T.K.O., in the sixth round, when his victim's seconds tossed in the towel to save him from more punishment. Angott scored no less than five knockdowns, four of them being in the third round. The Mexican just didn't have a chance throughout the affair. Both weighed 138 pounds.

Jackie Adragna, 150 pounds, won the decision after six heats with Mike Lucas, 148 pounds. Lucas was down for a count of nine in the second round. Charley Daniels won over Mike Bordick in another six-rounder. Daniels weighed 149 pounds, and Bordick tipped the beam at 146 pounds.

The opener brought together Allen Thomas and Billy Bates, with the former coming through with the decision. Both weighed 132 pounds and both are colored. The show drew a fair house.

JUST A JAB . . . . The fight game has been very slow for the indoor season up to this writing but we expect a busy season after we once get started . . . . Sammy Secreet, local lad now fighting out of Chicago, is doing very well and rates with the top-notchers at present. His wins over Maxie Berger and Milt Aaron put the lad in line for a crack at Red Cochrane, to be staged in Cleveland where he certainly made a hit and is very well liked. Come on Sammy, bring that title back here as it really belongs in Pittsburgh . . . . Sure was tough for Fritzie dropping that very close decision to the highly touted Ray Robinson. Any information in regards to the fight game around here may be obtained but only if you enclose a self addressed stamped envelope. My address is 1208 L. Meadow Ave., Charleroi, Pa.

SOUTHWESTERN BOXING NOTES
By "CACTUS" (TEX ALLEN)

THE indoor boxing season got under way in El Paso October 23rd, when Matchmaker Jimmy Erwin presented one of the snappiest fistic cards seen along the border in years, before a capacity crowd of enthusiastic fans at Liberty Hall Arena.

The card was full of upsets, and the fans enjoyed the entire program. They left the arena in good spirits which means that the fistic future in this section looks very promising for Matchmaker Erwin.

Midget Mexico scored an upset when he trounced the hard-hitting local welterweight sensation, Santos Quijano, in a fast ten round bout. It was a fast battle all the way.

The second ten round bout of the card saw Johnny Kid Pacheco, classy little bantamweight and featherweight from Juarez, Mexico, win the district border featherweight title by scoring a T.K.O. over Benny Reyes of El Paso in the seventh round. Pacheco had been leading the entire bout when Tony Herrera called over Referee Cyp Payo and told him that Reyes would be unable to continue. Herrera was acting as chief second for Reyes. It was a good fan pleasing bout until the sudden ending.

This lad Pacheco is a promising youngster and will soon be ready for the cream of the featherweight crop. Matchmaker Erwin plans to bring in Jimmy Perrin, Dixie featherweight champion, to meet Pacheco in the near future.

Adolph Quijano, brother of Santos, knocked out Johnny Cooper, First Signal Corps, in the second round.

Kid Wagoner, colored welterweight, Station Hospital, Ft. Bliss, knocked out Bobby Jones, Phoenix, Ariz., in the first round.

Eddie Reyes, young brother of Benny, knocked out the popular little 260 Coast Arty favorite, Eddie Saughstad from Washington, D. C., in the second round of a scheduled six-round bout.

The card left Matchmaker Erwin with two good future attractions in Midget Mexico and Johnny Kid Pacheco.

Midget Mexico will be remembered in the East as Brico Garcia. He fought around New York three or four years ago. He had a little tough luck back East. He came back to the border, took a rest, did some hard work on various construction gangs the past year to harden himself up, and is now in tip top form and looks better than ever. He is only 25 years of age.

Matchmaker Erwin plans to hold boxing shows twice a month. With 30,000 men now stationed at Fort Bliss, and with El Paso in the middle of a real "boom" and with the same caliber of bouts that he treated the fans to on the 23rd, there is no reason why he should not meet with plenty of success the next few months.

Boxing is beginning to pick up throughout the state. Active clubs are now running in El Paso, Odessa, Corpus Christi and Galveston, with occasional shows at Houston, once the busiest boxing town in the state. At Fort Worth, the annual Golden Glove tournament is staged, and it is one of the major sporting events of that city, drawing thousands out to the bouts.

Old-time boxers now quartering in El Paso are Tony Herrera, El Paso's Joe Rivers, Mike Vasquez (now a deputy sheriff), Pinky Urquidi, the great little Yaqui Indian flyweight of a few years back, Mike Payan, clever middleweight of a few years back, Joe Lucero, lightweight, Cyp Payo, former border and A.E.F. crack bantamweight. Cyp now acts as referee.

Tommy Carter, former Pacific Coast lightweight champion, who lost the title to Ace Hudkins, was a visitor for a few days in El Paso . . . . Bill Davee, Houston fight manager, and his stable of boxers, paused in El Paso en route to the Coast. "Adios."

IN MACON, GEORGIA
By J. A. BARFIELD

MACON the city that became famous fistically-speaking through its association with the name of Young Stribling, is again getting into the spotlight through boxing. After many years of idleness, the sport has taken a firm hold on the public through the energetic work of Promoter Carl Jenkins and soon this city will find many of the top flight lads in action.

During the last week in October, the fans here saw a splendid card in which D. T. Bell, slender young Macon boy, knocked out Don Millsap at the Auditorium in the second round of the feature bout.

Willie Hale, 165-pounder from Meridian, Miss., and Camp Wheeler, won from Larry Crawford, 168, from Aiken, in eight. Jimmy Cirella, 143, of Brooklyn and Camp Wheeler, fought a draw of eight rounds with Young Aldridge. Jimmy Kemp, 137, of Camp Wheeler, and Chief Pitts, 135, fought a furious four round draw.

ARKANSAS FLASHES
By CLYDE SMITH

PINE BLUFF, ARK.—Big Jim Robinson, 208-pound Philadelphia puncher, floored Joe Mueller of Cincinnati early in the second round of their ten-round fight. Robinson outclassed the Ohioan, who weighed only 191. The knockout blow was a left to the jaw. This followed a right hook, which had shaken the weakening Mueller.

Jack Hillhouse of Altheimer, former city champ of Pine Bluff's middleweights, decisioned Pete Fleming of Hot Springs after six rounds of the semi-final. Tony Lambert, 158, Little Rock, stopped Dempsey Jones, 160, Pine Bluff (4). Buddy Moseley, Little Rock, won by a technical knockout in the second over Frank King, Little Rock, heavyweights.

In a four-rounder between Negro fighters, Earl Carroll and Polly White fought a draw. A battle royal opened the program.

HERE 'N' THERE—Max Baer, former heavyweight champion, served as referee in the weekly wrestling show at Little Rock . . . . Lew Jenkins and wife Katie were Hot Springs guests . . . . Pete Fleming is managed by Louis Langinotti, Hot Springs . . . . Jess Fussell, young Memphis heavyweight. We're told that the kid is well knuckled and has a chance . . . . Pine Bluff's next show will bring together Mississippi "Tiger" Beech and Arkansas' Bob Sikes, November 17 . . . . Yours Truly will open up a new boxing club after the holidays. Managers and boxers drop me a letter at 1003 E. Magrill St., Longview, Texas.

Tulsa, Okla.—Oklahoma City amateur fighters won a 5-2 team victory. Opening card of the local boxing season. Carson Crouch, Oklahoma City, 126, T.K.O.'ed Ray Crews, Tulsa, 135 (3). Buel Davis, Oklahoma City, 126, won over Hugh Walker, Tulsa, 126 (3). Victor Bailey, Coffeyville, Kans., 112, T.K.O.'ed Dixie Colbert, Oklahoma City, 112 (2).

Jack Bruza, Oklahoma City, 130, won over Leo Loffer, Coffeyville, 130 (3). Dick Smith, Oklahoma City, 160, won over Benny Stevenson, Tulsa, 158 (3). Harmon Bettis, Oklahoma City, 175, T.K.O.'ed Charles "Bomber" Ratliff, Tulsa, 175 (2). Buddy Bailey, Coffeyville, 126, won over Proctor Heinold, Oklahoma City, 126 (3).

Around New Orleans, La.—Harry Weekly knocked out Ervin Berlier in a wild fifth round of a scheduled 15-round fight. After four heats, during which both were very careful, Berlier began slugging toe-to-toe with Harry, and Weekly drove Berlier to the ropes and dropped him with both hands to the head. Berlier, who has given local fans many a fine fight and plenty of sensational endings, announced from the ring that he had retired for good. Weekly weighed 143 pounds, Berlier, 142.

Russell Gonzales, 121¼, New Orleans, won over Paul "Tennessee" Lee, 124, in six; Pete Orgeron, 121, knocked out Eloy Uresti, 123, Houston, Texas, in 1; Dudley De Jean, 130, won by a knockout over Charles Eshman, 135, Cincinnati, three; Santos Migliore, 126, knocked out Jack McAuliffe, 124, Cincinnati, one.

October 7—Jackie Callura, Canadian featherweight champ, overwhelmed Nickie Camarata with right and left swings to the head to take a 10-round decision. Callura weighed 128¼ and Camarata, 133.

Eddie White, 190, stopped Jimmy Smith, 187, Birmingham, in two; Cleve Heyl, 189, and Battling Fraer, 175, fought to a four-round draw. Another draw followed when Catfish Bourgeois, 134, and Charles Abate, 135, went four rounds at a lively clip.

Santos Migliore, 126, who was the most promising prelim boy around here two years ago, resumed fighting in a four-rounder and beat Sal Milazzo by a technical knockout in the third. Nolan Chaix, 134, and Bat Noonan, 133, drew (4).

RINGSIDE NEWS—Thanks for your letter and clipping Mr. (Broadway) Johnny Cox, more than welcome . . . . Cosby Linson has made good on the Pacific Coast . . . . Reecey Davis, Ralph Henderson, Comanche, Okla., colored middleweight, going over with a bang . . . . Promoter Lou Ovalasiti has his all-colored cards drawing them in . . . . Cleo Shans, Henry Armstrong's featherweight hope, stopped Gene Ward, Chicago, in the eighth round . . . . Eddie White, winner of 11 straight fights by knockouts, has gone home to Seminole, Okla . . . . Jerome Conforto is back in the gym working out . . . . Eddie Brunn, who has spent 15 years around Miami and Los Angeles handling fighters, is back in town to stay.

Lou Fink, who won considerable renown as Gene Tunney's trainer, is living here now. He never misses an amateur. "I'm going to find another Canzoneri or Tunney among these boys yet," says Lou . . . . Lew Raymond will try and get a championship bout here during the Sugar Bowl football game or during the Mardi Gras, Freddie Cochrane, world's champion, and Harry Weekly, Harry coming out as a winner and new champion. This Weekly boy has the goods.

Amateur boys around the state who would like to turn pro will do well to get in touch with Clyde Smith, your reporter, at 1003 E. Magrill St., Longview, Texas.

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Broadcast From New York

(Continued from page 49)

Mallow, County Cork, who served time in the R. A. A. F. (Royal Australian Air Force) and has two bullet wounds in his side and right leg as mementos of a dog fight with a German Messerschmidt over the eastern coast of England last year. The 22-year-old Muldoon has placed himself in capable hands . . . . The first fight in which Joey Archibald engaged following his title loss to Chalky Wright was in Washington on a fight card that was headed by the California Negro. Archibald gained an easy victory over Billy Banks.

Ernie Roderick, who recently retained his British Empire welterweight title by whipping Arthur Danahar, almost lost the crown on a forfeit by a matter of sixty seconds. When Roderick came in three-quarters of a pound overweight, he was allowed just one hour in which to take off the added poundage or forfeit the title. Ernie's brother-in-law, Nel Tarleton, who trains the champion, sent Roderick into a gruelling grind and after the workout, the champion was still over the weight limit by one ounce. Another stiff workout ensued and just one minute before the hour was up, Roderick stepped on the scales and just made the weight limit . . . . Sylvia Day is seeking temporary alimony from her fighter spouse, Davey . . . . Augie Curtis, former flyweight and bantamweight champion of Hawaii, promoted the Salica-Dalma fight in Honolulu recently.

This month's award for weird decisions is the draw verdict that was handed down in Philadelphia between Frankie Donato and Ellis Phillips. According to no less a fight authority than Lou Jaffe, the verdict was one of the most laughable ever rendered in the City of Brotherly Love. Although Phillips easily won six of the eight rounds, Judge Frank Knaresborough awarded the fight to Donato, while the other judge called the fight for Phillips and the referee cast his ballot for a draw. Perhaps Knaresborough and Referee Willie Clark would do well to enroll in Jaime Marine's official school which we mentioned several paragraphs back . . . . Saverio Turiello is now under the management of rotund Al Weill.

Steve Kahley's purse was ordered held up pending investigation by Commissioner Abe Greene, following the Pottsville veteran's pitiful showing against Jimmy Gardner in a preliminary at Convention Hall in Philadelphia. Kahley went to the floor five times in 1 minute and 31 seconds of the first round, and the Commissioner, who was a ringside spectator, took action . . . . Chicago fans paid $8960 to watch Bob Montgomery score a solid ten-round decision over Julie Kogon.

Add yawns! Billy Soose abdicates his middleweight title. That's as much news as being told the Yankees won the World Series.

George Smedley is the new bantamweight champion of Australia by virtue of a twelve-round knockout over Teddy Lawler at Leichardt . . . . After a period of idleness, boxing has at last been resumed in the Land From Down Under, and according to a recent popularity contest of boxers, Mickey Miller leads the poll with 106 votes. Jackie Clements is second with 104, and Ron Richards and Tod Morgan, two of Australia's greatest fighters of all times, trail with six and four votes, respectively. We know that Morgan is American born, but he has been campaigning in Australia now for a good number of years and will probably spend the rest of his days in the Antipodes.

Frankie Jacobs, former manager of Jackie Kid Berg, has come up with a contender in the lightweight class in Lenny "Boom Boom" Mancini, who in his last two starts trounced Joey Peralta and took the measure of Dave Castilloux, whipping the latter in Montreal and the former in Madison Square Garden. Manager Jacobs has gone before the local board with a certified check to face the champion, and if that isn't satisfactory to Messrs. Phelan, Brown and Wear, fearless Frankie is ready to fight the commission's No. 1 challenger for the right to face the champion, with Mancini.

In a recent statement to the press, Jack Johnson, former great heavyweight champion, thinks that neither Joe Louis nor Jack Dempsey could have whipped Jim Jeffries, Sam Langford, or Bob Fitzsimmons, and opines that Jim Corbett would have outboxed Gene Tunney. As for Louis and Dempsey, golden toothed Jack would string along with the Manassa Mauler . . . . David Kui Kong Young received very little remuneration for his victory over Salica. Young took 45% of a gate that netted a little over $9,000, and after paying off the champion his $4,000 guarantee, David found himself with a victory over the champion and $124.33 in cash . . . . When Louis Kid Kaplan was hauled before a judge in Hartford recently on an assault and battery charge, the former world featherweight champion protested his innocence by stating that he never hit a man unless he got paid for it. P.S.: Kaplan was acquitted.

Fighters, managers, scribes and promoters, as well as boxing commissioners, should see to it that they get a copy of **Nat Fleischer's All-Time Record Book** before they are all gone.

IN MINNESOTA RINGS

By DARWIN GOMER

JOHN REDDY, former noted fight manager and sports promoter from Detroit Lakes, died suddenly at the age of 58. Jack, as he was known, commenced his fistic career in 1911. He was the first pilot of Mike O'Dowd, who afterwards became world's middleweight champion. The late Billy Miske, strong contender for the world's heavyweight crown, was also one of Jack's proteges. Miske fought Jack Dempsey three times, once in St. Paul under Reddy's promotion. Jack owned the St. Paul boxing club for years, and at one time in partnership with the late Capt. Bill Fawcett managed both St. Paul and Minneapolis. He was found dead in a Madison, Wis. bed, where his work had taken him.

Saw Floyd Hagen, St. Paul welter, at Andy's, a popular night spot on the shore of Tanners Lake . . . . Ollie Bartlett, former Mill City featherweight scrapper several years ago, and Paul Hartnew, state heavyweight champ, were among several who filed applications with Lieut. Comdr. Gene Tunney, U.S.N., when the ex-champ was in Minnesota, for physical education jobs in the naval reserves . . . . Congratulations to Sergt. Worth London, Albert Lea light-heavy now in Camp Robinson, Ark., for making the "Best Prospect" roll in the November RING, in his division! London made a poor start in his first appearance here, being stopped by Frankie Colburn, then followed some good fights in Hot Springs, but a return here again proved disastrous. He was stopped by Buddy Gomer and Otto Beuttler, but followed with a dozen straight triumphs in carnival sideshow bouts with good opposition. Since then, only Neville Beech has stopped him. Minnesota is his jinx, or have we better fighters here? . . . . Handsome Gene Tunney was kept quite busy autographing and on radio appearances, while here. Gene says Louis is the hardest puncher that ever lived, but that our Tommy Gibbons in his prime would have stopped the Bomber, because Joe couldn't have hit the clever Gibbons!

Don Brouillard, former Golden Glover, is visiting in the city on leave from the U. S. Marines at San Diego. Brouillard, who has been fighting pro successfully, declares he is gunning for the light-heavy title of the Marines. He also states that Red Rasley, another Golden Glover, has won four straight fights as a pro, all by knockouts! . . . . Jim Nitti, ex-amateur St. Paul lightie, a brother of ex-professional lightweight vet, Jack Nitti, is working at the Swift & Co. plant at South St. Paul . . . . Johnny Talbot, handsome ex-155-pound protege of My Sullivan, is now employed at Griggs-Cooper and Co. in St. Paul, and has been married for two years . . . . Amateur boxing is beginning to buzz with Billy Colbert at the helm locally . . . . Tom Sperling, St. Paul G. G. feather champ from Hinckley, and Warren Weller, St. Paul middleweight pro and brother of Emmett, state lightweight champ, both are employed on the beef side at Swift & Co., in South St. Paul.

SHORT RIGHTS . . . . Amateur boxing is beginning to roll about the state, with South St. Paul putting on regular cards this year. Danny O'Shea, ex-featherweight boxer and present manager of George De Gidio, and Al Evans, is again instructor at the Minneapolis Citizens' Club . . . . The two biggest packing plants here stage shows occasionally . . . . Bill Daley, star amateur heavyweight, is headed for All Big Ten football honors, if not All-American honors. He once played in the same backfield as Johnny "Killer" Kleber in Melrose High School . . . . Lloyd Devoreaux, former amateur boxer and a brother of Bob, who fought pro as "Irish Kennedy," is employed at Swift & Co. in South St. Paul . . . . Johnny Dragisch, South St. Paul middle simon-pure, is a big favorite with South St. Paul fans . . . . Floyd Hagen, St. Paul lightweight, is employed at the new Twin Cities defense plant at New Brighton . . . . Stan Savoldi, St. Paul ex-heavyweight brother of Lee, is a watchman at Swift & Co., at South St. Paul, and Joe Reiter, former St. Paul amateur welter, also works there, but in the dry salt department.

At Detroit—On the "White Hope" tourney card, Lee Savold, St. Paul's hard-hitting heavyweight, used but one punch—a terrific left uppercut so fast that few in the arena saw it—to knock out a Ralph Kosky of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., with three seconds remaining in the first round of a ticketed three-rounder.

Mel Bergh, G. G. heavyweight champ of Fargo, N. D., has beaten the tough veteran Johnny Gates, and expects to turn pro after a few more local fights, as does Johnny Merecado, St. Paul amateur Mexican middleweight king and Emmett Yanez, St. Paul Mexican amateur lightweight.

THE LAST BELL . . . . The writer was shocked to hear the sad news concerning the death of Lieut. Carl Loverud, former Minneapolis Northwest G. G. bantam champ, back in the early thirties. Lieut. Loverud was killed when the army pursuit plane he was flying crashed near Jackson, Ga. He was buried in Fort Snelling national cemetery. Honorary pallbearers were boxers Wally Holm, Gene Connelly and Owen Trickey. Connelly and Trickey were great pals and boxed during the time Loverud did.

Duluth, Minn.—Dick Demaray, 147, veteran Bismarck, N. D. southpaw, decisioned Phil Norman, 146, Milwaukee, in eight rounds of main event milling. Charley Perham, 142, Milwaukee, kayoed Richie Dix, 142, Bismarck, in the second of a sixer. Don Espensen, 142, clever Minneapolis vet, came in ten pounds lighter than usual, and outpointed Kip Dumas, 140, Milwaukee, in six. Indian Ernie Peters, 146, Morton southpaw, handed Gus Pappas, 139, Duluth, his first pro defeat in a four. Lou Chumich, 252, Duluth, scored his second pro kayo over another unknown, Ray Mills, 198, Austin, in the first. The card was featured with several unheard of pugs from the Brewery City.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By SPARKY RUDOLPH

BIG Lem Franklin, 201 pounds, knocked out ample Abe Simon in the fifth round of their scheduled ten round affair at Cleveland's Arena before a sellout house; 13,256 paid customers stood on their seats to cheer one of the greatest boxing shows ever held here.

Matchmaker Larry Atkins made up a show that provided each and every customer with his money's worth. Lem Franklin, former amateur Golden Gloves champion, is running a race with world's champion Joe Louis, as far as stopping opponents is concerned. Franklin knocked out Tony Musto in a lot shorter time than Louis. Then he put the T.K.O. on Abe Simon in eight rounds less than it took the champ. The Cleveland show drew $32,000, which is not hay in any man's town.

To climax this event, Young Sammy Secreet, the lad who has what it takes, again defeated the veteran Maxie Berger in ten rounds in a whirlwind fight. The fight was nip-and-tuck throughout, but Secreet threw so much leather in the tenth round that there was no doubt who won. Berger tired badly in the last two rounds. This Sammy Secreet will go places if he is not pushed too fast, and a nicer kid you could never meet. He has made a host of friends around Cleveland.

Jimmy Reeves proved he was a better fighter over Jake LaMotta in the second engagement when he coasted to a clean cut decision in ten rounds. The first fight Reeves was way out in front but was out in the tenth round, with the bell saving him. Reeves won the duke. There was a riot among the fans. Larry Atkins rematched them on the Franklin-Simon card, but it was a lot different this time, with Jimmy winning all the way, but the ninth and tenth rounds were a slugfest. LaMotta, while losing, is still popular with the folks from Ohio.

Jackie Adragna won a five-round decision over Willie Cutsinger of Cincinnati in one of the prelims, while Jack Sauffer of Steubenville, Ohio, beat Johnny Williams in another five.

Harry Teany, the good looking Irish lad under the tutelage of Johnny Papke, won by a kayo over Al Sayres of East Liverpool, Ohio, in the fourth round. Teany has not been defeated as a pro. He has the makings of a fine fighter.

Tom Stanley ran his second show at Akron, drawing a fair gate, when Freddie Pope defeated Chiqito Sanchez in ten rounds. Eddie Morgan never looked better when he beat Tiger Jackson in eight rounds. Izzy Schwartz won over Victor Troise, according to the boxing commission, although it was a two to one vote for Troise, but that Akron commission does some funny things. Buddy Smallwood, former *Plain Dealer* Golden Gloves champion, made his pro debut by defeating the rugged Joey Toth. Mary Zaller won over Al Sayres.

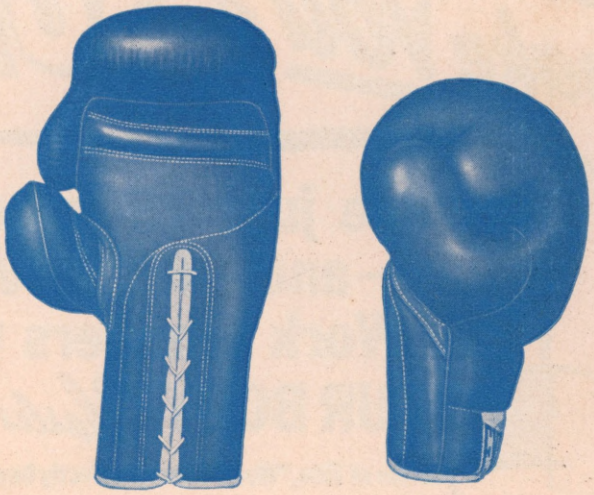
Harry Teany and Joey Pirrone went to Buffalo and beat Smoke Robinson and Pete Galliano, respectively. Put these two names down in your little black book, Pirrone and Teany, as you will hear of them a lot. Mike Vellotta has done a lot in the way he is handling Joey Pirrone, while Johnny Papke, who has developed some of the greatest amateurs in the country, is doing a nice job of managing Teany.

Joey Maxim is still winning at Chicago, his latest triumph being over Oliver Shank of Canada by a knockout. It took Joey five rounds to knock Shank out. Maxim may probably get on Ed Bang's Cleveland *News* show, so may Pirrone and Teany. Johnny Abbott of Cleveland won his third straight fight as a pro, when he defeated Izzy Minek in four rounds at Chicago. Bobby Root lost to Ted Christy in four, at the Marigold.

Jimmy Bivins won over Nate Bolden in ten rounds, but did it with a bad right hand for eight of the ten.

Among some of the notables in the fight industry who were here for the Franklin-Simon bout were Jack Kearns, Scotty Strachen, Jules Beck, Sol Gold, Jack Beagan, Nate Lewis, Jake Mintz, Jimmie Johnston, Tommy Walsh, Tommy Dio, Sam Taub, who announced the fights over a nationwide hookup with our own Tom Manning from WTAM in Cleveland.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 415 Western Reserve Bldg., Cleveland, O.



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